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ROBERT HALL.

*The Entire Works of the Rev. Robert Hall, A. M., with a Brief Memoir of his Life, by Dr. Gregory, and Observations on his Character, as a Preacher, by John Foster. Published under the superintendence of Olinthus Gregory, LL. D., F.R.A.S. London, 1832.*

WE do not think the method that was at first adopted to perpetuate the memory and the fame of Mr. Hall, by any means judicious. We have a memoir by Dr. Gregory, a character of him as a public man by Mr. Foster, several distinct sketches in pages and half pages by Anderson and others, and subsequently a more elaborate life by Morris, reminiscences by Green, and various minor contributions, having more or less of merit; consequently, everything relating to him is given in such a piecemeal and fragmental way, that we have neither the pleasure nor the instruction of one masterly and continuous narrative. Gregory's is pleasant, Foster's profound, Morris's heavy, and Green's frivolous. Scattered and various as these performances are, after the lapse of many years it seemed to us desirable to

recall the image of departed greatness in a condensed form, with such new circumstances as personal knowledge might enable us to record and affection embalm, assured that contemporaries will never be weary of a subject so cherished, and that the coming age cannot be furnished with many of more instructive and enduring value. What is most truly characteristic often vanishes with the life, which, like the setting sun, leaves only the radiant twilight for a time. To perpetuate these traits, and imprint them for contemplation on the page of a faithful however abbreviated, narrative, is a grateful task, and not, we trust, unprofitable.

Men of great talent are said seldom to have clever sons; but to this rule the present instance furnishes an exception. The father of Robert Hall was a distinguished minister of the Baptist persuasion at Arnsby, a small village near Leicester; and the more than ordinary resemblance between them, both in the conformation of the head and features, and the order of their mental faculties, might afford some assistance to the dubious in the verification of physiognomical science. Robert (born at Arnsby, May 2, 1764) was the youngest of fourteen children, and, in infancy, the feeblest, though afterwards his frame and constitu-

tion bordered on the athletic. He was once given up for dead in the arms of his nurse; and it was long after the average time for children before he could walk or talk. In the former faculty he was never a proficient—in the latter he soon became remarkable. Even at a very early period, as we have been informed by those who had the means of knowing, he would frequently entertain the haymakers in the hours of toil, and during their meals, by a conversation rich in sensible observations and sportive sallies, which secured their admiration and love. Happily the precocity of his talent was exempt from the usual fatality of premature extinction. Even at nine years of age he could not be restricted to the narrow limits of village school instruction, but had read and reflected on Butler's *Analogy*, and Jonathan Edwards's *Treatises on the Affections and the Will*. This metaphysical bias he himself attributed to an intimate acquaintance with a humble tailor at Arnsby, whom he represented as a very well informed acute man. From our knowledge of him in after life, we should rather be inclined to say that the dialectical skill and tendencies were in the child, for whom it was sufficient to find a willing listener in the tailor; for it is often characteristic of great and generous minds, to attribute to others as native excellence what in fact is only seen as reflections of their own.

His first tutor informed his father, when his son was only eleven years of age, that he was unable farther to instruct his pupil; and accordingly, after a short interval, he was taken to the boarding-school of the Rev. John Ryland of Northampton, with whom he remained only a year and a half. The genius of Ryland (the father of the late Dr. Ryland) was of a kind well calculated to stimulate his son; nor was it unallied to it in bold conception and eccentricity. In the latter respect, however, his tutor was a meteor of wilder range and fiercer blaze.

In September, 1778, he became a member of his father's church; and having given satisfactory proofs of piety and of predilection for the Christian ministry, he was soon after sent to the Bristol Academy, whence, after three years, he was transferred to King's College, Aberdeen. While at Bristol he was highly appreciated both as a student and a speaker. What he did and wrote uniformly bore the stamp of originality; and his occasional efforts at Arnsby, Clipstone, and Kettering, during

the vacations, excited great interest and won him much admiration.

During his college pursuits at Aberdeen, the professors of that period gave the strongest testimonies to his proficiency in the various branches of classical, mathematical, and philosophical study. At the close of his fourth year he delivered a Greek oration, which obtained for him much local celebrity, and this was followed with the honorary degree of Master of Arts. At Aberdeen he became associated, as well in intellectual pursuits as in close friendship, with Sir James Mackintosh. These eminent men ever after retained for each other sentiments of the highest consideration and attachment. They were so marked at college for their unanimity and attainments, that their class-fellows would often point to them, and say, "There go Plato and Herodotus."

We have not, in the present instance, to contemplate genius struggling amidst counter-working agencies, and making its way notwithstanding the difficulties; but rather the happy results of a combination of favorable circumstances eliciting and perfecting its powers. That Hall would have surmounted obstacles of no ordinary kind cannot be questioned; but he was not called to the trial. Under the paternal roof he had the advantage of talent and experienced wisdom to guide his early way; at the boarding-school he was still powerfully impelled forward by kindred genius and an exalted moral influence; in the Bristol Institution he enjoyed the tutorship of Hugh and Caleb Evans, both of them distinguished in their day; at Aberdeen his mental habits were strengthened by the companionship of Mackintosh. Having imbibed a taste for literature and a turn for metaphysical inquiries in these several schools of instruction, not to forget the books he first read, and the intercourse he held with the celebrated tailor at Arnsby, he was providentially preparing for that literary and public career to which he was destined, and which he was by nature adapted to occupy. The bracing effect of that rivalry, and of those friendly discussions in which he and Sir James were wont daily to engage, in their wanderings by the shore or in the fields, was, to one of his order, like the tightening of the strings of a musical instrument, which, when wound up to the right pitch, was hereafter to pour forth strains of powerful and enchanting melody. Sir James declared of himself, in



a letter to Hall, at a distant period, that "on the most impartial survey of his early life, he could see nothing which so much tended to excite and invigorate the understanding, to direct it towards high, and perhaps scarcely accessible, objects, as his intimacy with his honored friend." Examples of this description have a strong relation to the question, whether genius be an innate and original constituent of the mind, or whether it be only the calling forth, by means of proper cultivation, the rudiments of thought, or the seminal principles of mental superiority, which may be supposed inherent in all rational natures. It is hard to conceive, however, amidst innumerable failures, that mere diligence, attended by whatever advantages, would work out such stupendous results.

At the close of 1783, Mr. Hall received an invitation to become assistant pastor with Dr. Caleb Evans, at Broadmead, Bristol. It was agreed, however, that he should return to his studies in Scotland during the college session of 1784-5. On settling at Bristol, his preaching elevated him to the height of popularity, being the evident product of a mind of extraordinary vigor and cultivation; yet was it deficient in evangelical richness—a circumstance which none afterwards so deeply deplored as himself.

In August, 1785, he was appointed classical tutor in the Bristol Academy, a situation which he held with great reputation for more than five years. A painful misunderstanding with Dr. Evans, and some differences of sentiment with the Church, at length facilitated his removal to another sphere of labor. He was invited to succeed Robert Robinson at Cambridge, and went thither in July, 1791. From that period, we are informed by one of his hearers, the congregation gradually increased, till in a few years the enlargement of the place of worship became necessary. Members of the University frequently, and in considerable numbers, attended in the afternoons on his preaching. "Several senators, as well as clergymen of the Established Church, received their first lessons in eloquence from his lips."

The progress of the French Revolution, which shook the very foundations of society in England by splitting it into political divisions of opinion, did not more violently agitate any place in the kingdom than Cambridge, which was prolific in controversial pamphlets and social conflicts. Hall's ar-

dent mind became inflamed, and, urged on by a circle of intelligent and active friends, he was induced to resist his natural disinclination to writing, and produced a large pamphlet, under the title of "An Apology for the Freedom of the Press," which, though composed with rapidity, was full of power, and secured for him much distinction as an author. This early essay is characterized by a manly avowal of liberal principles, communicated in language at once forcible and beautiful, thundering with energy, and lightening with flashes of brilliant eloquence.

The next publication laid the basis of his lasting celebrity as an author,—his discourse on "Modern Infidelity." Independently of its intrinsic excellence, there were several circumstances which contributed to its popularity. It was remarkably well *timed*, and answered a pressing necessity. Between the years 1795 and 1799, many debating societies were formed in London, to which the lower classes were allured on the Sunday evenings, under various pretences, and which became in a short time the nurseries of infidelity. The leaven of impiety spread, and he had reason to fear that not only was the country becoming infected, but that the young among his own people were tending to skepticism. This grieved his pious spirit, and roused into exertion his utmost talent. He first delivered this sermon at Bristol in 1800, and then at Cambridge. His own view of the case is thus expressed in a preface:—

"To obliterate the sense of Deity, of moral sanctions, and a future world; and by these means to prepare the way for the total subversion of every institution, both social and religious, which men have been hitherto accustomed to revere, is evidently the principal object of modern skeptics,—the first sophists who have avowed an attempt to govern the world without inculcating the persuasion of a superior power."

He intimates that it is the immaculate holiness of the Christian revelation which is precisely what renders it disgusting to men who are determined, at all events, to retain their vices.

"The dominion of Christianity being, in the very essence of it, the dominion of virtue, we need look no further for the sources of hostility in any who oppose it, than their attachment to vice and disorder. This view of the controversy, if it be just, demonstrates its supreme importance, and furnishes the strongest plea with every one with whom it is not a matter

of indifference whether vice or virtue, delusion or truth, govern the world, to exert his talents in whatever proportion they are possessed, in *contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.*"

Another circumstance which contributed to the popularity of this discourse, was the extreme virulence of an attack in the "Cambridge Intelligencer," in several letters by Mr. Flower its editor, which were written, as was generally believed, in resentment for the friendly advice of Mr. Hall to alter the tone of his political disquisitions. About the same time another attack of equal virulence was made by Mr. Anthony Robinson, in a separate pamphlet. On the other hand, it was lauded by the most distinguished members of the University, celebrated by Dr. Parr in his "Spital Sermon," extolled by individuals of literary eminence, and especially praised by Sir James Mackintosh in the *Monthly Review*, and privately circulated by him, to some extent, among his Parliamentary friends. All this, however, would have been unavailing to give it permanent influence, and its author superior fame, had it not possessed extraordinary merits. In truth it can never be read without profit, and can never perish while the language lasts.

Within a comparatively short period Mr. Hall published two other sermons, remarkable also for their display of talent, and their critical adaptation to the times; namely, "Reflections on War," and "The Sentiments proper to the present Crisis." These will be lasting records of his genius, though the exciting occasions of them have passed away. The few other sermons from his pen, excepting that on the death of the Princess Charlotte, had relation to more private events, though of the deepest interest and importance,—as "The Discouragements and Supports of the Christian Minister," a "Funeral Sermon for Dr. Ryland," with some others. Besides these, he published many miscellaneous pieces, and some controversial writings; but it is not our design either to enumerate or analyze his works. There is not one of them, even the very earliest, that has not his peculiar stamp, the impress of his original mind; and in general they exhibit a remarkable uniformity of excellence, arising, as we believe, from the nice balance of his intellectual powers, the discriminating accuracy of his taste, and the abundant

*labor limæ et mora* which he invariably bestowed upon all his productions.

Mr. Hall had always been a great sufferer from a pain in his back, which generally compelled him to recline on sofas, benches, or two or three chairs united, for hours together in a day. This affliction very much increased in 1803, so as frequently to deprive him of sleep, and produce very serious depression of spirits. He was advised to reside some miles out of Cambridge, and only repair thither when officially required. This plan of alleviation was not, however, altogether successful, and the mental malady placed him, in November, 1804, under the care of Dr. Arnold of Leicester. In April, 1805, he was so fully restored as to be able to resume his ministerial labors at Cambridge, but he lived nine miles from the town. This procedure was injudicious; the seclusion was too entire; and in twelve months another eclipse of reason rendered it necessary to obtain a second course of medical superintendence at the Fish Ponds, near Bristol. It also compelled his resignation of the pastoral charge at Cambridge. These severe visitations were instrumental in perfecting his religious sentiments, and his religious character. His own impression was that he had not undergone a thorough renewal of heart till the first of these seizures. We should hope it was otherwise, and are disposed to believe that his habitual low estimation of himself deceived him on this subject.

After this second recovery, he resided for some time at Enderby, a retired village in the neighborhood of Leicester. While there, the author of this article, who was on a visit to him, saw striking displays of his peculiarities both of body and mind. With regard to the former, his temperament was singularly cold and impenetrable to the elements. While sitting together for some hours in a very small parlor, which he had heated by a heaped up fire, and filled to suffocation with the smoke of his favorite tobacco, he suddenly exclaimed,—“Well, sir, perhaps *you* would like a little air.” Then throwing open the window, he deliberately walked round the garden several times without his hat, though he was entirely bald, and while the keen blast of a November afternoon was cutting the flesh like a knife. At an expression of surprise at this endurance both of the heat and the cold, he said, “Why, sir, as to the weather, I am not at all affected; I could

undertake to walk both uncovered and barefoot from here to Leicester (five or six miles) without taking cold. As to the fire, sir, I am very fond of it. I should like to have a fire before, and a fire behind, and a fire on each side." Whether the yet unsubsidised irritability of his mind might not have exercised some peculiar influence over the physical nature to produce these phenomena, must be left to physiologists to determine; it is certain they existed.

On the ensuing morning, he referred with great interest and emotion to the celebrated article against Missions which had recently appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and said that Mr. Fuller had very much urged him to undertake a reply.—"With some difficulty, I yielded, sir, to the solicitations of such a man, and for such a cause. I have, in fact, written about twelve pages; I should like your opinion thus far; will you permit me to read them to you?" He did so; and if memory do not deceive, the power of the argument, the brilliancy of the wit, and the elegance of the diction, equalled, if not surpassed, any of his compositions. Yet with all characteristic humility he said—"I think, however, Andrew Fuller would have succeeded better in his way. I wish he had done it himself; but I could not persuade him. I think I can't finish it now." So it proved. The document is lost, and probably shared the fate of some of the finest productions of his intellect—that of lighting his pipe.

During his residence at Enderby, Mr. Hall frequently preached in the surrounding villages, and occasionally at Harvey Lane, Leicester, the scene of Dr. Carey's former labors. With the people of this congregation he ultimately associated himself as minister in 1807, and this connexion continued unbroken for nearly twenty years. These were probably the happiest of his life, for in addition to his domestic enjoyments, (he married in 1808,) the attendance on his ministry increased from three hundred to a thousand, with manifest tokens of public usefulness. Without abating in his direct pastoral exertions, he was excited to increased activity in promoting Bible, Missionary, and other important societies. It was here the great luminary rose to its meridian splendor, and diffused abroad its most benignant radiance. "Churchmen and Dissenters; men of rank and influence; individuals in lower stations; men of simple piety, and others of deep theological knowledge; men who admired Christianity

as a beautiful system, and those who received it into the heart by faith; men in doubt, others involved in unbelief; all resorted to the place where he was announced as the preacher." During this period, also, were issued several brief but beautiful publications.

On the death of Dr. Ryland, he was invited to succeed him in the pastoral office at Broadmead, Bristol, to which request, after frequent and painful revolutions of feeling, he finally yielded, believing that he was providentially called to this change of his ministerial sphere. Here he attracted great attention, as in other places, though his powers were perhaps a little enfeebled by advancing years; while the happy association into which he was introduced with ministers and laymen of all denominations, and the stimulating effect of those delightful reminiscences which sprung up amongst a few remaining friends of his early life, tended to re-excite his energies, and to shed sunshine over the descending path to the tomb. He still gladdened society by his visits, and pursued his own pleasure and improvement by reading. His favorite classical writers were his frequent resort, while his devotional spirit renewed its vigor by enlarged draughts at the fountain of inspiration. Of the commentators, Matthew Henry was most prized, and daily read in considerable portions. He continued also to practice occasional fasting, which he had begun at Leicester, according to his own testimony, with the greatest advantage.—His religion seemed to run parallel with the increase of his personal sufferings, which were progressively severe, especially as he became plethoric and his old complaint in the back strengthened with his decline. A temporary absence at Coleford, in the forest of Dean, appeared to recruit his health but the effect was of transient duration. He had frequent spasmodic affections of the chest, and immediate dissolution was threatened on the 1st of January, 1831, but it passed off, leaving apparently on his mind more impressive sentiments of the coming eternity. With these, all his subsequent public addresses were deeply imbued; till he engaged in his last service, which was a church meeting, on the 9th of February. On the next day he had just retired to his study to prepare his usual monthly sermon, in anticipation of the approaching Sabbath of communion, when he was seized with the first of the series of paroxysms which terminated in his death.



This solemn event took place on the 21st of February, 1831, at the age of sixty-six.

In some of the more private virtues of life Robert Hall was unsurpassed. Of these we do not recollect having seen his *humanity* particularly noticed, though it was in reality a very striking feature of his character. It resulted alike from the benevolence of his affections, and the extreme sensibility of his mind. Two specimens of this are in our recollection at this moment:—The one in the way of resentment, the other of compassion. A certain popular minister in his circle occupied a piece of pasture land attached to his house, in the fence of which a poor sheep had entangled its head, having obtruded it between the rails, without the power of extricating itself. This man, who was excessively choleric, beat the animal until it expired; for which barbarity Hall never could forgive him; and no efforts at reconciliation, though repeatedly attempted by mutual friends, could ever succeed. While the barbarity would doubtless have prejudiced most minds, his acute sensibility for the speechless sufferer led him to treat it as a kind of personal offence to his nature. The other instance was one in which he was endangered by the fall of a horse. The friend with whom he was travelling expressed much anxiety as to any injury he might have sustained, but could elicit no other answer to his repeated questions than—"Poor animal! is he hurt, sir; is he hurt? I hope, sir, the poor horse is not hurt." This was no affectation of kindness; he had too much genuine simplicity of character to render that possible; it was the outpouring of an exquisite sensibility.

To the same general principle may be referred his *politeness*; which was not in him an obedience to the conventional laws of society, but the dictate of a mind alive to the circumstances of others, and a heart full of feeling. He had learned of the Apostle to be "courteous," in the most exalted sense of the term; and always repaid the smallest offices of kindness with exuberant expressions of gratitude.

*Considerateness* was a remarkable trait of his character. In fact, it was sometimes almost ludicrously punctilious. Among many proofs of this with which the writer of this article was familiar, he will mention what occurred on one occasion when he accompanied him on a journey to the North. The travellers had taken up their abode at an inn, and while discharging the account

the next morning, he said, with some earnestness—"Pay that man a penny, sir, for me." The astonishment and the smile may be easily conceived. He persisted; adding, "I will tell you how it is, sir. I usually burn a rush light, but forgot to mention it, and being late I did not choose to disturb any one. So I burnt out the candle, which I am sure was at least worth an extra penny, upon which the landlord could not calculate." This might seem to be a trifling incident, but as indicative of character, deserves to be recorded. Another of a different kind was connected with it. When approaching the town in question, he said—"Now, sir, a very excellent Independent minister resides here, but he is poor. He cannot afford to entertain us, but we should be pleased with his company, and ought, I think, sir, to show him respect. Besides, he would be grieved to hear that we had been in the town, and never thought of seeing him. With your permission, we will secure our beds, order what we should like, and then send to invite him to sup with us at the inn. And there, sir, it is not improbable, some of his friends will have found us out, and we will accept any invitation to breakfast in the morning, where the worthy man will, no doubt, be invited to meet us, and thus he will be spared, and we shall all be gratified."

The *humility* of Hall has been expatiated upon by all who have attempted to describe him. It was, however, humility unalloyed with ridiculous self-depreciation, and totally remote from every thing like cringing sycophancy. It cannot be supposed that such a man was insensible to his own mental superiority; and in truth the consciousness of it was at times displayed incidentally, but never pompously. Though he would in general repudiate applause, yet there were occasions when he would receive it with an apparent satisfaction. He would frequently inquire of his intimate friends what they thought of his discourses immediately after their delivery; but his manner of doing so, would rather indicate an inward sense of unworthiness and insufficiency, than a desire to obtain approbation. In addition to his own experience, the writer has often heard the late Mr. William Hollick of Cambridge, state, that he usually walked with him to his lodging in St. Andrew Street, on the Sunday morning after service; when Mr. Hall scarcely ever failed to put the question—"Well, sir, what did you think of my sermon?" Mr. Hollick soon discover-

ed, that he almost invariably disagreed in opinion; and often expressly put him to the test, by veiling his own real sentiments. Thus, if Mr. Hollick expressed a high estimate of the discourse, he would say, "No, sir, I don't think you are right. I think nothing of it; I was not so much at liberty as I could have wished." If the contrary sentiment were uttered, he would say in a half-jesting manner—"Pretty well, sir, I think." These conversations evinced considerable sensitiveness; they also showed that he had made a tolerable estimate of his own powers; but connected as they were with evident manifestations of piety, they also proved that he was intensely concerned, not so much about his personal reputation, as for the moral and spiritual effects of his ministry. A little incident that has come to our knowledge, affords a further display of this part of his character. A brother minister had on one occasion heard him preach with peculiar satisfaction. A considerable time afterwards he met him; and having a vivid remembrance of the discourse in which he had been so interested, took an opportunity of adverting to it in terms of ardent eulogy. Instead of receiving this approbation with a self-sufficient air, he replied—"Yes, sir, yes; the Lord was with me on that day." But whatever he might occasionally seem before man, (and then even in his most unbent and joyous moments, a person must have had a keen eye indeed who could have detected the little arts of vanity and self-exaltation,) his humility appeared to be perfect before God. The simplicity of his expressions, the evident prostration of his spirit, and the fervor of his pleadings in prayer, furnished extraordinary proofs of this characteristic.

We cannot agree with Mr. Foster in the view which he takes of Mr. Hall's devotional exercises, nor indeed with the principle on which his remarks are founded. Mr. Foster appears to have been disappointed because his public prayers did not partake of that intellectual character which distinguished his preaching, but was, as he thinks, the very reverse in respect to concentration and determinateness in the direction of thought; and he "cannot tell on what principle it was that he preferred a manner so different in that exercise from its operation in all other employments." Our conception is, that if his prayers had possessed that character of consecutiveness and intellectuality for which Foster pleads, they would have lost much of their charm

and real power. A discourse in which it is proposed to instruct men should be, in our opinion, very different in its general character from the utterances of the heart before God. In the latter case, whatever has the air of labored preparation, is irrelevant and out of place. Surely one of the great elements of devotion is its spontaneity, its feeling, its simplicity, and, as we may say, its entire artlessness; and we cannot but believe that this vivid conception of the true design of prayer, was the principle in Mr. Hall's mind, which Mr. Foster thinks "cannot be known or conjectured." From this resulted the humble earnestness, the holy aspirations, the awe and the pathos, which characterized his prayers. He, in a sense, laid aside the man and became wholly the saint, whenever he ascended the mount of communion with God. In preaching, he moved in an element of light—in prayer, in the element of love.

So habitually devout and vigorous was his mind, that he was capable of the most sudden and singular transitions from intercourse with man to intercourse with Heaven. The following is a curious instance of this. Mr. Hall had been indulging in that species of innocent merriment and jocularity to which he sometimes yielded; and in the midst of a very humorous story, the clock struck twelve,—in an instant he laid down his pipe, exclaiming, "Sir, it is midnight, and we have not had family prayer." The next moment he was on his knees, absolutely absorbed in devotion, and pouring forth the most solemn and reverential petitions at the footstool of mercy.

Another instance at once of his religious ardor and filial tenderness, occurred at Arnsby on a visit. It was related to the present writer by one of the witnesses. On his way from Leicester he had expiated on his father's excellences, and the scenes of his earliest days. As soon as he entered the house in which his father had resided, he hastened into the parlor, fell on his knees, and poured forth the most devout and fervent supplications. The two or three individuals who were near speedily withdrew, that they might not interrupt his feeling. Soon afterwards he went into the burial-ground, and dropping on his knees at his father's grave, with his hands extended over the monumental stone and his eyes closed, he offered up an extraordinary series of petitions. Among these he breathed forth an impassioned desire to "join the blessed company above;" and entreated that he

might be "permitted to know his departed father in the heavenly world; and that their united prayers, often presented on earth, might be then turned into praise, while they beheld their 'Redeemer face to face together.'"

His writings sufficiently attest the *liberality of his religious views*. In some instances, indeed, he has expressed himself in terms which will be deemed severe; but he was a "lover of all good men," while he firmly maintained his sentiments as a Dissenter and a Baptist. He cultivated much intercourse with many who differed from him in both respects, and never, it is believed, gave them any real occasion of offence. Sometimes he would indulge in a little sarcasm and raillery at their peculiarities; but his wit was the flash of the innocuous summer lightning, attracting rather by its beauty and playfulness, than injuring by its stroke.

He was greatly distinguished for his *conversational powers*, and was generally very communicative. In this respect a parallel might be instituted between him and Coleridge, presenting, however, some striking diversities. Coleridge was more studied in his conversations; Hall more free and spontaneous. Coleridge was frequently involved and metaphysical; Hall simple, natural, and intelligible. Coleridge usurped and engrossed conversation; Hall never did so voluntarily. Coleridge could and would talk upon any thing; Hall required to be more invited and brought out by the remarks or inquiries of others. Coleridge was more profound; Hall more brilliant. Coleridge did not deal in polished sentences, but would continue to talk for hours in a plain and careless diction; Hall was invariably elegant and classical, commonly vivacious and sparkling with wit. Coleridge was sure to be heard; Hall to be remembered. Coleridge had the advantage of a more universal knowledge; Hall of a more unencumbered and clearly perceptive intellect. Each was in his day the first of his class, rarely equalled, and probably never surpassed.

The conversations of Robert Hall abounded in wit, fine discriminations of character, and profound estimates of eminent authors. It would not be difficult to fill many pages with these, but our limits forbid more than two or three specimens.

On being asked if he had read the life of Bishop Watson, he replied that he had, and regretted it, as it lowered his estimate of

the Bishop's character. Being asked why, he expressed his reluctance to enlarge upon the subject; but added, "Poor man, I pity him! He married public virtue in his early days, but seemed forever afterwards to be quarrelling with his wife."

When Christmas Evans, a celebrated Welsh preacher, was in Bristol, he was talking to Mr. Hall about the Welsh language, which he said was very copious and expressive. "How I wish," said Mr. Evans, "that Dr. Gill's works had been written in Welsh!"—"I wish they had, sir," replied Hall, "I wish they had, with all my heart, for then I should never have read them. They are a continent of mud, sir."

On some one observing to him that his animation increased with his years, he exclaimed—"Indeed! then I am like touchwood, the more decayed the easier fired."

An extensive corn-factor in London met him at the house of a friend in Cambridge, who observed that Mr. Hall was very silent at table, and looked very suspiciously at the stranger. On his leaving the room, Hall said—"Who is that person, sir?" His friend informed him he was an eminent corn-dealer. "Do you transact any business with him, sir?"—"Yes."—"Have you sold him anything to-day, sir?"—"Yes, a large quantity of corn."—"I am sorry for it; that man is a rogue, sir."—"Oh, you are quite mistaken, Mr. Hall; he is highly respectable, and can obtain credit to any amount in this market."—"I do not care for that, sir; get your account settled as soon as you can, and never do any more business with him." The event verified his physiognomical sagacity. In about twelve months afterwards this very person defrauded his creditors and fled the country.

His opinion of Barrow was thus expressed: "He is very imperfect as a preacher, sir. His sermons are fine lectures on moral philosophy; but they might have been heard by any man for years together without his receiving any just views of his situation as a sinner, or any comprehensive knowledge of the leading doctrines of the gospel. All his appeals were directed to one faculty; he only addressed himself to the understanding, he left the affections and emotions untouched. Hence, from one faculty being kept in constant and exclusive exercise, he is read with extreme fatigue. I never could read his productions long together." One of the company said—"But you must allow, sir, that he



exhausts his subject."—"Yes, he does that completely, sir, and his reader also at the same time."

We are aware, however, of the rapid evaporation which takes place in the spirit of such details when committed to paper, and shall therefore desist. The eye, the tone, the manner, are all absent. To give them is like painting Niagara, neither the sound nor the motion are there.

If the subject of biography possessed some one pre-eminent excellence or glaring defect, the task of description would be considerably lessened in difficulty, the excellence or the defect forming so characteristic a peculiarity as to aid the conception of a perfect likeness. But, in the present instance, little or no such help is afforded. The great qualities of Hall existed in the rarest combination. Men of talent have usually been celebrated for some one, or for a few powers of mind in more than ordinary vigor, and these predominant faculties have commonly been associated with disparaging deficiencies; a circumstance which has naturally suggested the classification of intellect, and the balance of proportion. Here, however, we have a union, and that with very little perceptible difference of vigor, between the various powers. All seemed to be of the highest order, and to move in entire harmony; so that in attempting an analysis of this fine edifice of mind, we resemble persons who should take the stones of a building one by one, or separate the pillars and ornaments, which are found each complete in its kind, yet to be only estimated in their unbroken connexion and arrangement.

There was in Hall a singular mixture of the philosophic and the poetic; the acuteness of the one, and the imagination of the other. Under the influence of the former, had he devoted himself to logic and metaphysics, in accordance with his earliest tendencies, he might have ranked with Locke, Des Cartes, Cudworth, Clarke, Reid, Dugald Stewart, and other reasoners, the acutest and most refined. Had he employed himself in researches of philosophy and criticism, his penetration would have rivalled the etymologists and searchers into language, and he might have added to the list of the Bentleys, the Buxtorfs, and the Kennicotts. The testimony of a very competent witness, Dr. Hutton, who heard him in a casual conversation expatiate on Barrow's *Disquisitions on Mathematical*

measure, and on the genesis of curves by motion, as taught by Barrow and Newton, would tend to the conclusion that had he pursued those subjects he might have participated in the triumphs and the fame of the most eminent men. Had he been educated for law, and trained for Parliament, there can be little question that, with all his disadvantages of voice, his name would have been associated with the first of our Senatorial orators. He would have displayed in felicitous combination much of the splendor of Burke, the wit of Sheridan, the flow of Chatham and of Pitt, and the eloquence of Fox. We have already stated that he was distinguished for the imaginative as well as philosophical faculties. This is evident in the use he makes of figurative language in his writings, and was conspicuous in the appropriate though somewhat rare employment of them in his public discourses. We are inclined to believe that imagination was one of the chief constituents of his mind, and that it gave intensity to his sarcastic powers. His compositions evince the element of poetry as the basis of his mind. If his ear was not tuned to sounds (he was not musical,) there was melody in his soul; and nothing in this point of view can be more delightful than to listen to those fine strains of mingled piety, pathos, and true poetry of sentiment and feeling, that often occur in his works. Take the following specimen. It is the concluding part of the funeral sermon for Dr. Ryland:—

"If the mere conception of the reunion of good men, in a future state, infused a momentary rapture into the mind of Tully; if an airy speculation—for there is reason to fear it had little hold on his convictions—could inspire him with such delight, what may we be expected to feel, who are assured of such an event by *the true sayings of God!* How should we rejoice in the prospect, the certainty rather, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we loved on earth, of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, 'with every tear wiped from their eyes,' standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, *in white robes and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice, Salvation to God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever!* What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat, and the labor of the way, and to approach, not to the house, but the throne of God, in company, in order to join in the symphonies of heavenly voices, and lose our-

selves amidst the splendors and fruitions of the beatific vision!

"To that state all the pious on earth are tending; and if there is a law from whose operation none are exempt, which irresistibly conveys their bodies to darkness and to dust, there is another, not less certain or less powerful, which conducts their spirits to the abodes of bliss, to the bosom of their Father and their God. The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward; every thing passes on towards eternity; from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile, heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent, and divine, leaving nothing for the last fire to consume but the objects and the slaves of concupiscence; while every thing which grace has prepared and beautified shall be gathered and selected from the ruins of the world, to adorn that eternal city *which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.* Let us obey the voice that calls us thither; let us seek the things that are above, and no longer cleave to a world which must shortly perish, and which we must shortly quit, while we neglect to prepare for that in which we are invited to dwell for ever."

During the latter years of his life, Robert Hall was brought, by his removal to Bristol, into close association and friendship with another of the most eminent writers of his age, John Foster. They constituted together a kind of double star in the moral firmament—but the light they emitted, though in both cases resplendent and benign, exhibited striking varieties. Their principles were similar, but their tastes were different. Both were literary benefactors to their country, each in his own way. Each had the greatness to estimate and admire the other's greatness, but neither was capable of being an imitator; the attempt in either case would have been self-destructive. As a thinker, Foster was the most profound. His mind was a fathoming line, which he perpetually employed in penetrating the depths of sentiment, and fetching up the purest gems. Diving to those profundities seemed easy to him, and he could extend the search to places far beyond the reach of most, even distinguished intellects. He was not like Coleridge, who would lose himself and others in metaphysical subtleties or shapeless imaginings; but he had, with some exceptions, the clearest idea of what he intended to unfold,

and could plunge into the deepest waters with his eyes open. Although Hall had a mind full of brilliant conceptions, and a mind, too, which would never miss its way in the darkness, yet it was not capacitated to go down so low—to the very bottom, as it were, of thinking—as that of Foster. He would not go or stay long where imagination could not light his path, or revel, as the latter did, in the naked elementary forms and philosophy of truth. In the art of communicating, however, Foster was inferior. His style has few graces, and is not unfrequently involved. He seems to work, but not to win his way. He aims to convince, but not to please. He would force the judgment into subjection, but aims not to carry captive the taste and the fancy. In Hall the very reverse of this is observable. He imparts the sublimest truth in a graceful manner. Secure of his thoughts he seeks to beautify and embellish them. His words are carefully chosen, assiduously collocated and formed into brilliant sentences. His language is rich and full of melody. It seems instinct with the vigor, purity, and flexibility of his conceptions, and flows as if by necessity, into courses of varied beauty and grandeur. As the subject requires, it is smooth as the river, and rushing as the cataract. He is seen at once glowing with the majesty of thought, and the mastery of language. In reading Foster, you want Hall's illuminations; in reading Hall, you want Foster's bottoming power.

Two things, at least, seem essential to the formation of a good style, namely, a thorough acquaintance with classical literature, and a refined taste in the art of composition. In these respects Robert Hall surpassed his friend, who was very little addicted to what is strictly termed elegant learning, and who felt no great concern about the order of words and the euphony of language. To attain his end Hall would generally compose for the press with Johnson's Dictionary before him, to assist in the use of terms, and in the balancing of synonyms. He was familiar with the Greek and Latin writers, having read them with critical attention. The writer of this article has heard him state that he had perused every thing in Greek literature; and, on a visit, he had the opportunity of examining his copy of Plato, in whose writings he much delighted, which every where bore the marks of a studious perusal, by frequent pencil observations on the margin. The

Iliad and Odyssey were repeatedly and diligently examined. It cannot be questioned that the beautiful combinations of words in Homer gratified his taste, and stimulated his efforts at verbal perfection.

This extraordinary man appeared, however, in his noblest character in the pulpit. To the ministry he was early devoted; and, by his habits of mental and moral cultivation, he became gradually prepared for its occupation. Of all the aspects in which he is presented to us, there is none so imposing and so important as that of the Great Preacher. Here he was unrivalled and alone.

In glancing at the divines of our own country, and of a more modern period, it would be easy to advert to the rivalry of their peculiar powers. We might descant upon the hortatory pungency of Baxter, the clearness of Tillotson, the gorgeous brilliancy of Taylor, the elaborate comprehensiveness of Barrow, the divine energy, singleness of aim, and spiritual mindedness of Howe, the argumentative perspicuity and force of Horsley, and the fervid eloquence of Whitefield; and, to come nearer, without touching the living, the simplicity, calmness, and vivid perceptions of Richard Watson, the enchanting sweetness and spiritual elevation of Pearce, the pathos and solemnity of Fuller. But while admitting and admiring the superiority of some in the peculiarities for which they are most celebrated, we cannot fix on an individual amongst them all who displayed so much of that union and concentration of various faculties of mind, which rendered Hall illustrious. In a considerable degree he appeared to have every quality named. He had pungency, clearness, brilliancy, comprehensiveness, energy, argumentative force, eloquence, simplicity, enchanting sweetness, devotional elevation, pathos, and solemnity. But his greatest peculiarity was, as we have intimated, the rich and perfect combination of qualities. Like the bow of heaven, every color was there, and in harmony.

We may, perhaps, be reminded of the most celebrated French preachers; and their pretensions are undoubtedly of the very first order. One of them—Saurin—stands alone as a Protestant; three as Catholics, are usually named together, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon.

Saurin is described as having a strong, clear, and harmonious voice. He practised two oratorical *artifices*—using that term in

the best sense,—namely, that of beginning his discourses in a low and subdued tone, and that of pausing at the end of sentences to observe the effect upon his hearers. He wept from pure feeling, in addressing the wicked. This we could easily imagine from examining the appeals in his published discourses; but they would not at all suggest the description given by one who heard him. “His preaching resembled a plentiful shower of dew, softly and imperceptibly insinuating itself into the minds of his numerous hearers, as the dew into the pores of plants, till the whole church was dissolved, and all in tears under his sermons.” In almost all his productions he displays great metaphysical subtlety, which one would scarcely suppose to flow in so soft a method. Here too, in fact, is discernible his greatest fault, for he appears to raise difficulties in order to solve them. In the general course of his argumentation there is an air of vivacity and glowing energy, and in his appeals, ardor, pungency, and force. His mode of winding up a discourse by reiterations and amplifications of a portion of the text, or some one prominent idea, is powerfully impressive.

Bossuet, though eminent, is worthy of more admiration as an acute controversialist and sagacious historian than as a pulpit orator. He has indeed many noble passages which show that he had great strength of opinion, and but for his prejudices and adulatory spirit would have soared much higher. He abounds in exclamations, apostrophes, and fulsome flattery to the great. We are tired in him and other French eulogists of “Grande Reine,” “Auguste Monarque,” and the offensive particularities introduced in celebrating the Virgin Mary, the Apostles and Saints. But, with all these extravagances, there is much force and grandeur; and though he often descends to the very ground, he must not be denied his distinguishing epithet of the “eagle of Meaux.”

Bourdaloue has, by some critics, been assigned a far more eminent place in the temple of fame than Bossuet; not only because he is much freer, and, indeed, almost entirely free, from the faults to which we have just adverted, but on account of the solidity and earnestness of his reasonings, the beauty of his arrangements, and the novelty of his thoughts. He displays great resources of mind, has much of point and power, and sounds with great effect the note of alarm. But notwithstanding his



fertility, the energy and eloquence of Bossuet at times render it difficult, in adjudicating their respective merits, to assign to either a very extraordinary superiority.

In speaking of Massillon, we hazard little by saying that he was the prince of French preachers, and as in writing, so in the character of his pulpit discourses, he must be regarded as approaching nearer than any other in resemblance to Robert Hall. They appear to have been similar in their methods as preachers, and there are strong analogies in their compositions. The entire description of Massillon by D'Alembert, on his admission into the Royal Academy of Paris, might with little alteration be applied to Hall. He attracted and edified all classes of men, for though he commonly spoke in a language clear from its philosophical accuracy and reasoning, and in the highest degree both refined and eloquent, he spoke to the heart, and united pathos with sublimity, and his character for benevolence and pastoral fidelity, was as bright as his genius.

It is always interesting and instructive to compare the productions of kindred minds. We may be assisted therefore to judge of these two extraordinary preachers, if we bring into juxtaposition one of the most celebrated passages produced by each. Without further comment upon them we shall just remark that Massillon's appears most powerful in application, and Hall's most brilliant in conception,—

"I figure to myself," says Massillon, "that our last hour is come—the heavens are opening over our heads—time is no more, and eternity has begun. Jesus Christ is about to appear to judge us, according to our deserts, and we are here waiting at his hands, the sentence of everlasting life or death. I ask you now—stricken with terror like yourselves, in no wise separating my lot from yours, but placing myself in the situation in which we must all one day stand before God our judge—if Christ, I ask you, were this moment come to make the awful partition of the just and the unjust, think you that the greater number would be saved? Do you believe that the numbers would even be equal? If the lives of the multitude here present were sifted, should we find among them ten righteous? Should we find a single one?"

One can scarcely wonder at the instant effect which, according to Voltaire, was produced on the congregation. The whole assembly started up from their seats, and

interrupted the preacher by murmurs of surprise and acclamation.\*

We subjoin the magnificent passage of Hall, selected from his funeral sermon for the Princess Charlotte of Wales:—

\* We have given the passage in the most condensed, and, we think, the most powerful form in which it has appeared. It is most probably the nearest to what it was when first pronounced. Massillon, however, expanded it, we suppose, in passing through the press, and introduced other striking considerations. Whether these were real improvements others must decide, but it is due to the illustrious author that we should give the original, in what he at least deemed the amended character of it. "Je suppose que c'est ici votre dernière heure et la fin de l'univers; que les cieux vont s'ouvrir sur vos têtes Jésus-Christ paroître dans sa gloire au milieu de ce temple, et que vous, n'y êtes assemblés que pour l'attendre, et comme des criminels tremblants, à qui l'on va prononcer, ou une sentence de grâce, ou un arrêt de mort éternelle; car, vous avez beau vous flatter, vous mourrez tels que vous êtes aujourd'hui; tous ces desirs de changements qui vous amusent, vous amuseront jusqu'au lit de la mort; c'est l'expérience de tous les siècles; tout ce que vous trouverez alors en vous de nouveau, sera peut être un compte un peu plus grand que celui que vous auriez aujourd'hui à rendre; et sur ce que vous seriez, si l'on venoit vous juger dans le moment, vous pouvez presque décider de ce qui vous arrivera au sortir de la vie.

"Or, je vous demande, et je vous le demande, frappé de terreur, ne séparant pas en ce point mon sort de vôtre, et me mettant dans la même disposition où je souhaite que vous entriez; je vous demande donc: Si Jésus-Christ paroïsoit dans son temple, au milieu de cette assemblée, la plus auguste de l'univers, pour nous juger, pour faire le terrible discernement des boucs et des brebis croyez-vous que le plus grand nombre de tout ce que nous sommes ici, fût placé à la droite! croyez-vous que les choses du moins fussent égales? croyez-vous qu'il s'y trouvât seulement dix justes, que le Seigneur ne put trouver autrefois en cinq villes tout entières? Je vous le demande, vous l'ignorez, et je l'ignore moi-même; vous seul, ô mon Dieu! connoissez ceux qui vous appartiennent, nous savons du moins que les pécheurs ne lui appartiennent pas. Or, qui sont les fidèles ici assemblés? les titres et les dignités ne doivent être comptés pour rien; vous en serez dépouillés devant Jésus-Christ: qui sont-ils? beaucoup de pécheurs qui ne veulent pas se convertir; encore plus qui le voudroient, mais qui diffèrent leur conversion; plusieurs autres qui ne se convertissent jamais que pour retomber; enfin un grand nombre qui croient n'avoir pas besoin de conversion: voilà le parti des réprouvés. Retranchez ces quatre sortes de pécheurs de cette assemblée sainte, car ils en seront retranchés au grand jour: paroissez maintenant, justes; où êtes-vous? restes d'Israël, passez à la droite; froment de Jésus-Christ, démêlez-vous de cette paille destinée au feu: ô Dieu! où sont vos élus? et que reste-t-il pour votre partage?"

ŒUVRES DE MASSILLON, Tom. iii., p. 311-12. 8vo. Paris, 1821.

"Eternity, it is surely not necessary to remind you, invests every state, whether of bliss or of suffering, with a mysterious and awful importance entirely its own, and is the only property in the creation which gives that weight and moment to whatever it attaches, compared to which, all sublunary joys and sorrows, all interests which know a period, fade into the most contemptible insignificance. In appreciating every other object, it is easy to exceed the proper estimate; and even of the distressing event which has so recently occurred, the feeling which many of us possess, is probably adequate to the occasion. The nation has certainly not been wanting in the proper expression of its poignant regret at the sudden removal of this most lamented princess, nor of their sympathy with the Royal family, deprived by this visitation of its brightest ornament. Sorrow is painted in every countenance, the pursuits of business and of pleasure have been suspended, and the kingdom is covered with the signals of distress. But what, my brethren, if it be lawful to indulge such a thought, what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle? or, could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light and the moon her brightness; to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth? or, were the whole frame of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?"

Mr. Foster has adverted with great keenness of observation, and we think with justice too, to the defects of Mr. Hall's preaching, in reference to the hearers, remarking, that the crude admiration which can make no distinctions, never renders justice to what is really great. He notices that it was too general and theoretic; that it presented things too much in unbroken breadth and mass; that it was apt to exceed, in the most eloquent parts, the allowed license of exaggeration; that it was not kept in due relation to the realities of life; that while it was most excellent in the discrimination of topics, sentiments, arguments, it did not discriminate and individualize human characters; and therefore it did not maintain an intimate commerce with the actual condition of the hearers. One thing may be remarked, however, in some degree of abatement of these severities of a friendly criticism that probably Mr. Foster rarely if ever heard him address a very humble village congregation, when many of these

blemishes would vanish amidst the clear and holy light of truth, set forth with the utmost simplicity and earnestness. On public occasions, and in his general ministrations, these defects would shade the moral splendor and dignity of the preacher, and ought the more to be remembered, that they may furnish important practical instructions to the evangelical prophets.

The text of his discourse was usually announced in the feeblest tone, chiefly from an incapacity of voice, and in a rapid manner, so as frequently to be inaudible to the majority of the congregation. He then introduced the general topic in a calm perspicuous statement, remarkable chiefly for its simplicity, and not often calculated to give a stranger any promise of what was to come. It seemed to be marked by no effort; frequently consisting of an exposition of the context, with a few plain observations. At times, however, he would commence with some important sentiment, striking the attention at once, and making the rest of his discourse a continual development of some fine train of thought which lay embedded in his own mind, and became every moment more visible as he disclosed it by a course of close, consecutive, and convincing reasoning. His most metaphysical addresses would gradually merge into earnest appeals. After the exordium, he would commonly hint at, rather than explicitly announce, the very simple divisions of the subject on which he intended to treat. Then his thoughts would begin to multiply, and the rapidity of his utterance, always considerable, would increase as he proceeded and kindled—evidently urged on by the momentum of his conceptions. He had no oratorical action, scarcely any kind of motion, excepting an occasional lifting or waving of the right *hand*; and in his most impassioned moments, an alternate retreat and advance in the pulpit by a short step. Sometimes the pain in his back, to which he was so great a martyr, would induce him to throw his arm behind, as if to give himself ease or support in the long-continued, and, to him, afflictive position of standing to address the people. Nothing of the effect which he produced depended on extraneous circumstances. There was no pomp, no rhetorical flourish, and few, though whenever they did occur, very appropriate images; excepting towards the close of his sermon, when his imagination became excursive, and he winged his way through the loftiest

sphere of contemplation. His sublimest discourses were in the beginning didactic and argumentative, then descriptive and pathetic, and, finally, in the highest and best sense, imaginative. Truth was their universal element, and to enforce its claims was his constant aim. Whether he attempted to engage the reason, the affections, or the fancy, all was subsidiary to this great end. He was always *in earnest*—profoundly in earnest. He lost himself in the glories of his theme; and amidst the fervors of his eloquence, the force of his argumentation, and the beauty of his diction, it was manifest that his supreme aim was to “win souls to Christ.”

Notwithstanding many hesitations at the outset, there was a continual flow—a flow of elegant expression, exquisite turns of thought, pure sentiment, and exalted feeling. Among other qualities of his public speaking, it was one of the most extraordinary that, even while the rapidity of the utterance was such as almost to outrun the apprehensions of his hearers, every word, though by no means minutely premeditated, was as proper in itself, and as beautifully collocated, as if it had been the result of long and laborious consideration. He could touch at will the inner springs of emotion, dive into the recesses of the mind, expose sophism, vanquish error, and stem the fierce revolt of prejudice; and with equal success could he speak to the experienced and aged Christian, awakening at a touch his liveliest and holiest sensibilities, imparting consolation to the troubled mind, unfolding the mysteries, while he breathed the spirit of the gospel, dissipating the influence of evil agency, encountering the efforts of inherent corruption, opening Heaven to view, making its glories palpable, and by leading you through the gates of the celestial city, rendering the enchanted hearers conscious of strange joys, which seemed not to belong to earth, but to some more elevated state of existence. Then the bodily organs would appear to be almost incapable of furnishing a channel wide enough for the stream of thought, which expanded as it flowed, till it spread as into an ocean glowing with the morning light of eternity.

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#### THE GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE event of our times may soon be, we dare not yet say *is*, the Roman Schism in Germany. The struggle of the old and still powerful papal superstition with the varied forces that oppose it, is, beyond all doubt, the question of questions over the whole civilized world; and Germany, which began the struggle three hundred years ago, is once more the prime agent in recommending it.

Again the battle of religious controversy sounding through the earth! How mysterious—how inexplicable must such contests as these seem to the man who recognizes in human nature but the perishable mechanism of time and sense! How impossible would they be, were he no more than this! But no—man is above all things the “*religious animal*” he has been designated. Nothing can evince it more forcibly than the arousing efficacy which through his whole history this *one* topic has ever exclusively possessed. The infidel Hume has acknowledged the fact in one remarkable passage, which moulded as a contemptuous sneer, admits a mighty truth. No consideration stirs the depths of man’s soul like the prospects of eternity. Be his hope a shadow or a reality, be it an empty dream or a solid truth, “the powers of the world to come,” are the powers that alone thoroughly master the inmost recesses of his spirit. Every secret region of his heart still sends back its mysterious echoes to that key-note. The man of the world smiles at that religious ardor of the Crusader or of the wild Münster Anabaptist, which controlled no one savage passion; he may find a theme for deeper reflection in the savage potency of that remote and dim-seen Object, which, even when by turns eclipsed by every successive passion, or mighty only to madden not govern them, does still in either case retain so wondrous a supremacy over the main current of the thoughts and actions of the man. Transitory desires, fears, calculations, may alternately overbear that master-thought, but the man cannot rid himself of it! Day by day he may in his folly and feebleness, rob himself of every solid ground for anticipating heaven, but he cannot endure to surrender the faint hope of it to the last. Nay—his fiercest impulses to persecution are often only his impatience of uncertainty—of uncertainty generated in spite of



himself, by the perpetual presence of dissident opinions; the way, he feels, is clear to *him*—his life is in that conviction—to mar it, is to leave him comfortless, to plunder him of the dearest treasure of his being; what right then, he cries, and grasps the sword—what right has any man to poison the sources of his peace by practically denying the belief by which he lives? Miserably—blindly do they scan the page of history, who can find nothing but folly in religious tumults and religious wars; these bloody struggles are fought in the very face of Christianity, they violate its simplest maxims, they are gross and sensual misinterpretations of its lovely spirit, but—they prove its power withal! The man who slaughters his foe for religious differences is mistaken—fearfully mistaken; but he is a *Man*; nought below man—the heir of eternity, the being whose true sphere is beyond the grave—could ever have done so. It is a horrible madness, but there is sublimity in its horrors too!

Of such conflicts—if not unto blood, yet surely conflicts ardent, energetic, desperate—it is scarcely possible not to surmise that the world is now on the eve. The more the civilized world becomes by rapidity of intercourse one family, the more prominently will the differences upon these great questions present themselves, and the more urgently will they demand settlement. But there is a deeper ground for anticipating a mortal struggle of religions. The accumulated forces of scientific knowledge for the last two centuries, on the one side—of knowledge gained by pure inductive habits as opposed to dogmatic and *a priori* maxims,—the claim of a single infallible human authority on the most important of all subjects of thought, on the other,—principles in themselves almost necessarily hostile, have been frowning on each other from their adverse hills for a long period; skirmishes of the outposts, and one fierce and savage engagement at the close of the last century—have already taken place; but the decisive trial of strength has not come yet. The wild onslaught of the French Revolution upon all religions, decided nothing, and almost altered nothing; its literary oracles knew no Christianity beyond the Roman superstition; to assail it they assailed Christianity itself; the world at large could not go along with this monstrous tactic, and all things speedily returned to their old positions and relations,

It is the idle vanity of French writers to exaggerate the permanent effects of their Revolution; few remarkable changes in civil affairs have really had so little. Compare it for one moment with the Reformation of the sixteenth century; the abortive infidel Reformation, with the real and successful Protestant one! In truth, Christianity in its main elements has so ineradicable a hold in the ground of man's nature; it so grapples with his heart of hearts, and implicates itself with all his deepest feelings, that no attempt at its universal overthrow will ever—some unimaginable conjuncture apart, have a chance of lasting success; the great contest will ever be, not to destroy, but to restore and purify it. The nations of the world will ever take the substance of Christianity for granted, while they dispute fiercely about its circumstantial; the universal human heart cannot do without it in some form. To say it without irreverence, man's *taste is spoiled* by such a system as the New Testament, in even its corruptest interpretation, offers, for such coarse garbage as the sensualist infidel—such airy and unsatisfying *hors d'œuvres* as the more refined unbeliever can furnish. The conflict will be, and it can scarcely be long delayed, between the power that assumes to dictate Christianity to the world, and blundering on from age to age still maintains its haughty pretensions, and the inherent claims of the religion itself, in the simplicity of its primitive form. Would to God that in such a struggle those who oppose that tremendous power had not blindly and wantonly deprived themselves of the strength of union; and in many lamentable instances so fallen away from the purity of the faith, as to make it too often doubtful whether even the error they oppose, is not preferable to the error they maintain!

It is, indeed, *this*—mutual dissension and the wantonness of individual speculation—that has ever constituted the weakness of the adversaries of Rome; as the Eagle of the Gallican Church keenly saw, when he penned his "Variations." Yet Bossuet cannot but have seen also, that *logically* considered, the claim of infallibility is no remedy whatever for this difficulty. Let us pause for a moment upon this important question; *these* are days when even the most superficial of readers ought to feel the necessity of being thoroughly conversant with the pompous sophistry of Romanism. We say then, that except

the claim of infallibility be first *assumed*, (and then all further argument becomes unnecessary,) mere uniformity of doctrine is no presumption of truth more than of error; no doctrine has been more remarkably uniform than the theology of Mohammedanism, and it has continued so for a far longer *period*, than many of the peculiarities of the Roman Church. But if the claim of infallibility be *not assumed*, it must be received on one or other of two distinct grounds. Either we must come to believe it *wholly without proof*, and by some mysterious interior revelation, which leaves all religions on a level, as each may at pleasure allege such a revelation in its own favor, and the nature of the supposition precludes all test to discriminate between them; or it must be received by an *appeal to evidence* of some kind; and then there will be, as events have amply shown, as much room for difference of opinion on the value and verdict of this appeal to evidence (whether Scripture, Antiquity, Reason, or any two, or all three of them,) as on any other conceivable point of theology. Nor can the Romanist advocate here cover his retreat by urging, that, *at least* it narrows the controversy to one question instead of several; no assertion is more utterly groundless; for the truth is, that the controversy on a claim of infallible guidance, to be satisfactorily conducted, must embrace *all the various points upon which the Church which claims it is alleged to have erred*; those very allegations of actual error being the most conclusive grounds for doubting, or wholly denying, the validity of the claim. What rational man is there beyond the Roman communion, who does not feel that even if there *were* (as in truth there is little or none) some plausibility in the common arguments for the supreme prerogatives of the Church of Rome as a guide in faith, the mere *fact* that that church has for centuries *practically countenanced* (and very nearly, if not wholly, justified in theory) the absolute worship of the Virgin and the saints, is in itself an irresistible *a posteriori* refutation of all its pretensions? To say that a Christian man is first bound to believe the infallibility of a particular religious body, and then, as a consequence from that belief, to receive without hesitation all its subsequent doctrines, (however *inconsistent with the very grounds on which he professes to believe that infallibility*,) is exactly as if a witness of whom we

know nothing previously, should *first* demand to swear us to believe him incapable of error in all he tells, and then bind us in virtue of our oath to the solemn *duty* of believing that the book on which he swore us is circular, when our eyes see it to be square.

Nothing, therefore, is more certain than that the plea of infallibility does not remove one single difficulty in the theory of religious belief. It is *absurdly* impotent for the purpose; the real truth being, that it only adds one *more* question to the numbers that already exist in controversy, instead of solving the rest, or substituting itself in their place. The most enthusiastic votary of Romanism will scarcely venture to tell us, that the claim of a certain respectable clergyman of the name of Cappellari, to govern the whole Christian world—nearly three hundred millions of human beings—is as self-evident as one of Euclid's axioms. What is not self-evident must depend on proof. This proof, it is a mere matter of fact, is not found satisfactory by at least one-half of the above millions; their objection being, among several other things, that the admission of the claims of the said highly-respectable gentleman involves the admission of a vast variety of propositions, *every one of which must be separately argued and settled* before the claim can be conceded. And *this* is the short path to religious peace;—this is the “end of controversy!”—this is the happy haven where so many are now sighing to be at rest; wilfully blind to the hollowness of a device which ambition has formed to ensnare the inherent indolence and self-delusion of human nature.\*

\* It is sometimes a matter of curiosity to watch by what evasion Romish advocates endeavor to wriggle out of the iron grasp of such arguments as these. The very ascetic Mr. W. G. Ward, (whose unexpected matrimony amused the public some time ago, and whose adoption of Romanism seems about as important,) appears to rest his attachment to Rome principally on a certain internal sense, or mysterious popish *gusto*; which, undoubtedly, is dexterously enough chosen, as it avoids all logical confutation by at once declining all rational test. He professes (as every heretic and schismatic from the foundation of the church has done before him,) that, following after his own incommunicable individual light, he has found himself landed in the blessed realms of Mariolatry. This *quaker* pathway to Rome is as pretty a device as any thing in the fashionable world of modern theology, and, we doubt not, will be quite the rage for a season or two.

But, after all, we grieve to tell him it is not

But, though the doctrine of infallibility be thus demonstrably ineffective as a shortcut to theological certainty, no doubt it has its exterior and superficial charms.

altogether new. He is but one of innumerable instances how the extremes of *ultra-mysticism* and *infidelity* meet. Like others of a similar school before him, he agrees with Gibbon and Voltaire, in smiling contemptuously at the notion of establishing the claims of any doctrine on ordinary *historical evidence*. There is really so much to be "said on both sides," that poor Mr. W. G. Ward is quite perplexed. The disagreements of Bull and Petavius are too much for him. Think of the learning of the "*Dogmata Theologica*;" think of the rival learning of the "*Defensio Fidei Nicænæ*." Mr. W. G. Ward forgot that the *inward moral light* of Petavius and Bull differed quite as much as their views of external evidence; and that if difference is to produce skepticism in the latter case, it is hard to show how it can leave us in full repose in the former.

The general result of "Mr. Ward's *philosophy*," (if we are to term it so, but we have seen most of it far more clearly stated in old Robert Barclay,) seems to be, that a good man will almost unflinchingly be led to correct dogmatic—that is, Roman—belief; and that, at all events, it is his duty not to take much trouble about any external means of proving it—he is to be content with what is good in his present faith, and leave the future to Providence. These advices seem about as consistent with *each other* as they are with Mr. Ward's own deliberate abandonment of "the sacredness of hereditary religion," for the new "variety of untried being" on which he has so rashly ventured. It is, however, more important to observe, that the former involves an implicit justification of religious persecution; for it irresistibly concludes, that deadness to the charms of Romanism, when duly presented to the recusant, can only proceed from *moral depravity*.

One point, however, Mr. Ward considers now fully established, and it would be a pity not to enable our readers to participate in the benefits of the discovery. It appears by his justificatory letter, (which we beseech all to read who would know *what* are the pleas to which intelligent men are in the present age reduced, in order to vindicate secession from the English Church,) that he has been, for some time, waiting to determine whether he might enjoy the happiness of maintaining all Roman doctrine while remaining a priest of the Church of England; and has, at last, to his sorrow and surprise, discovered that that church does *not* admit its sworn ministers to hold or teach that (e. g.) St. Paul was in the daily habit of worshipping the Virgin Mary. A late ecclesiastical decision (in the case of Mr. Frederick Oakeley,) has, he considers, settled the question, which was involved in some obscurity before. We should have thought it settled a little earlier; but it is, at all events, important that the public in general should be aware that the matter is *now* considered to be a ruled case.

We do not fear that the example of this misguided person will be largely followed. He himself admits in his letter that he has no hopes of what is called the "high" party in the English

By perpetuating and consolidating accumulated errors, it will assuredly be the ultimate cause of the combined destruction of the *whole* system when its "fulness of time" shall have arrived; the ponderous armor that protects the cuirassier while he fights, becomes his ruin when he falls; but until then, the very assumption itself has its power over many minds. Intellects of natural subtlety, *too hard for themselves*, tempted to constant skepticism, and yearning for some repose, are rapidly drawn into the fascinating influence of this cheap

Church. He tells us, that "an additional reason for the giving up the hopes he entertained when he wrote his work, arises from the fact that the anti-Roman *high-churchmen* have shown *no sort of unwillingness* (*quite the reverse*) to unite with what are called extreme persons on any such terms;" the terms, apparently, of perverting the sense of the articles into the recognition of the errors they condemn. English honesty is yet a little too strong for Mr. W. G. Ward's "hopes."

But this irrational mania among a few young Englishmen, and these, in some instances, men of fair education, for gross, disgusting, debasing superstition—for superstition accompanied by no one real advantage which they cannot possess if they will to seek for it where it is, or revive it where it is not, in the English Church—how it reminds one of the saying attributed to the great Bishop Butler about the downright *madness* that (as he thought) sometimes attacked communities and circles of men no less than individuals. Think of a person of the intellect, the real learning, the boundless opportunities of John Henry Newman, bowing before the paltry image of an uncertain saint, and elaborately proving the practice to be an easy "development" of St. John's "keep yourselves from idols;" patronizing the fetish-worship (for it is in practice not a whit better) of the Holy Coat adorers of the Rhine, and the holy clay worshippers of Ireland! For how much *less* a perversion of reason have men ere now, in common life, been stamped as lunatics?

Meanwhile, it will be worth our readers' while to observe the cool and somewhat contemptuous reception Mr. Ward's Letters have met from the organ of the English Romanists, *The Tablet*. Now that they have secured their victim, they are determined to make him feel the icy grasp of the chilling bondage he has adopted. No more ideals "of possible churches," no more philosophical speculations, permitted to the poor captive. Mr. Ward "is now only at the *commencement* of his conversion. In due time, and by the graces of the sacraments, he will *become*, we doubt not, a useful and effective member of the church." But "we think it an act of kindness to help him to get completely rid of the past delusions," embodied in "these last productions of Mr. Ward's." How well the abettors of this system of delusion, worsted, as they have been, in every single field of argument, know the effect upon weak minds of this quiet assumption of superiority!



Roman tranquillity, and are, at last, ready to believe any thing so they may but be secure from the disquietude of doubting at all. Daring in its claims, Romanism is unscrupulous in its practical enforcement of them; and the vast, and uniform, and disciplined organization which the papal system commands and works through the whole extent of its dominions, is a tremendous antagonist to the scattered, unsettled, discordant forces that here and there oppose it. Set aside the Anglican Church, and her American daughter, and where is there a *single united* force capable of competing with the huge numerical strength of the Roman body? The vast Oriental Church, which comes next to the Roman in magnitude, is unhappily but poorly endowed in knowledge and ability for such a struggle. Nor need we wonder at the incessant efforts made to entangle the people of England, both individually and nationally, in the Roman snare, when we remember with what *comparative* indifference the Court of Rome probably looks upon every other antagonist!

This old weakness of continental Protestantism clings to it still; nay, it seems to have *grown* every year since the Reformation. We much fear that North Germany was seldom in a much less favorable position for a genuine and profitable religious revolution than now; and when we consider its real state, we confess we are not very sanguine as to the result of the present remarkable movement. Still the impulse itself is, in many respects, very noble; and there are bright gleams here and there through the tumult of the scene—such gleams as Providence may yet send some gifted leader to collect into one steady, and universal, and permanent light.

We cannot do much better than devote a few pages to some account of this movement, and some comment upon its progress.

The new "Catholic Church of Germany" has begun in the same circumstances as the old Reformation of the Sixteenth Century; nay, the very pope that precipitated the Reformation, is indirectly the cause of the present movement. This is a curious coincidence, and may well be claimed as an omen of success. A wild, semi-idolatrous superstition, authorized by the heads of the church, has aroused Rongé, as similar abuses\* aroused the mighty

monk of St. Augustine before him; and *the very Leo* whose indulgences and bulls rent asunder the Christianity of the north and south of Europe three hundred years ago, is the Leo whose special indulgence of 1514 was published the Autumn of last year at Treves, to guarantee forgiveness of sins to the Pilgrim worshippers of the Sacred Coat, and the Pilgrim contributors to Treves Cathedral.

Our readers can scarcely require to be reminded of the story of the famous Coat, and its exposure for veneration in August, 1844. It is now an ascertained fact that there exist, or have existed, *twenty-four* holy coats, all claiming to be *the one* coat which the Virgin Mary (for such is the legend issued under authority at Treves) herself wove for the Lord, which miraculously grew with his growth, and which finally fell into the hands of the Roman soldiers on the day of his crucifixion. Alas for this terrible German research! Treves is not far from Bonn; and, notwithstanding the efforts of the Cologne archiepiscopate, men think and talk very saucily about mediæval legends at Bonn. Accordingly, the pilgrimage of the million *chitonolaters* was scarcely well over, when a brace of stanch text-explorers of Bonn set to work to investigate the legend upon archæological grounds. The pamphlets of Gildermeister and Von Sybel—the latter himself a Romanist—are almost unparalleled as specimens of research concentrated upon the minute details of a single obscure question.\*

These terrible professors examine the relic *itself*, and they examine the question of the *rival* relics. As to the coat itself, they establish, with enormous probability, that it is *not a Palestine garment at all*. The *size* is against it—the coat is at least five feet long, the tunic of a Hebrew never went below the knee. [Compare also Mark xii. 38, Luke xx. 46.] The *color* is against it—the coat, now faded, was on a former exposure described as having been purple. This was the most expensive dye among the ancients, and utterly incompatible with our Lord's humble position in

ence to this very bull of Leo X. and the Treves pilgrimage which followed, that Luther cried out—"How long has the devil dressed up dead bones into holy bones, &c. What results have been brought about by this parading at Treves of the coat of Christ!"

\* "Historical Dissertation upon the Holy Coat at Treves, and the other twenty [four more were afterwards scented out] Holy Seamless Coats."

\* Nay, this *very same* abuse. It was in refer-

life; besides that, the soldiers actually are recorded to have *taken off* "his own garments" in order to clothe him in a purple garment. The *material* is against the legend—the coat, so far as the ecclesiastical authorities allow it to be inspected, which they soon became reluctant to do, is described as soft, and silken, and like fine linen; this effeminate dress (for so it was then considered,) is still more inconsistent with the habits of Him who tells us that "they who wear soft clothing are in kings' houses;" linen, indeed, was worn only by priests and females. The *structure* is, by the oldest authority, declared *not* to be woven, but "*reticulato opere*," knit. But the most awkward of all the difficulties regarding the relic, is the discovery of certain *figures worked in the substance of the coat itself*. Now, the Jewish law, in one of its studious provisions against idolatrous tendencies, prohibited the image of any living being in any form; and, to increase the perplexity, specially mentions *birds*, (see Deut. iv. 17,) which appear to be the very animals portrayed in the coat. The design is also found to be abruptly cut short in one portion of the coat, which can hardly be accounted for but by the supposition of a *seam*; though the seam itself may now have become, through age, almost imperceptible. We may add, that the Treves coat was found undestroyed after three hundred years, (by the Empress Helena, the wife or mistress of Constantine the Great,) and never heard of until the year 1056, or, as others have it, 1196, or mentioned in any historical document until the bull (already mentioned) of Leo X. in 1514. It is scarcely possible to conceive a greater congress of difficulties, uniting, as if incidentally, into a single *focus* of improbability. This was the coat which Rhine poured forth all his hundreds of thousands to adore, and which numberless intelligent witnesses heard the people, as they passed the object, implore in the words, "Holy Coat, save me! Holy Coat, pray for me and protect me!"

But the professors are still more elaborate and conclusive upon the question of the *rival* coats. The great existing competitor is the "Holy Coat of Argenteuil," witnessed by the authority of the chronicler, Robert de Monte, and bulwarked by sundry papal bulls;—(the reader will remember that the holy coat *can* be but one, as all the legends include the figment of its having been woven for our Lord when an infant,

and afterwards miraculously expanding as he grew). This being the most serious antagonist—as the French clergy are very proud of their Coat, and have no idea of resigning its exclusive pretensions—a professor [Marx] in the Episcopal Seminary at Treves, was commissioned to publish something assuasive of the threatened storm of Gallic indignation. His hypothesis is dexterous enough. Argenteuil has got a coat, doubtless, a highly-honorable and excellent coat,—a coat which no man should think of without transport,—but it is not *the* coat; it is the upper garment of our Lord, not the tunic. Let Argenteuil be content—its coat stands next in excellence to the Treviran treasure; and, doubtless, if backed by extraordinary papal privileges, may even remit a murder or adultery nearly as well. The present pope, however, does not seem to be of the same opinion with the pacificatory professor;\* for, in conferring special privileges upon Argenteuil only the year before, (August 22, 1843,) he speaks of it as possessing the "tunic of our Lord." It is true, the same Gregory XVI. has authorized the pilgrimage to Treves, as possessing the same tunic, and has excommunicated sundry persons for denying it, *just one twelvemonth after the former bull*; so that, perhaps, His Holiness's authority cannot very fairly be alleged on either side of this question.†

\* The late Bishop of Treves (Von Hommer) was evidently somewhat undecided as to the genuineness of the coat, and would not authorize a pilgrimage. For, though he argued elaborately for its claims, he admits that it is "an ancient matter which cannot be fully proved," and that a "man predisposed in favor of any thing will readily accept partial proofs for valid ones;" a state of mind of which the worthy bishop seems highly to approve.

† In the last of the "Provinciales" the reader will find a case, not quite so self-contradictory, of papal attestation of relics (the bones of St. Denis,) admitted by the author of those famous letters to be an unquestionably erroneous decision. Pascal employs the case to exemplify the noted distinction of infallibility as to doctrines, and infallibility as to facts, and to prove that popes, like other men, "sont sujets à être surpris." The Roman Church has never, that we are aware, settled the point—a point, one should think, of some slight moment in her theory of religious belief. That popes and councils *have* been glaringly mistaken as to mere matters of fact, there is scarcely a doubt expressed on any side; and thus the distinction supplies a very convenient and valuable retreat in the well-known instances of Liberius, Honorius, Damasus, Zosimus, &c. On the other hand, the concep-

But, indeed, it is scarcely kind to expect the pope to authenticate either of these coats, for he can do so only at the expense of *his own*! In the Lateran, at Rome, is preserved "the seamless garment woven by the Blessed Virgin Mary for her Son our Lord." In the inventory made by order of Nicholas IV. it is specially entered among the other relics of that famous church; the *tunica inconsutilis Christi* is again celebrated in the age of Gregory XIII.; and *la camicia che gli fece colle sue mani la beata Vergine* is recorded by Rusponi, in his work on the Lateran, dedicated to Alexander VII. For our own parts, we cannot but suspect that the popes have had all along a secret predilection for this candidate, and that this supposition best explains the apparent inconstancy with which, not perhaps desiring cruelly to *deny* the claims of various towns and churches, they determined equally to attest them all, and thus more circuitously destroy the credit of all. It is thus that in Treves itself we discover an old quarrel between two holy coats, which Urban VIII., in 1631, seems to have kindly decided by authenticating *both*. It is pleasant to detect these traits of paternal tenderness in the "father of the Christian world."

As to *other* holy coats, about twenty are producible, with various degrees of evidence; but each, now or formerly, upheld as the glory of its respective shrine. The coat has, unhappily, been lost and never recovered, several times over. Gregory of Tours, for instance, tells us of one in Galatia; another authority, of one in Jaffa. The coat has been in the British metropolis, for Edward the Confessor gave the true, undeniable garment to Westminster.

tion of an infallibility on doctrine, united with a fallibility as to fact, becomes somewhat perplexing when, as so often happens, doctrine presupposes fact, and is inextricably interwoven with matter of fact. And, indeed, in the very question at issue in the Jansenist dispute; viz., whether certain condemned tenets were or were not contained in the Book of Jansens, how shall infallible guidance consist with liability to error on such a point as this? What exercise of spiritual guidance is more *important* than the direction of the faithful as to the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of books; or what would be the value of an infallibility that should fail at such a pinch? And what is it to pronounce on a book, but simply to state of a certain series of propositions—for a book is nothing more—that they are orthodox, or heterodox, or ambiguous; *the very thing that is done in deciding on doctrine*—so shadowy and evanescent is the distinction?

It was at one time to be found in Cologne; it was at Constantinople; it was in a church at Bremen. And all through these centuries of mysterious ubiquity, it never, for one hour, left the town of Treves. We need not suggest how this marvellous fact ought to augment the reverence with which the Holy Coat is justly to be contemplated by the faithful.\*

But how was this new experiment received in Germany? The multitudes of votaries clearly enough show that the church could count upon the adherence of at least the lower classes. But there had, nevertheless, been indications in German society that might have fairly led the ecclesiastical authorities to suspect that this audacious revival of antiquated imposture would scarcely be suffered to pass without reclamation.

We do not here speak of the general diffusion of a skeptical spirit under the title of neologism, or rationalism. Opposition from the chiefs of the rationalistic school would, in all probability, tend rather to give *éclat* to a Romish miracle. Infidelity, in Germany, as any where else, in its wild outbreak against all supernatural interpositions alike, loses every chance of beneficial influence against real abuses; its strength is wasted for lack of concentration; and people identify Tridentinism and Jesuitry with pure Christianity, when they find that the same antagonists are the enemies of both. The school of Paulus and Hegel will never do the work of Martin Luther.

However, when the principle of referring religious beliefs to the test of reason is *combined with* a professed admission of all the truths of Christianity in their ordinary acceptation, the case becomes very different; and a spirit may be generated not, on the whole, at all disadvantageous to the real interests of religion. Such was the great *Hermesian* movement, whose results are by no means extinct in Germany. This may have been, as its adver-

\* Bishop Arnoldi, of Treves, is no whit daunted by the tumultuous reception which his exposition of the Holy Coat has met with. He has just instituted an annual festival, to be held the third Wednesday after Easter, in honor of the coat, the holy *nails*, and the holy *lance*—other unquestionable relics. Prince Metternich has got the nails; and it seems that that profound diplomatist has at length yielded to urgent solicitation, and (we mistake, or in return for some "valuable consideration") has promised to bestow them on the marvel-monopolizing parish church of Treves.



saries maintained, one offshoot of rationalism; but it is certainly unfair to identify them. Dr. Hermes himself (he was a professor at Bonn) was no unbeliever in the mysterious truths of religion; and he unquestionably numbered among his followers many of the best and most devoted of the clergy of Germany. His real objects seem to have been to deepen and widen the rational grounds of religious faith, and to discountenance that ultra-mystical notion of the nature of the process of belief which separates it almost wholly from the ordinary operations of the intellect. The main point, however, is, that the movement was one *within* the Roman Church itself; headed and supported by Romanist professors at the universities; and prescribed for by the Roman court as an internal disease. All the old and well-understood machinery of ecclesiastical penalties has been brought to bear on the offenders. The writings of Hermes were condemned by a bull of 1835; and the outward expression of Hermesian views has certainly been checked; but it might have been easily apprehended that, in such a state of the literary and philosophical world of Romanism, the exhibition of the holy coat might have been somewhat too premature and insolent a triumph over the rebellious forces of human reason.

A question coming still more nearly "home to men's business and bosoms," was the dispute relative to "mixed marriages," which for years kept Prussian society in commotion, and is not even yet allayed. Nothing could tend more directly to disgust men of ordinary candor than the arrogant claim made in this instance by the Romish priesthood. They had orders from Rome to refuse the nuptial benediction to parties of different persuasions in all cases in which a promise was not first made that the children of the marriage should be brought up in the Romish faith. This is directly against the law of Prussia, which expressly enacts that, in all such cases, the parents are to determine the religion of the children; and in case of disagreement, that the religion of the father is to decide the point.\* The Romish priesthood (as usual) laughed at the

notion of legal restrictions, and deliberately persisted in the claim. Their *consciences* could not allow disobedience to an Italian prelate in a matter directly concerning the internal legislation of Prussia. Baron Droste von Vischering, the archbishop of Cologne, had been promoted to his see on an understanding—indeed an express promise—that he was to maintain the original convention between Prussia and Rome on this subject. He became archbishop, and at once broke his engagement, and issued fierce *Machalian* rescripts to his clergy to persevere in denying the "sacrament of matrimony" to all who would not swear to educate their children in the faith of Rome. This, our readers will perceive, was a stroke of comprehensive policy. In a country circumstanced as some provinces of Prussia are, as to the relative proportions of the rival religions, the unflinching prosecution of this canon would have made the entire population of many districts Romanists in a few generations. This (they will also recollect) was the illustrious prelate whose proceedings upon this subject so constantly attracted the special notice and applause of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, at the Corn Exchange meetings. The attempt itself has (it is well known) been frequently, though privately, made in this country; and we doubt not, will form one of the first objects of sacerdotal policy in Ireland, as soon as Sir Robert Peel's authority, and Mr. John Wilson Croker's pen, shall have secured a fixed revenue to the Hiberno-Roman priesthood, and shall have thus enabled that body to turn its attention from humoring the people, to prosecuting directly and exclusively the policy of the Roman court—from *political to ecclesiastical intrigues*—for such, beyond all shadow of doubt, will be the result of that measure. Gregory XVI. supported his archbishop resolutely, threw himself heart and soul into the struggle, and commended, in the most official form, both the traitor of Cologne and the archbishop of Posen, who had actually *excommunicated* all priests who should hesitate to violate the municipal law of Prussia at the order of the pope. We beseech all who read these lines to remember that this (which it is now the fashion to sneer at those who pronounce *possible* in these countries) took place with-

\* The Austrian law differs from the Prussian, (we rather think to its disadvantage.) but is equally hostile to these extravagant pretensions. Austria—the most resolutely Romish empire in the world—determines that, in the case of mixed marriages, the sons shall be of the father's, the daughters of the mother's religion.

Such is the law even of the country that persecuted the families of Zillerthal out of their Tyrolese home, because they dared to doubt of the infallibility of Rome.

in the last few years, under one of the most vigorous absolute governments in Europe, and in a country whose universal system of *national education*, for all classes, is the perpetual object of liberalist admiration among ourselves. The attempt itself was not only in the teeth of the law, but actually in violation of engagements known to the present pope himself; for it was he—Cardinal Cappellari—who had conducted those negotiations with Prussia which fixed the law. Rome, however—such is the sole and sufficient explication—had become strong enough to take a step in advance towards recovering the unforgotten ground of Innocent III. and Boniface VIII. The Jesuits, condemned and banished by all the successive governments of Europe, and by the pope himself, in 1773, had been deliberately revived in 1814, and had made themselves felt in dismembering the kingdom of the Netherlands, and wrecking the throne of Charles X. England had been overreached in Ireland, and was bullied in Canada. The king of Prussia was accordingly selected for the next experiment. But the king of Prussia was made of tougher material. He saw the tremendous importance of instant and firm resistance, and he resolutely upheld the rights of his throne. Gregory's allocution of December 10, 1837, was speedily followed by the Bishop of Paderborn's refusal to obey the law of the land; and Frederic William at once signified his determination to maintain it. We need not continue a tale doubtless familiar to our readers. But, though the law of Prussia has been vindicated, the church still mutters her rights; and the obstinacy with which she persists in professing herself a martyr to state tyranny, perpetuates national commotion and family discord; and doubtless, though it may attract the sympathy and adhesion of the lower classes, enlists against her the honest feeling of many a "true-hearted German."

But, even apart from these grounds of discontent, a movement yet more universal, and more nearly allied to the present schism, was in progress before the letter of Rongé. It is quite a mistake to imagine that that energetic person is the first who has felt and murmured at the disciplinary and theological abuses of Romanism in the Germany of late years. A very considerable party, widely extended through German society, has long been urgently demanding the reformation of at least three or four

prominent evils; and in truth, the main chance of success which the present movement possesses, lies in the fact that the discontent was so widely diffused (though not hitherto publicly expressed), and diffused to a certain extent through a temperate and thoughtful class, long before Rongé and Czerski undertook to give it utterance. The celibacy of the clergy and all its attendant evils; the confessional and the execrable indecencies of the training for that tribunal; the folly and uselessness of a Latin public service; the unscriptural and tyrannical refusal of the cup in the Holy Communion;—these have long been well-known subjects of complaint, and these are the principal subjects put forward by the leaders of the movement now in progress. Bavaria was one of the chief localities of this previous discussion; but it must be confessed that the monarch does not seem to have advanced with the march of events. He was wont to praise the reforming Bishop Sailer, and allowed himself to be classed with those who desired a temperate amelioration of ecclesiastical evils; he will not now suffer the "German Catholic Church" to be named in his dominions; and prohibits the great European intelligencer, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which is published within them at Augsburg, even to allude to the movement.

Of all these previous discontents—discontents that indeed go back to the days of Becker of Paderborn, who was imprisoned for his unauthorized zeal in 1798—the crisis was precipitated by the exhibition at Treves in August, 1844. The relic was first displayed on the 8th of August, and it was restored to its shrine on the 7th of October. The number of visitants for the two months is stated by some at 1,000,000; by some at 1,500,000. From the 18th to the 27th of August the police-lists reported that 112,224 persons had come into Treves to remain for at least the day. It was reckoned that 600,000 had entered the town from the 18th of August to the 14th of September. The Rhenish provinces were completely emptied of their population; and France and Holland sent immense contingents. The great movement of the Crusades could alone parallel this army of pilgrims; and the church authorities quietly smiled to see a force collected at their beck, sufficient, under due training and leadership, to disturb, if not to overthrow, any government upon earth. Irish gentlemen, who were witnesses of the scene, re-

membered "the holy sacrifice of the mass" at Tara and Mullaghmast, and acknowledged that the "true church" is beautifully uniform in her proceedings over the world.\* On they went in their thousands to kneel before the piece of linen in the cathedral, and *pay* their respective taxes for the support of its dignity as they passed; and (what above all things shows the perfect facility with which the church can wield its multitudes) came and went without tumult or disturbance, and were able to have recourse to the markets without even any serious rise of the price of provisions; so admirable were the arrangements, so effective the priestly commissariat of this ecclesiastical army.

In the midst of the enthusiasm, the divine approbation was manifested by a vesplendant miracle. The Countess Droste-Vischering (a *name* of omen), a near relative of the far-famed archbishop, was suddenly cured of a disease in the leg. As the Countess's leg is, however, again nearly as bad as ever, we must be permitted to lament the imperfection of her faith.†

On the first of October, 1844, appeared (in the "Sächsische Vaterlands Blätter") the "JUDGMENT OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST, MR. JOHANNES RONGÉ, ON THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES!" A letter in a newspaper is not much in these countries; but a bold criticism of public affairs is a rare explosion in Prussia. The letter was dated from Laurahütte, an iron-foundry in Upper Silesia; and it drew instant attention. Every

man naturally asked, who was this daring censor, who thus ventured to play Luther's bold part in our petty day? A few could and did answer the question fairly; and many undertook to reply to it by gross calumnies—calumnies which Rongé's "Justification" speedily disposed of. This last document appeared in December; and in the interval the indefatigable Rongé gave the public an "Address to the Catholic Teachers," an "Address to the Lower Catholic Priesthood," and an "Address to my Fellow-believers and Fellow-citizens." In these papers Rongé boldly exhorts his fellow-subjects to unite in forming an Apostolic Catholic Church on the national basis; retaining all the truths of Christianity, but rejecting papal control and papal peculiarities. We need not detail how in the brief period of a year, the appeal has been answered by the formation of congregations in numbers of the leading towns of Germany; there are supposed to be not less than one hundred and seventy such congregations already collected. Baptisms, marriages, the Lord's Supper, are celebrated among them; but they are as yet indifferently supplied with ministers to conduct their worship; and (as might be anticipated) their confessions of faith manifest considerable discrepancy. It is vain to deplore this; we cannot but see that it is scarcely possible matters could be otherwise; and we should never forget that in such a case the blame of variance, disorders, and uncertainty, largely belongs to the church whose errors and vices have forced the separation.

Rongé gave a full account of his own personal history, in his "Justification." He is the son of a poor Silesian peasant; born in 1813. In his early days he kept his father's sheep, and obtained some of the elements of knowledge at the village school. His father was persuaded to send him to the Gymnasium at Neissen, in 1827, and he remained there till 1836. In December, 1839, he entered the Priest-Seminary; and was appointed to the cure of Grottkau, in 1841. Grottkau is connected with the Chapter of Breslau; and it was in this position that Rongé first had occasion to manifest his views. The vicar-general of the diocese, who at this time exercised the control of it, in consequence of the vacancy of the see, was a Dr. Ritter, a divine of strong Roman predilections, who earnestly exerted himself to extend ultramontane views among the members of his chapter, and in

\* Such Irish gentlemen could not but be further edified by remembering that, in the Prussian dominions, processions and collective pilgrimages are expressly forbidden by law. What cared the *Higginsian* prelate of Treves for the usurper's heretical ordinances? As Mr. O'Connell occasionally imbibes refreshing "breezes of liberty" from America, Bishop Arnoldi might have secured the reversion of an Atlantic "breeze"—a second-hand puff of rebellion, at a nearer stage of the west.

† The countess, a young lady quite beyond suspicion, had been suffering for some time from a scrofulous swelling of the knee. A shortening of the tendons of the knee-joint had taken place. She was impressed with a strong conviction (in which there is nothing, under the circumstances, very miraculous) that the Holy Coat would heal her ailment. Prostrate before the altar, in a state of high ecstasy, she made a strong effort—nearly impossible, except under enormous excitement—ruptured the tendons, and thus straightened the leg. She was thus enabled to walk; but (which too clearly shows how little the cure had to do with the fulness and glory of a divine restoration) with pain, and only by constant support. She now uses, we understand, crutches, as before.



the practical management of the diocese. Rongé had thought for himself, and had probably been influenced by the workings of that general movement to which we have already alluded; and he boldly opposed himself to the principles and designs of the vicar-general. In the course of the year 1842, he published an article in the *Vaterlandsblätter*, under the title of "Rome and the Chapter of the Cathedral of Breslau." For this he was suspended by a vote of the chapter, in 1843. He retired to Laura-hütte, as chaplain and teacher of the Foundry; and it was from thence that his voice was again heard in October, 1844.

Rongé, of whose first appeal fifty thousand copies are said to have been sold in Leipsic within a fortnight after its publication, collected his own congregation at Breslau. The infection rapidly spread. Great numbers acknowledged the new leader; and Regembrecht, a Professor in the University of the same city, at once declared the important fact of his secession from the communion of the Roman Church, in an animated address to the suffragan bishop of the diocese.

But Rongé was not alone. At a period contemporary with his first labors, another priest of, perhaps, higher qualities of mind and heart, undertook in his own district a similar work, on principles not altogether dissimilar. This was the celebrated Johann Czarski, whose congregation and confession have the honor of being the earliest in the history of the new church. He was priest of Schneidemühl, in Prussian Poland; and as, according to Prussian law, every new congregation must receive the sanction of the state authorities, Czarski forwarded, so early as October 27, 1844, the petition of his congregation to the departmental government at Bromberg, to be permitted to unite under the protection of the law. He also sent the Confession of Faith of the new congregation; and at the same time published it at Stuttgart. Czarski, as well as Rongé, has drawn up and given to the public a "Justification" of his entire proceedings. His name and character, we need scarcely say at this period of the movement, are of much authority through all divisions of the new community; and his confession has been adopted with little or no alteration by many among the congregations.

The secession was gradually strengthened by the adhesion of several other divines of very high character; among them,

Dr. Schreiber, the Principal of the University of Freiburg, in Baden; Dr. Kerbler, who had been the priest of Lindenau, and is now, we believe, minister of the new community at Leipsic; and Mr. Licht, a preacher of great eloquence, one of Bishop Arnoldi's own clergy, and for thirty years pastor of a very attached flock; Professor Wigard of Dresden; Dr. Theiner, and others, of well-known piety and ability.

Our readers may, perhaps, be assisted towards conceiving the scene and progress of this movement more clearly, if we enumerate some of the principal places where the earlier congregations appear to have been formed, and the dates, so far as we have ascertained them, of the formation of such congregations, or of the publication of their respective confessions.

The congregation of Czarski, at Schneidemühl, was embodied, and dated its confession, . . . Oct. 19, 1844.  
Halberstadt, . . . Feb. 10, 1845.  
Kreuznach, . . . Feb. 10, "  
Leipsic, . . . Feb. 12, "  
Elberfeld, . . . Feb. 15, "  
Breslau, . . . Feb. 16, "  
Offenbach, . . . Feb. 20, "  
Dresden, . . . Feb. 22, "  
Magdeburg, . . . Feb. 22, "  
Unna, . . . Feb. 25, "  
Hildersheim, . . . March 2, "  
Berlin, . . . March 3, "  
Marienburg, . . . March 7, "  
Brunswick, . . . March 7, "  
Worms, . . . March 8, "  
Wiesbaden, . . . March 8, "  
Thorn, . . . March 25, "

There are several later congregations; as at Königsberg, Chemnitz, Landshut, Glogau, Darmstadt, Heidelberg, Biberich, Stuttgart, Coblenz, Ulm, Wessel, Mannheim, Liegnitz, Freiburg, Frankfurt, &c., &c.; but it is not easy to fix the *precise* period of their formation; nor indeed can any information be relied on as permanently applicable to a movement so liable to changes, whether retrogressive or in advance.

On the 24th of March, the first general assembly was held at Leipsic; it was attended by a numerous body of deputies; and the name of the entire body was fixed as "The German Catholic Church." Little could then be attempted towards forming any harmony of confessions; nor has much progress been yet made towards that important work. At Breslau, a few weeks since, a synod of deputies of the "Christian

Catholic" Communities of Silesia was held; to which above forty communities sent representatives. Professor Regenbrecht was chosen president: Dr. Theiner read the new liturgy, and Rongé preached. The large Protestant Church of St. Bernard, in Breslau, has been lent for the accommodation of the Reformed Catholics; a matter of considerable importance, as their place of meeting in this city—the capital of Silesia, and cradle of the movement—had before been narrow and inconvenient.\* Similar arrangements are in progress in most of the other chief centres of the new party; the evangelical churches being very generally offered to the New Catholic bodies for their use, after the close of the regular Protestant service. But on these minuter matters of detail it is (as we have said) unnecessary to enlarge; they are to be found in the ordinary sources of intelligence; and such things are in their own nature too liable to variation to be made the ground of any definite anticipation, or to be recorded as fixed features in this remarkable religious revolution. Another important general "council of the German Catholics" was lately held at Stuttgart, the capital of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, to which we shall have occasion presently to draw attention.

We proceed to offer a few observations on the material point of the *doctrinal* contents of the *confessions of faith* which have been promulgated by the principal of these bodies. They seem to us to bespeak at least two—and we rather think three—distinct schools of theology. The chief hope of their powerful Adversary must of course be in the difficulty which will inevitably be found in conciliating and uniting them.

Schneidemühl and its sister communities uphold, under Czerski's guidance, a theology which retains many of the principal peculiarities of Romanism. The confession of Schneidemühl admits the seven sacraments of the Tridentine creed, and the dogma of Transubstantiation, with the

mass as a service of profit to dead no less than living. On the other hand, it discards papal supremacy, the celibacy of the clergy, the celebration of the mass in Latin, and the refusal of the cup in the Eucharist. Of purgatory it declares there is *not* any such as that taught by the Roman hierarchy; but that there are in the house of our Heavenly Father many mansions as steps towards arriving at the vision of God; and that, as these steps must be gone through by those who have not made themselves fully worthy here on earth to behold God, on this ground our prayers may be serviceable to the dead. The confession of Schneidemühl is adopted by Hildesheim, Unna, and others of the new communities. It obviously expresses the feelings and convictions of a class not willing to break with their old traditional associations, or entertaining any mature objections to the fundamental points of the mediaeval theology, but earnest and anxious for the rectification of plain practical abuses. The community of Elberfeld (near Dusseldorf, and a town of manufacturing importance,) give in their adhesion to the confession of Schneidemühl; but add the rejection of the religious veneration of saints and of relics, and an abjuration of "the ideas of the Roman Church on the Lord's Supper," without apparently any very distinct statement of their own precise belief.

In the opposite extreme stands the confession issued by Rongé himself and the congregation of Breslau, with the very similar declaration of the new community at Leipsic. Rongé begins:—

"We declare ourselves independent of the Roman bishop and his satellites. We assert full freedom of conscience, and detest all compulsion, lies, and hypocrisy. The foundation and the structure of faith is, the Holy Scripture. Its free examination and exposition no authority ought to restrain. The substance of its teaching is, that we believe in God the Father, who by his Almighty word created the world, and rules it in wisdom, justice and love—in Jesus Christ our Saviour, who by his teaching, his life, and his death, redeemed us from sin and slavery—in the working of the Holy Spirit on earth, in a holy general Christian Church, forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting."

It is impossible not to observe how palpably this symbol bespeaks the intrusion of the rationalistic spirit; no recognition of the Divinity of Christ; his redemption declared to have been wrought by his teaching

\* The seceders from the Roman obedience in the province of Breslau are said to amount to 12,000: in the city itself there are reported to be now not fewer than 6,000—and Breslau is a very important and influential centre of Roman authority. Among the seceders are twelve or thirteen priests; these include, besides Dr. Regenbrecht, the Rev. M. Eichhorn, Pastor of the Church of the Minorites, a man of high character, who has lately published his "Reasons for Separation."

and life, as well as his death without any note of distinction; and the personality of the Holy Ghost lost and absorbed in his operations. Few Socinian congregations would refuse this abstract of the contents of Holy Scripture.

Rongé proceeds to pronounce, that the Sacraments are but two; that the Lord's Supper is a commemorative feast; that the invocation of saints, veneration of relics, remissions, and pilgrimages are to be rejected. The tone of the whole confession is to our taste unpleasingly irreverent; nor does the Leipsic confession much improve the indistinctness of that of Breslau, when it adds that the grounds of belief are to be solely the Scriptures, and "reason penetrated and moved by the idea of Christianity." This is, we fear, the dialect of a school from whose miserable freedom the bondage of Rome itself would be a rescue.

Dresden and several other communities express their sympathy with the faith of Breslau. Kreuznach, a town on the Rhine famed for its mineral baths, and whither the Countess Droste had resorted for cure previously to her miraculous restoration, professes its belief in much the same spirit. The "rock" upon which the Church is built it does not state, with the Gospel, to be the faith in Christ as Son of God, but "that sublime passage—Love God above all, and thy neighbour as thyself." This is not a very promising beginning to those who are familiar with the Christianity of Rousseau and his school.

The Confession published at Berlin, though it has been accused of indistinctness and timidity, appears to us to be among the best of these documents. The locality in which it appears makes it, of course, specially important; and we shall, therefore, give it entire. It dates March 3, 1845:—

"I.—We take the Holy Scriptures as the truest source of Christian Faith, and accept the oral delivery of it only in so far as it agrees with the Scriptures.

"II.—We hold the belief in Christ to be the foundation of our justification, and honor works only in so far as they flow from faith.

"III.—We acknowledge only two sacraments as being ordained by Christ, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper. The other sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church, therefore, we acknowledge as only pious usages consecrated by tradition.

"IV.—We reject, however, the doctrine of Transubstantiation; that is, the change of the substances of bread and wine into the sub-

stance of the body and blood of Christ. We acknowledge, however, that we partake in the substances of the real spiritual presence of the Saviour.

"V.—We partake of the Holy Supper of the Lord in the two elements; but admit the partaking of it in the bread alone.

"VI.—We retain the holy mass as a memorial of the bloody offering on the cross of Jesus Christ; but only in the language of the country.

"VII.—We reject the ordinance of auricular confession; but respect the voluntary acknowledgment of guilt to the minister of the congregation.

"VIII.—We deny the belief that the priest has the power to remit sins, and reject the imposition of express penances; but respect the pious mediation between the confessing and the minister.

"IX.—We reject forced celibacy, and also the making of monastic vows against marriage; but respect the voluntary abstaining from marriage in so far as a conscientious discharge of the duty of the party requires it. We require for the validity of marriage, the celebration in church by a priest.

"X.—We admit the celebration of marriages between Christians of different confessions of faith.

"XI.—We reject pilgrimages and remissions; but we acknowledge the utility of the veneration of saints, and respect their human remains, yet we do not address or invoke them, but expect from God alone our salvation through Christ our only mediator.

"XII.—We reject the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church concerning purgatory; but admit a purification of the soul after death.

"XIII.—We acknowledge Christ alone as the Head of his Church, and the Holy Ghost as his substitute on earth.

"XIV.—We declare ourselves free from the pope and his priesthood, and do not acknowledge him as the head of the church appointed by God."

We need not say that there are points in this of which we disapprove; for example the unworthy accommodation to manifest error in the article of the Cup; and the (to say the least, *needless*) affirmation of a positive doctrine about future purification; but we think the temperateness of its tone, and the evident spirit of fairness with which the distinction is constantly drawn between customs more or less useful in themselves and the Romish abuse of them, bespeak in the framers of the confession a character from which good results may hereafter be anticipated.

There is another class of ultra-theorists, who style themselves the "Friends of Light." These persons seem to be only in-



cidentally connected with the real movement. They are *Protestants*, who dissent for various reasons from the Protestantism of their country, who bitterly oppose the Pietists, and professedly abjure the old standard of German orthodoxy—the Confession of Augsburg. As far as their peculiar tenets are at all known or consistent, they seem to lean to the vague interpretations of the rationalistic schools. It is, of course, the interest and the tactic of the enemies of the Catholic movement to confuse its operations with the proceedings of these teachers; but the two classes are totally distinct in origin, though of course, it is not unlikely that individuals of either may connect themselves with the other; and indeed unless the followers of Rongé should be led to embrace a more definite form of orthodoxy, it is not improbable that the parties may, to a degree greatly to be regretted, be found ultimately to coincide.

Let us now offer a few statements or conjectures as to *the external and political prospects* of success attending this movement.

A material question, of course, must be, how far the governing powers of Germany are disposed to abet or to oppose the formation of the new community? In a state of society such as almost universally characterizes the kingdoms and states of Germany, this must be a matter of almost decisive moment. The crown is there the fountain of honor and of emolument to a degree which must give to kings and their cabinets a power nearly boundless of controlling public opinion, through the agency of private interest; and the restrictions on the press block up at every town the communication of thought upon questions affecting the general welfare of the country. "Where the word of a king is, there is power," is as true in modern Germany as in old Israel. We all remember how largely the success of the elder Reformation depended on the resolute support of the Frederics of Saxony and Phillips of Hesse; the degree and extent of this kind of influence is increased, in the progress of centuries, by the matured organization of authority, and the more perfect centralization of governments.

The policy of PRUSSIA is manifestly the main question. But Prussia is cautious and vigilant. The whole population of that powerful kingdom is in round numbers about 15,000,000, of whom rather more than one-third are in communion with the

Romish bishop. The Romish majority is chiefly in the Rhenish provinces, where the Romanists are three to one. In Silesia, where the movement has still its most important field of action, the parties are nearly equally divided; and this holds, not indeed as exactly, but nearly so, for Westphalia, where each Protestant is matched against something less than a Papist and a quarter—odds, which we have no doubt our Ulster friends would regard with sovereign tranquillity. In Posen, another theatre of the new Reformation, the Papists are two to one. But through all the rest of the kingdom the Protestant majority is decisive.

It is evident that there are some points of view in which Prussia might gain politically by the success of the Rongists. Her perpetual difficulties with the court of Rome, relative to the marriage question, would be at once terminated, by the formation of a non-Roman Catholicism. And the anxious desire which the Prussian crown has so long manifested for regulating the religious concerns of the people, and making theology an affair of the cabinet, would find an admirable field for its controlling interferences in this new, unsettled, experimental church.

The newspaper rumors as to the present proceedings of the Prussian government are various and contradictory. But a royal order, issued early in the summer of this year, is not discouraging; and would seem to indicate, that with a due degree of prudence and temperateness the new body may count upon—if not government aid—at least government neutrality. So far back as the 30th of April the following edict appeared:—

"The movements in the Roman Catholic Church justly excite, in a high degree, the public interest, and require the greatest attention, and the most prudent treatment of the civil authorities. It is, therefore, necessary to indicate to them the course they have to follow. The case of those who declare their secession from the Roman Catholic Church has not yet assumed a decided form, either internally or externally; and consequently it is not yet ripe for a judgment on their future admissibility as a tolerated religious community, or the contrary.\* My decision on this point must, therefore, be waited for, before the authorities take any step, either to favor or to impede the course of this affair, which might on the one

\* The Evangelical and the Roman can alone be considered the *State Churches* of Prussia. Others are merely tolerated, and have no legal right to solemnize marriages, &c. until duly registered.

hand violate the fundamental principles of the Prussian government—liberty of conscience: or on the other hand, anticipate in any manner my resolutions on the case of these dissidents. I accordingly direct you, the ministers of Ecclesiastical Affairs, of the Interior, and of Justice, to give all the authorities complete and positive directions to this effect.”

“FREDERICK WILLIAM.”

“The king’s heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water; He turneth it whithersoever he will.”—Prov. xxi. 1. We earnestly hope that a wisdom higher than human will direct Frederick William how to employ his boundless power in this momentous crisis.

In AUSTRIA, the great southern German Empire, the movement has made little way; nor can it be expected to spread largely there. The eldest child of the Church is devoted to its theology, however vigilant to hamper its civil and political independence. In a German population of eleven millions and a half, Austria does not include a quarter of a million of Protestants. Her characteristic jealousy of innovation acts in the same direction; she knows well that from independence in religion to independence in politics, is ever an easy and a tempting passage. Both Austria and Prussia have evaded, or deliberately forsworn, the pledges to their people of a representative constitution, solemnly passed in 1815 and 1818; and the former is peculiarly reluctant to suffer changes that may indirectly rouse the attention of her population to these covenanted rights, by producing collisions between the government and any portion of the people.

BAVARIA has four millions and a half of subjects, of whom more than three millions are adherents of the church of Rome. The king, as we have already stated, is himself a member of that communion, and, it would seem, a very determined one. The ultra-Æsthetic monarch of Munich bitterly opposes the new community; and Rongé has no prospect whatever of a niche in the Valhalla. He is said to have a very pretty taste for persecution; and particularly enjoys the luxury of forcing his dear Protestant subjects—clerical and lay—to drop on their knees when the papal eucharist is carried for adoration through the streets. Nevertheless, Ratisbon, Augsburg, and other places within his dominions, maintain their little congregations in despite of the royal frown; and the German Catholics will, of course, increase, if the king should fortu-

nately take to persecuting them in good earnest.

WURTEMBERG has, for the most part, maintained general neutrality. A third of the population is Roman; and the government has seemed inclined until lately, to leave them to settle their internal differences after their own fashion. Of late, however, Stuttgart became the scene of some important proceedings. The “German Catholic Council” commenced its sittings at that city, on the 15th of September; and the Evangelical Consistory not being unwilling to accommodate the dissidents with the Church of St. Leonard’s, the government interfered, stating that as the new community had not yet been formally recognized by the state, the Church of St. Leonard could not be conceded to their use. The ministry of the interior, of Worship, and of Public Instruction, required “the Evangelical Consistory to make known to the authorities of the city of Stuttgart, that the cession of the Church of St. Leonard to the German Catholics, for the celebrating of a solemn religious service, could not *for the present* be permitted;” because that “the request of these persons to be recognized as an ecclesiastical community *being still under consideration*, they could not be authorized to hold a public meeting for the exercise of their worship, and must confine themselves, as hitherto, to performing their devotional exercises in the reformed church, or in a private house.” “A large assembly in a place not used for religious meetings would not be prevented.” The council was held, and successfully; Rongé himself being present, and of course taking an active part in it. Germany was regularly divided into provinces; a committee formed for receiving the adhesions of converted priests in the various localities. Twenty-four communes sent representatives to the council. One of the most remarkable of the measures adopted was the recognition of the right of *women* to vote; a step, it may be, of deep policy, as attracting to the standard of the new church a portion of society whose influence cannot but be powerful in all great social revolutions.

SAXONY is peculiarly circumstanced. The population is over 1,700,000; the number of Roman Catholics is less than a fiftieth part of the people; but the king is among them. It is a difficult game to play; king and a couple of pawns against the whole board; and the late transactions at Leipsic

show that it may be a dangerous one. The court are fiercely indignant against the seceders, who have dared to diminish their little flock; but they are reasonably doubtful how far they can try the temper of a huge Protestant majority. The government, in the mean time, does all it *can* to suppress the movement; refuses to sanction the German Catholic meetings, and denies the converts the right of church worship. The king lately addressed his subjects in a tone of much vexation, but with the vagueness of one who knows how uncertainly he can rely upon their sympathy:—

“Without taking into account the creeds of the various recognized churches, I promised, on ascending the throne, to support, above all, those religious feelings which the people of Saxony have known how to maintain in such an honorable manner. I expressed the conviction that the States of Saxony will be guided by the same respect for what is the most sacred thing in the world. If my confidence in this respect be well-founded, I hope and I rely that you will grant me your support, in order that the principles of the church may not be shaken, and that the fundamental pillars of the state, and the welfare of humanity, religion, and faith, may not be sapped at their foundation.”

This is hollow talk from a man who is known to be a devoted adherent of Rome; and who *must* look upon the great mass of his own subjects, for whose “faith” he professes such solicitude, as, equally with the dissidents, destined for everlasting perdition,—being, with them, outside the pale of that church, “beyond which” even the elementary catechisms of Romanism teach the Irish pupil, “no one can be saved.”\*

Dresden adopts the Confession of Schneidemühl, but sympathizes also with Rongé. An address was some time since presented from thence to that leader, signed by nearly eight hundred persons, among whose names stood the conspicuous title of “Ernest Edward Luther, a descendant of Martin Luther.” Their address draws special attention to the fact which we have already noticed, that this very exposition of the sacred coat at Treves, drew down the great reformer’s indignation; four days before his death he denounced it in the last public discourse he ever delivered.

\* “Are all obliged to belong to the true Church? [just defined to be “Roman,” &c.] Yes: NO ONE CAN BE SAVED OUT OF IT.” This is the catechism taught in five-sixths of the liberal and humanizing government-schools of Ireland.

HANOVER—but how shall we announce

it to the already broken-hearted Orangeman of the North?—Hanover’s King has issued a sharp manifesto *against* the Catholic Reform. He goes upon most autocratic grounds. He protests that he will permit no Christians in his dominions (he has already 200,000 Romanists), who do not recognize the full power of the State to regulate all their religious concerns. Even thus it is that “proud Cumberland prances” in his own paddock; while the confiding and innocent Orangeman, beset by foes, still heaves—unaware how undeservedly—the soft sigh of remembrance for the whiskered chieftain of his ancient glories!

Brunswick—is there any secret association in the name? Brunswick acts more fairly. The majority of the Roman Catholics of Brunswick are reported to have rejected the Roman preliminary from their designation in March last. They have celebrated worship by permission of the Duke, and are regarded with no unfavorable countenance by the authorities.

But it would be useless to prolong this detail further. The position of the new sectaries is, of course, changeable and uncertain. It must depend largely on the measures of the civil authorities; and these measures it is quite impossible to predict. The great duty of the non-Roman Catholics is to provide that nothing on *their own* part may be lacking, and to leave the rest cheerfully to Providence; to so organize their body, and so purify and consolidate their faith, that they may be *worthy* of the blessing, should it be the will of God to offer it to their labors and perseverance.

And this brings us to the last part of our task, to estimate in some degree what are the *internal* prospects, wants, and duties of these interesting religionists. But on this we must now be brief.

The first great difficulty in the way of the dissidents is to be found in their mutual differences as to theological belief. No one can peruse their published confessions, and not perceive that it must be matter of great unlikelihood that communities differing so widely in their views of the religion of the New Testament should coalesce into a single harmonious body. Czerski and his followers profess a religion evidently disagreeing in its tone and spirit from that of Rongé and his party. The various local leaders, nevertheless, seem to acknowledge mutual sympathy; and probably their wisest course would be to defer as long as possible any distinct universal confession; leaving to



time the gradual removal of differences, and admitting in the fundamental regulations of the whole body—if it is to be a single body—as large a *present* scope for local differences as is at all feasible. This is not, indeed, as *lofty* a course as might be conceived; yet we would not readily call it a shuffling or dishonest one. The parties unquestionably *agree* in the rejection of certain very important and very urgent practical claims; a rejection which either party may fairly say is at least a necessary preliminary to all further improvement. As in the English Reformation so in every other, *the withdrawal of allegiance to the Bishop of Rome* must be the first step of any attempt to repossess the doctrine which the church inherited from the primitive ages. The papacy is too deeply pledged to the mediæval and modern theology, to suppose it possible that it could countenance in its admitted subjects any real departure from that system. No compromise, we may be assured, can ever be made with the papacy which will not reserve to the Roman Court the power of again binding its old shackles whenever opportunity may offer. Czerski's party seemed to demand comparatively little—the abolition of the demoralizing compulsion of celibacy, the restoration of the cup in the communion, the celebration of divine service in the language of the country: but they were perfectly correct in believing that the resumption of these primitive rights of the Church of Christ was vain, unless it were accompanied with a disclaimer of subjection to an authority whose interest and secret determination it must ever be to deny them. Common authority, legislation, unanimity, no doubt are advantages; the old patriarchates were founded in that conviction; but the patriarch of South-Western Christendom has betrayed his trust; the perpetuation of his government is but the consolidation of error; he is unhappily bound for ever to any folly he has once sanctioned; the whole *prestige* of his supremacy depends on that pertinacious adhesion to what were often but the caprices and precipitances of former ages; and as he will not give men back the religion of the apostles, they must even make shift to resume it in spite of him. In this great preliminary step Czerski and Rongè can move together; and each being assured that this at least is essential to all profitable religious reformation, may charitably hope that, in whatsoever else they shall be found to differ, God

will reveal even this unto them. Czerski's advance, and that of the communities he may be taken to represent, will probably be yet more in a *protesting* direction; this will be only the natural sequel of the present impulse; our fears, we confess, are much more vivid as regards the other party. Rongè may, however, be well assured that no interpretation of the Bible will ever be durable among men which professes to be the sole and *exclusive* work of any single man's mere unassisted reason. The damning fact meets all such independent views of Christianity, that they already abound in multitudes—all plausible, and all contradictory of each other. Something more is absolutely necessary—if not in *theory*, yet in *practice*—to give habitual repose to the mind; a man's religion must be grafted on some stock beyond his own individual, isolated deductions to give even to himself the confidence in its truth, which is necessary for constant practical efficiency. We see this exemplified every hour. Nearly every man's confidence in his theological views—would we all but acknowledge it—rests in reality far more on his knowledge of the *persons* who hold them—their piety, their learning, their social importance—than on his own purely logical conviction of the legitimate argumentative connexion of doctrines with certain texts. Rongè should seek to identify the religion he teaches with that of the Church of Christ over the world—of the church at large, viewed as purified from local and incidental influences. Why, above all, neglect the safe and simple formularies of every Christianity, the time-hallowed and venerable Creeds; more especially when neglect of so obvious a course is almost inevitably interpreted as deliberate rejection? Why make an almost boastful display of liberty of thought and novelty of view, when all wise men know and deplore that German liberty of speculation has already reduced the religion of the New Testament to a few propositions in ethics, and that whatever in the essentials of religion is absolutely new, stamps itself by that very character as indubitably false? Why deliberately perpetuate the name of "Catholics," without any recognition of the existence or the importance of a *genuine* Catholicity? Surely there *is* such a thing as a great outline and body of doctrine involved in and proveable by the New Testament writings—a body of doctrine which is universally made the substance of the spiritual life of the early believers, which is to be

*assumed* for true and unchangeable, not reopened and reinvestigated by any teacher who will expect to be received with confidence among sober-minded Christians. It will never do in religious reformation to commence with the Cartesian universal doubt; all sensible men refuse to go back to the *cogito ergo sum* in a question eighteen hundred years old. In short, and to be plain—the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, in the old-established sense of it, and with its necessary accompaniments and corollaries—the fundamentals of a Christian's belief as fixed from the Word of God in the early councils; these must be the basis of any church that calls itself Catholic, or its leaders are but chousing the public out of their sympathies under false pretences.

No illusion should be more steadily repelled in such a case than the vague philosophic spiritualism of the Berlin schools. Let these sophistical dreamers first settle their own belief; let them first fix which is the true authentic dream, before their fantasies are allowed to become the oracles of true-hearted and earnest spirits like Rongè. This man is really called to a great work; he may, under God, secure to his native land a faith far superior to *any* she at present possesses—the true, ancient doctrine of the Christian church in all its venerable and dignified simplicity, yet depth; distinguished alike from the “new Prussian evangelical” compromise and the fulsome gaudiness of Rome; but to do this requires a mind of unexampled equilibrium. We much fear Rongè is not equal to it; his “confession” is an ominous indication. It is not indeed to be desired that in such a crisis any *one* mind should possess absolute control over the religious movements of Germany. What made the Anglican reformation so immeasurably superior to all the contemporary movements on the Continent was chiefly the fact that it was the progressive result of many minds of very different characters and qualities, and united the wishes and interests of many classes; it thus came to represent and express the whole of the sound mind of England, not the opinions of any individual. There is no Luther, nor Calvin, nor Zuinglius in the reformation of England; and accordingly the religion of England is neither Lutheran, nor Calvinist, nor Zuinglian, but Apostolic—the religion of Peter and Paul, of James and John. The “German Catholic Church” must strive to be something beyond *Romanism* or *Czerkism*, if ever it is

to claim dignity and permanence as a living member of the Christian body; it must rise above individual leaders and individual *opinions*; it must incorporate itself by a willing, unequivocal adoption of the primitive faith of the church, with a period antecedent to sects and schisms; it must be, and profess to be, that which Rome professes to be, and is not—the faithful reflection of the Church of the Martyrs.

There seems to be one very obvious means of strengthening the position of a rising church, which we are rather surprised should not occur to the leaders of the German movement. We mean the simple process of adopting the forms, and thus, as far as may be, engrafting itself upon the stock of some extra-Roman Church *already existing and powerful*. If a choice for this purpose were to be made, we trust it is not the impulse of national vanity that prompts us to affirm that none other could approach the transcendent claims of the Church of England. If Rongè be really desirous to constitute a Christian church in the ancient sense of the term, what is to prevent his at once adopting the matchless *liturgy* of the English Church, and thus at the same time giving unexceptionable guarantee of orthodoxy, and securing the sympathies to a great extent of the most enlightened and influential Christian church in the world? By doing this the Germans would at once connect themselves with the old stock of catholicity, and they would remove the suspicion which must ever attach to innovators—that of innovating for mere novelty's sake. This, in fact, is what the great American Church has in substance done; and no other measure has in any thing of a like degree tended to its stability and advancement. A fixed liturgy we hold to be absolutely essential to the permanence of a Christian community; the ominous and instructive facility with which the very best of non-liturgical communities, the Scottish Kirk, was lately broken asunder, shows strikingly how slight are the bonds that tie together the members of religious societies whose public worship is conducted on the casual and unsettled extemporaneous plan;—a plan which, resolving all the excellence or security of the worship into the accidental qualifications of the minister, must habituate the people to look, not to the society itself and its principles, but to the minister and his talents or opinions, as their real bond of connection, and which of course must lead them to veer about *with* their

minister, altogether irrespectively of the higher claims of the community to which both he and they profess to belong. And if a liturgy *be* to be adopted, we cannot doubt that it ought to be one derived, if possible, from some external source, not arbitrarily and suddenly devised for the occasion. The commonest and most obvious principles of policy will suggest the advantage of enlisting all possible force of *authority* on the side of a movement presenting at first sight, and so certain to be portrayed by its enemies as presenting in the highest degree, the marks of novelty and haste. Let Rongè then enable himself to say—"I speak not my own thoughts alone; I give you the long settled and matured wisdom of another great and conspicuous Church; yea, I give you what is more authoritative still, the very thoughts and words of an antiquity that stretches far in the distance beyond the boasted antiquity of corrupt and arrogant Rome."

In connection with this point of view, there is another most important element to desiderate in the constitution of the new church, which will already have occurred to all our readers; its organization under Episcopal government. How much the Protestantism of North Germany has lost by the want of this feature, it is scarcely possible to express. Setting apart altogether the deeper considerations on which many would argue the question, we might look at it upon the merest ordinary grounds of *human policy*, and contrast the dignity and fixity which this constitution gives to German Romanism, with the paltry aspect by which every traveller is struck as marking the position of her rival, even with all the encouragements of state favor. "There can be no doubt," observes an able writer of some years since, "about the fact, that the want of episcopacy is the weak point of German Protestantism. It induces some Protestants to go over to the Church of Rome; it deters many Romanists from embracing Protestantism; and it prevents the pastors of the reformed faith from rising to that station which the ministry of Christ ought ever to hold in a Christian nation. It is true that the apostles, with one exception, were unlearned men, and occupied but a low rank in the world's estimation of dignity; but German Protestants do not contend for an unlearned ministry; they acknowledge the power of learning; they must also appreciate the influence of station. All things can be sanctified

and made useful in the great cause of truth. Protestantism has not fair play in Germany. Even in Protestant countries and under the sway of pious kings, the ministry of an idolatrous system, *the popish bishops, take precedence of the highest functionary of the Protestant Church.* What is this but to put a premium upon error, and to disparage and discountenance truth? The compliment is received and regarded by Romanists as an involuntary acknowledgment of the invalidity of Protestant orders, and the inferiority of the Protestant religion. Public homage is rendered to the sacredness and dignity of the episcopal office, and thus an immense momentum of influence given to popery and turned against Protestantism. The consequence is, that but few Germans of rank or wealth devote themselves to the work of the Protestant ministry, and that the order itself is rather patronized than respected by the higher classes of society. This may be of little consequence to the devoted minister, who looks beyond this world for his reward, but it is of vast importance to the cause of Protestantism and the best interests of society. Christianity can never flourish where a large and influential class think themselves too good for the Christian ministry. . . . A Protestant episcopacy would prove the great bulwark against the assaults of popery in Germany, *as it does in England.*"

The new church has not been without manifesting some sense of the importance of this point. Application, for example, was made to the Jansenist prelates of Utrecht, Haarlem, and Deventer, to ordain their clergy. In Offenbach, the separatists addressed Dr. Kaiser, the Bishop of Mayence, imploring him to place himself at their head. And we would earnestly hope that, as soon as the position of the dissidents becomes more settled, the subject may engage their attention. In a reform such as this, where the movement originates with the inferior laity, and the second order of the clergy, it is scarcely possible, indeed, that this question, however important, should come into view at an early stage of their proceedings. But we trust that, when once the congregations are duly organized, and their instructors fairly located among them, the leaders will take counsel of the universal voice of church history, and understand that no society but an episcopal ever yet contended against episcopal Romanism with thorough and *enduring* success.

Some persons, indeed, may argue the im-



propriety, on *ecclesiastical* grounds, of thus constituting, in any circumstances, a rival prelacy in any country. This appears to us ineffably—were it not for the solemnity of the subject, almost ludicrously—futile. Explain it how we may, it is a *fact* that Christian communities differ, and differ most momentously; and in such a state of things, to argue that the great advantage of episcopal government must be restricted to whichever *happens first* to occupy a district, involves consequences so monstrous, as to be utterly untenable. It is, no doubt, wrong that there should be two bishops in the same diocese; but the guilt really and exclusively belongs to *whichever of the two religions is the corrupt one*. What can be more grossly unreasonable than to assert that a corrupt episcopal church, by commissioning a bishop to reside in a certain region, shall, from the mere accident of being first in the field, for ever preclude all who in that region will not enter into its corrupt terms of communion, from possessing the blessings of the primitive church polity? Accordingly, when the divines of the Irish Church charge wilful schism upon the prelates sent hither by the Bishop of Rome, they do so, not merely upon the ground that the Protestant bishops are the lineal inheritors of the sees, (which is, indeed, an unquestionable and an important fact,) but also upon the further ground that these Roman superintendents of clergy are the teachers of a spurious modern doctrine, overlaid upon the apostolic teaching. For, after all, if our Irish Church were itself the inculcator of false doctrine, it would be utter folly to argue that a purer church, Roman or otherwise, would not be perfectly justified in organizing its Irish branch under its own bishops. To deny this principle, would really be to assert that, by the essential nature of church polity, the devil—the author of all religious corruptions—is invested with a perpetual and unalterable power to paralyze, to a certain extent, the work of God, by depriving his churches of one of their most valuable elements. In any times but the present, when on this class of subjects such imbecile sciolism is accepted as oracular, it would indeed be superfluous to occupy time in exposing such folly.

The German Catholics have endeavored, as far as possible, to awake the spirit of a *common German nationality*, as forming one of the chief supports of their enterprise. This would, no doubt, be a very important consideration, if the “na-

tionality” were to be had. But there is much reason to question whether any such nationality is now, in Germany, any thing more than a name. A late clever observer, Mr. Laing,\* observes, with much shrewdness, that—

“This nationality has no existence, and from natural circumstances, can have none in Ger-

\* The discussion which this gentleman’s little book (“Notes on the Rise, &c. of the German Catholic Church”) contains on the subject of *endowing the Irish Roman clergy*, we beg leave to recommend to our liberalist readers. Mr. Laing’s own views upon the Irish Church and Irish landlords (which are evidently of the least friendly description) give additional force to the decisive arguments by which he refutes the advocates of that short-sighted project. He urges, in the clearest manner, that the very nature of the Romanish tenets on the subject of clergy-donations, &c., will for ever render it impossible that any state contribution can *really* lighten the burden on the people; and that consequently the parliamentary vote will merely be a subscription from the British government for the further encouragement of Irish Romanism. “All that is now paid (by the people) *must* be paid, and for the sake of the giver, or of those for whom it is given, not for the sake of the receiver, and for his support. *That* is but an incidental, secondary object. *The giving* is the essential. It is not to a sustentation fund the peasant gives, but *for his own salvation*. . . . The endowment of the (Roman) Catholic clergy would not relieve the people, but only furnish the Church of Rome with funds for supporting *another* body of 2,200 priests in the country. Their bishops *could not renounce* these payments, because they are held essential by the giver *to his own* religious welfare, in whatever way they are applied. The people must first be relieved from the superstition which makes them believe that such payments are salutary to their own souls in a future state.” How instructive to observe this man coming by this road to the same conclusion the true friends of Ireland have so long vainly preached, that the only permanent salvation of the country is the purification of its religious belief! “It is, besides, a gross exaggeration that six millions and a-half of people are impoverished by the sustentation of two and twenty hundred single men. . . . While, in the naturally much poorer country of Scotland, *one* million of their fellow-subjects are *voluntarily* raising £300,000 a year for the support of their church; and the whole body of English Dissenters, of all denominations, are supporting their ministers at a vastly greater sacrifice than ELEVENPENCE HALFPENNY a head, which is about the amount of this impoverishing drain on the Irish Roman Catholic population.”

All this is perfectly unanswerable. We now beg to quote the following sentence from the same writer, as an instance of the monstrous falsehoods that are—perhaps believed, certainly circulated—by shrewd, intelligent, respectable men, who really have a character to lose, on the subject of the Established Church of Ireland. Mr. Laing, known as a traveller, a scholar, and a gentleman, in a

many. It is but a thing talked of and wished for among literary and manufacturing men; but it is not in the mind and life of the mass of the people. They are eminently susceptible of loyalty, of personal attachment to their kings or leaders, but not of the spirit of nationality. From the days of Tacitus, Germany has been what it now is—a land divided among different tribes, bound together by no common tie, although of one race, and speaking one language. For this there are natural reasons, viz.: the identity of products over all the land, and consequently the want of dependence or intercourse between the parts for the supply of each other's wants. In countries like France or England, the natural products are so distributed, that one part lives by the other, and could not live without it. The coals, wine, cattle, grain, fish, of one part supply the wants of another, and bind all together by common interests into one whole, one nation with a common national spirit. But in Germany each little group of people, province, or state, is provided by the bounty of nature with all it requires within itself. . . . Hence, the Germans have no word for country in its *national* sense, no expression equivalent to mother-country. They have only a *fatherland*. . . . The German commercial league begins already to fall asunder from this want of common interests to bind together its parts into one national body. The southern states, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Saxony, begin to discover that they are naturally and essentially agricultural countries, and never can be any thing else. . . . The union they consider as a mere deception to enrich a few manufacturing districts on the Rhine, with which they have no common interest, and for the benefit of which they must pay high prices for inferior goods, while none of their products can be taken in return. . . . The nationality is a thing only talked of and sung of by a few literary and speculative people, an imitation, not a reality, even with them." Hence, he concludes that "the German Catholic Church is of premature birth, if, as Rongé proposes in his address, the German nationality is to be its mother, for it has come into the world before its parent!"

Another difficulty stated by this observer is, the power and universal influence of the

dissertation pre-supposing peculiar accuracy in financial matters, deliberately writes as follows:—

"The Protestant population in Ireland belonging to the Established Church, is reckoned to be only between eight and nine hundred thousand souls, and BETWEEN TWO AND THREE MILLIONS STERLING YEARLY, are said to be enjoyed by the body of the clergy of this church establishment;" on which he builds a recommendation that it should be plundered without delay.

It would be an insult to even the most ignorant and bigoted of readers to waste one syllable in exposing a misstatement so unspeakably disgraceful to its author.

*functionary class.* The German Catholics are almost wholly of the middle class of the town population; and

"In the eyes of this influential functionary class, the German Catholic Church has the unpardonable stain of having originated with the people, or middle class, without leave, sanction, approval, or recommendation from them, the functionary class, representing the sovereign. The rising wealth and display of it in the middle, mercantile, and manufacturing class, and the spirit of independence growing with their capital, are looked upon with great jealousy by the functionary class, of which the nobility is now but a branch. . . . It is not unlikely that the jealousy of some of this class may oppose the kind of treason against their order of such a movement as this, of congregations formed, marriages and baptisms solemnized, declarations and pamphlets circulated, and all by the class of independent traders, dealers, and others, in the Catholic population of the towns, without leave or sanction of the functionaries."

We are, however, inclined to think that no movement having real life in it, no movement intrinsically worthy to succeed, is ever likely to be quenched by the operation of jealousies of this kind; while it must be likewise considered that, if the new Catholics have to meet the hostility of these personages, it is because their views of religious reformation have taken root in the breasts of a class infinitely more valuable, enduring, and progressive—the sturdy and energetic middle class of German society. We cannot but think that, in such a distribution of influences, they have much the best of the bargain.

We must close. And we close in the hope that our sentiments are not liable to any misconception. With this German movement it is quite impossible to sympathize unreservedly, because its principles are as yet obviously unfixed, and (we must confess it) by no means satisfactory, so far as they *can* be discerned or conjectured. On the other hand—this very indistinctness and unsettlement gives ground for charitable hopes of a clearer and better future. And as an effort to get rid of the great bond and ligament of European superstition—the Roman supremacy—as a struggle to cast vigorously from the wearied shoulders of religion this papal Old Man of the Sea, and to recover (what, we repeat, must be the indispensable *preliminary* of all ecclesiastical improvement) the primitive independence of Christian Catholic Churches,—it

has our hearty sympathy and most energetic concurrence.

B.

[Since writing the preceding article, we have received the Report of the Committee of the Chambers in SAXONY, on the subject of the religious movement. The recommendations of the Committee are, it will be seen, of a conciliatory character; and have been since partly followed.

"The movement which has lately taken place in spiritual things, and more especially in those which relate to religion, in the whole of Germany, has been followed by a series of events which could not but interest every thinking mind, as well as the governments of the various countries in which they occurred. One of the most prominent and also almost important of those occurrences, is, however, the separation of a considerable number of Catholics from the Roman Catholic Church, and the formation of a German Catholic Church, the communities of which are continually increasing in various parts of the country. This new Church is not only different with regard to its dogmas and church organization from that from which it has separated itself, but also from all the other Churches and communities of Germany, professing at the same time to be a Christian Church. Our government had therefore to keep in view, with regard to the new church and its members, which are now become very numerous in our country, first, the principles of religious liberty, as adopted by the constitution of our state; and, secondly, the rights and privileges granted to the other Christian congregations; and according to these considerations, the ministers have thought it advisable to decree the following temporary regulations with regard to the German Catholic Church and its communities, and which are—1. That in all such places where, in consequence of the German Catholics, or other local circumstances, the allocation of a particular place of worship should become necessary, the use of an evangelical church should be permitted to the new community, with the exception, however, of the permission of ringing the bells of that church, &c. 2. The doctrines preached by the ministers of the new church must not militate against the constitution of the state. 3. The ministers of the new church are permitted to perform in their communities the ceremonies of baptism, marriage, and burial, on the condition, however, that a Protestant clergyman be always present on the occasion, but that the latter shall not be obliged to afford his attendance. The committee is of opinion that, considering all the circumstances, and in order that these temporary regulations should be the more effectual, the ministers of the German Catholic Church ought to be allowed to perform in their communities the ceremonies of baptism, marriage, and burial, having only to indicate the same to the resident Protestant divines; and that with respect to marriages, the former should only perform the religious ceremony. The committee points out further the following two objects for the future consideration of the Chamber and the ministers—viz, first, whether the members of the new church will have to continue to pay, in the meantime, church-rate to the Roman Catholic Church; secondly, whether they will continue to enjoy the same rights and privileges as before the separation."]

From the North British Review.

#### MARY STUART AND HER TIMES.

1. *Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, and Documents connected with her personal History, now first published. With an Introduction. By Agnes Strickland, author of the Lives of the Queens of England.* 3 vols. 1842-3. London.
2. *Memoirs of Mary Stuart Queen of Scotland. By L. Stanhope F. Buckingham.* 2 vols. London, 1844.
3. *Letters of Mary Stuart Queen of Scotland, selected from the "Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart," together with the Chronological Summary of events during the reign of the Queen of Scotland. By Prince Alexander Labanoff. Translated, with Notes and an Introduction, by William Turnbull, Esq., Advocate, F. S. A., Scot.* London, 1845.
4. *History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq.* 9 vols. Edinburgh, 1839-1843.

THE numerous volumes that are almost daily spawned, relative to the days of Mary Stuart, proclaim the undying interest of the world, in one of the most extraordinary portions of its history. Old and young, male and female, foreigner and native, the didactic historian, the writer of memoirs, the collector of letters, and the general "gatherer of other men's stuff," have poured forth their sense or nonsense upon the prolific theme. Each too has some peculiar merit; each professes to give the correct story; each has made some grand discovery hitherto overlooked, or struck out some philosophical views, around which the sluggish imaginations of his predecessors had toiled in vain. Mr. L. Stanhope F. Buckingham gives "a personal memoir of the Scottish Queen, embracing, what none had done before, the essence of that long and vehement controversy;" and he "combines together, for the first time, the personal incidents of Mary's remarkable and romantic career." To set opposite to such high recommendations, Miss Strickland appears laden with "correspondence new to the public; and that which is not absolutely so, is now for the first time presented in a collective form, and in language comprehensible by the general reader." Her volumes contain too, "other letters and contemporary records of equal interest, many of them hitherto inedited, and for the most part translated for the first time." Mr. Turn-



bull partly admits, and partly denies this; Miss Strickland's book contains, according to him, many omissions, and is wretchedly translated; his own being the genuine article. Mr. Tytler again, has traced the history "with greater detail than former writers," seeing that "he had access to a large mass of manuscript materials, of which the greater part has been hitherto unprinted and unexamined;" and he has thus been "enabled to throw more light upon this division of the work, and to recover from the waste of conjecture and obscurity, some portions of Scottish history which were lost."

"The work," says Dr. Johnson, "is performed, first by railing at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the former editors, showing from all that goes before, and all that follows, the inelegance and absurdity of the former reading; then by proposing something, which to superficial readers would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase, and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and prosperity of genuine criticism." Amid this eternal war, we have had dissertations recommended neither by their interest nor their moral utility, though truth has sometimes been struck out from the collision of discordant opinion. It is difficult indeed to write the history, or to read it, without sliding into the spirit of partisanship. When one seeks to preserve the cool impartiality of literary judges, and to treat the story with the indifference of stoical impartiality, an under-current of feeling rises to the surface of our thoughts, on which all our philosophy floats away. It is in vain that we recall the great interests that were involved, or the mighty convulsions of those old days, which centuries only laid at rest. Other influences put to flight sobriety of thought; imagination renders the past contest of party, a struggle of the present; and the reason is checked in its duty of censure or of praise.

The forty-five years from the Reformation in 1560, to the union of the crowns in 1605, is crowded with incidents for the politician, who wishes facts for any theory, or for the moral philosopher who wants examples to illustrate his general speculations on the virtues and infirmities of humanity. For men of softer natures, there will not be found a page of history, so calculated to

rouse the contending emotions of admiration and astonishment, or to wound sensibility by horror and indignation. They have a subject inexhaustible in extraordinary revolutions in opinion, and terrible reverses in fortune, when the worn-out prejudices of the middle age slipped from life to history, and families which had flourished through ages of prosperity, were pushed aside, and were heard of no more. It is a noble theme for a historian who can estimate its spirit. It affords him scope for his highest powers of graphic narrative, or his profoundest reach of philosophical reflection. All the wonders are here that imagination would have created, had it left itself untrammelled to create a story in the precincts of times, of the events of which there is no record. Every thing to excite attention by pleasing variety, to instruct the mind not by speculation but by example, and to meliorate the heart by a story which will never fail to find sympathies there.

Unhappy Mary! over whose sad story of unequalled misery no philosophy can prevent the tears of sensibility to flow, and no difference of creed can stifle the compassion of humanity at fallen greatness. What a long Iliad of woes was that life, chequered with self-implanted miseries—a life which blazed with so much lustre at its opening, and ~~went down amid such clouds of sorrow.~~ The scene of rapid change passes before us with a speed that hides the connexion between each Act of a drama, where princes were the players, and the spectators the world. The proclaimed queen of three great nations was, in a few little years, driven from her home in the noon-day of her youth and beauty, with cries of vengeance echoing in her ears, and a long captivity and ignominious death awaiting her at last. The coldest nature, and the most cynic philosophy, will admit that there is something touching in the story of a girl who had the warm affections of a kind heart, and all that we ever associate with human loveliness; whose errors were the result of no native depravity, but which met with so speedy and dreadful a reckoning.

History and tradition, and impressions which are transmitted from age to age by a medium imperceptible to analysis, have, in one mode or another, done their best to satiate human curiosity. We can follow Mary step by step, from the first outburst of admiration of the cavaliers of France,

"In life's morning march when her spirit  
was young."

to her melancholy end. We know her life as thoroughly as we can ever know the past; her story sinks into the mind and nestles there like some of the nursery tales of early childhood, that come rising up from their long hiding place, when, amid the rugged scenes of life, the chord is struck that sends us back upon reminiscences.

We read the strange history again and again, and as each stirring incident appears, one can scarce imagine himself engaged in the study of things that once agitated human hearts, and had been productive of real destinies. Genius has contrived to weave out of it a tale; but how tame has even Schiller made the copy, and how rapid is Scott's narrative beside the truth! Her own letters tell her history, with a dreadful sincerity and mournful pathos, that has never been surpassed by the best passages of the masters who have portrayed the workings of a wounded and distempered heart. Not so, however, with our manufacturers of memoirs, biographies, and dissertations. The endeavor with them has been, not to expiscate the truth. That would have been an idle and an useless task. Theory here makes sad ravage with history, under the guidance of a logic which stalks to its conclusions with an irresistible contempt of facts. The ordinary sources of past history are too narrow for their warm and enthusiastic imaginations. We are now to deal with writers who fly *extra flammantia mænia mundi*, into the regions of conjecture. Laden with the stores acquired by imagination in its travels, they are positive and decided even on unattainable knowledge, and can develop at once the glories that are fallen, and invest with a superior pomp the beings they exalt, or correspondingly depress the villains, conspirators, and fanatical desperadoes they condemn.

It is not one point that these writers and their predecessors have involved in doubt. They compel controversy to attend Mary from her cradle to her grave, and render her story one of those unhappy subjects that can only be looked at from the extremes of human feeling. We scarce leave with moistened eyes the tale of suffering unmerited, and the good points of character exaggerated to falsehood, when our hearts are turned to stone at the narrative of crime unpunished, humanity trampled on, and the decencies of life outraged and despised, in the wild gratification of flagitious passion.

The Letters of Queen Mary, with which

Miss Strickland has favored us, are a selection from several tomes, put together by the industry of Alexander Labanoff, a Russian prince. Those that are new are of no great importance. Aware of this, Miss Strickland has interweaved with them a number of the interesting letters long ago published by Robertson and Keith, and has endeavored to render her story connected by a short abridgment of Mary's history. To the whole she has prefixed a long introduction, and added many pages of appendix, and, by writing several times of her intentions in regard to "future editions," she indicates her opinion, that her own high estimate of her labors will only be in unison with that of the public.

The public are sometimes blind, and often capricious; but, in the present instance, we are afraid that such sanguine anticipations will be disappointed. We would wish to speak with all gentleness of a lady, and to pass over in silence, if we could not approve, the productions of her genius. But Miss Strickland's is a special case. She is a practised authoress, who favors the public, as each revolving lustrum passes, with thick volumes of history, which have a certain circulation, and necessarily exercise a little influence. She is, moreover, not unaccustomed to criticism; and in the present case, by her assumption of excellence, and by the tone and temper in which she writes, she has resigned the privileges which we would otherwise be the first willingly to concede.

Speaking of the accusers of the Queen, Miss Strickland has well observed, that "they would have been wonderfully improved by the castigation of our present periodical press,"—(vol. iii., p. 255,)—an observation which we cite here with the view of justifying ourselves in giving a few specimens of her capacity for historical investigation, and in assisting her in the labor of revisal for those numerous editions that will be called for by an anxious public. Some of the points we have noticed, in the cursory glance we have given to her volumes, may be considered unimportant; but in a work destined to such a wide popularity, it is best to be correct in regard to every particular.

We are informed very early, that "the divorce of Bothwell from Jane Gordon, sister of the Earl of Huntly, was declared at the same time in the Consistory and the Archbishop's Court," (vol. i., p. 33.)—Both were Consistory Courts; and Miss

Strickland means to say, that the divorce was carried through in the Consistory Court of the Archbishop, and in the Consistory Court of the Commissaries. In the next page, she writes of something having been done "in presence of the Lords of Sessions," (p. 34.) A strange use is made of Parliament in another place, for "the Queen convokes a Parliament in order to bring to trial" the murderers of the King, (p. 28.) Rizzio's murder took place "in the drawing room of the Queen at the *Castle of Edinburgh*," (vol. i., p. 226.) Mary, on her arrival from France, "disembarks at Leith, having escaped the vessels of Queen Elizabeth, which, however, took one of her galleys. Having made a short stay at the *Abbey of Lislebourg*, she proceeds to Edinburgh," (vol. i., p. 7.) Lislebourg was the French name for Edinburgh, as it was then surrounded by so many locks. The Queen, therefore, first "makes a short stay at" Edinburgh, and then proceeds to Edinburgh! "Mary appoints James *Murray* (her natural brother,) and Maitland, her prime ministers," (vol. i., p. 7.) This, we presume, is James *Stuart Earl of Murray*. After the battle of Carberry Hill, "the tyrants took her (the Queen) to the Kirkat-field, and shut her up in the house where her husband's corpse had been carried, after his murder, and had laid till his burial," (vol. iii., p. 28.) The Queen was first taken to the Provost's house, and then carried to Holyrood Palace—(Tytler, vol. vii., p. 112,)—which evidently affords no room for heroics against the tyrants. "Lady Douglas" (at Lochleven,) "treated the captive Queen with the utmost indignity, telling her she was but a mock Queen, and that she had usurped the Crown from the Earl of Murray, who, she said, was in reality the right heir, boasting that she was the lawful wife of James the Fifth."—(Vol. iii., p. 29.) There is not a word of this in history. Bothwell, it appears, "was turned of fifty, coarse and ugly."—(Vol. iii., p. 124.) It is one of the points long ago uncontestedly settled in this controversy, that Bothwell was not thirty when he married Mary.—(Hailes, vol. iii., p. 80 ed. 1819.) What is meant in another place by "later documentary histories of the *minutes* of the Scottish Parliament and English Privy Council," we have been totally at a loss to comprehend.—(Vol. iii., p. 273.) How a history can be other than documentary, no dictionary will explain; and where such a history, or any other history of the *minutes*

of the Parliament or Council exists, we humbly hope Miss Strickland will inform us.

These specimens will display the character of Miss Strickland's labors in the thorny field of Scottish history. We have confined ourselves to a few improvements of her own; but with regard to those of other people, she certainly shows that there is no opinion, however incredible or absurd, that, having had a parent, will die for want of a nurse. When she leaves narrative for philosophy or speculation, we have the Reformer denominated, with fluent flippancy, as "Master John;" and the whole population of Scotland dismissed with contemptuous epithets we need not cite. To dwell longer upon such an effusion, would be to honor it beyond its worth; and we have only noticed it from the circumstance, that the lady has "in preparation, a personal memoir of Mary Queen of Scots, which in due time will be forthcoming."—(Vol. iii., p. 1, *Preface*.) We implore Miss Strickland to remember, in the rapid concoction of her "histories," that the patience of the public is not illimitable, and that her unhappy reviewers would wish, if possible, to be the first to herald the praises she expects; but that, if unmindful of the fact, that bad books—bad in style, erroneous in facts, flip-pant and superficial—are public nuisances, she will learn from the exposure to which they are doomed, that there will be no "future editions," to writers who have only half intelligence on subjects on which they publish volumes, joined to the vanity of knowing every thing without study, and deciding on every thing without information.

But the work of Miss Strickland is one entire and perfect chrysolite, in comparison with the "*Memoirs of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland*, by L. Stanhope F. Buckingham," who, we presume, is of the masculine gender, as he often quotes Latin, and is once learned in Greek. This gentleman's performance is no dry, marrowless anatomy. From the beginning to the end of his story his tears never cease to fall. He is in a continual state of thaw and dissolution; and while the one hand was tracing the sorrows of his heroine, the other was busily engaged with a cambric handkerchief. The author intends to overwhelm us with sentiment and with eloquence; and figures arrayed in most fantastic drapery dance in his volumes, in the finest style of metaphorical confusion. The heavens are rent with the thunders of Jove; Neptune raises com-



motions in the deep, and Pluto in ecstasy leaps from his throne. Aeronautic flights are taken into the cloudy regions of sentiment, amid the mists of which we have often found ourselves hopelessly lost. The Minerva press never issued a work which, in its sympathies, has a more diffusive benevolence. Not Mary's sorrows alone lacerate the author's heart; but every thing, animate and inanimate, that belonged to her—her letters, her chairs, her poodle, are canonized! Matters of fact are tortured with a kind of juvenile ingenuity, and the remark of Addison nearly holds true as to this, as well as the other productions of the same school, that "it is impossible to carry on a modern controversy without the words scribbler, liar, rogue, rascal, knave, and villain." There is, in truth, nothing so inexpressibly tiresome, as to travel through the mouthing passages, winding out in immeasurable longitude to nothing. "Treading the crude consistence half on foot, half flying," we rise from it with the same sensation of utter weariness, and the same dreamy idea of Mary's history, and of the doings of the villains who beset her, as one would have if, under the influence of nightmare, the whole had been exhibited in the misty phantasmagoria of a dream. We give one sentence as to the swamping of a boat belonging to Queen Mary, as a specimen of the author's admirable style:

"Scarcely had she set foot on board the vessel, which was to convey her away—hardly had the oars of the galley-slaves kissed the cresting waves, when a vessel, mistaking the current, foundered in her sight, and most of the mariners, after a vain struggle, were drowned in the angry flood."—(Vol. i., p. 50.)

The rest of the work is equally eloquent and beautiful; and if its merits were thoroughly understood, it would become universally admired by—boarding-school girls.

Of Mr. Turnbull's performance, our space prevents us from speaking in detail. We understand that he is a Scottish lawyer, and hence, perhaps, the more intimate knowledge he possesses of the subject on which he writes. If we meet with little maudlin sentiment in his pages, we are treated often enough to strong expressions. He appears to hold somewhat of the philosophy "that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him," and hence the nonsense

as "to the satanic malice" of the Queen's enemies. Mr. Turnbull's pages show that he did not need to resort so much to this forcible feeble style, for, among all the modern publications relative to Mary Stuart, his, with all its extravagance, is the most readable.

But we now come to a work which, in part, we have already considered,\* and which demands attention in a loud and lofty tone. Our standard history cannot be passed over like the ephemeral publications of the hour. Respect for the labor spent in its preparation, gratitude for what measure of merit it displays, and the knowledge that it must exercise an important influence on the public mind, require that it should be patiently examined, and its character only estimated after the clearest proof. The portion of Mr. Tytler's History we proceed to notice, was one beset with difficulty. It is the *pons asinorum* of Scottish history. To him especially was it a bridge over which it was difficult to travel, as he came to it laden with the inheritance of his grandfather's opinions, as contained in a book which he recommends as the best exposition of the subject, but which the public, coinciding in the opinion of Malcolm Laing, has long ago declared to be the superficial work of a man, who, with more than usual confidence, brought to his task little of the industrious learning that rendered the labors of his predecessors endurable, or the vigorous writing that saved them from oblivion. With such feelings and such opinions, it is easy to anticipate the spirit of this history; though a work professing to be impartial, may vary the plan of execution. The Reformation, as seen in the pages of Tytler, appears a reckless and uncalled-for overthrow of the ancient institutions of a land which, under their protecting shade, had become renowned in Europe. Calmly emerging from the general darkness that overspread the world, its necessities did not require, as its people did not demand, a convulsion so pregnant with immediate disaster and calamity, so doubtful with regard to ultimate advantage, and which was hurried through to gratify the selfish rapacity of the nobles, aided by the extravagant enthusiasm of shrieking fanatics, who imagined their madness to be inspiration. But it is not so much a falsification of facts, as a perversion of motives, with which the history is chargeable. The

\* North British Review, Vol. iii, p. 345.

language employed to designate the Reformers—nobles, clergy, and people—is usually that of cool contempt. Where a direct charge could not be advanced, the most galling and unanswerable of all reasoning—a sneer, is resorted to. “Who,” says Paley, referring to the mode in which Gibbon attacked Christianity—who can answer a sneer?” While Mr. Tytler, for example, refers to the religious establishment as “the *Church* of Scotland,” before the Reformation, he never mentions it after that event, but as “the *Kirk*.” To be consistent, however, he ought to have treated us, at intervals, with some of the Doric of our Roman Catholic Fathers, whose virtues, he thinks, we would purchase cheaply by their fate. Yet they addressed their sovereign as “the Queen’s beichness,” and celebrated Papal sovereignty as the mightiness of the Paip.” It would not lessen their fame one jot in the estimation of the world, as it has not that of their successors, that their words did not flow in the mellifluous music of polished life, and that in the infancy of European language, they partook of the general and prevailing barbarism.

The opening scenes of the Reformation have afforded ample scope for much fiery declamation, and much feeble argument. The history of the Regency of Mary of Guise has been composed upon the principle of one-sided advocacy of all her measures; her persecution of the Protestants—her violations of treaties and of truces—her dissimulations, artifices, and devices—her determination, against her own better judgment, to carry out in Scotland the policy of the Guises, and to subject it in every thing to French domination—are studiously kept in the background, and where incapable of defence, have been subjected to censure diluted. Her ultimate deposition, when patience was exhausted, and when no treaty or obligation would bind, has been denounced with unusual vehemence as “unconstitutional and illegal,” (vol. vi., p. 89);\* and the feelings of the historian urge him to advance principles, which are the very excess, the jacobinism of tyranny. If we have read aright the history of Eastern despotism, we believe it to be a principle of government there, that the deposition of rulers by their people can receive no sanction from divine or human law; and travellers relate, with words of

pity, that amid the snows of Russia, and in other regions of the world, principles equally barbarous are recognized. \*This, however, was never either the theory or the practice of the people who called the House of Stuart from among the private nobility, or the House of Hanover from the German marshes, to the throne of a great empire. It has ever been a sacred principle among them, that as soon as a ruler gave clear evidence that he was prepared to illuminate the country with the fires of martyrs to freedom or religion, to violate solemn treaties, and render the securities of the nation’s privileges an idle name, he had forfeited the throne whose prerogatives he had abused. The people of Scotland have never on this subject been less energetic in their language than in their actions. While the English Parliament could only utter a shrill and feeble cry that James the Second had *abdicated* the throne, the Scottish Parliament spoke out, with the unsophisticated bluntness of a free people, the wholesome lesson to the crowned despots of the world, that he had “*forfeited*” by his crimes, the inheritance given to his fathers. By whomsoever the law is violated, they have ever maintained, that resistance is the duty of the oppressed. It is so laid down by Paley and by Locke—by all the masters of the science, at whose feet Mr. Tytler or his reviewers would be content to be disciples; and Burke, in the warmest fury of his declamation, never denied the principle, though he disputed the application of it by the sans-culottes butchers of revolutionary France.

Mr. Tytler is not at home on any great question of constitutional government.—The leviathan here does not combat in his own waters. A border foray or a deathbed are the things on which he excites our enthusiasm, or depresses our hearts with overpowering sadness. Although the Regent had leagued herself to men and measures abhorred by a people nearly unanimous, and proceeded to annihilate the national independence, while she crushed the national religion; and while that very Regent, a stranger to the country over which she ruled, derived all her authority by voluntary grant of the men who took it from her, we have the historian telling us, that her deposition was “a violent and unprecedented measure, an act of open rebellion; and to attempt to justify their proceedings under the allegation that they were born councillors of the realm, was a specious but un-

\* We cite the 2d edition.

sound pretext."—(Vol. vi., p. 146.) And this statement is made by a writer who had composed many volumes filled with the history of the decline and fall of dynasties, and who had precedents, in every year of every reign he chronicled, for the just or unjust resistance of the mandates of the Scottish kings. To complete Mr. Tytler's picture, it was only necessary to be silent on the moderation of the rebels. The prejudices of honest Keith allowed him a wider liberality. *He* did not conceal the reluctance of the Reformers to proceed to the remedy of deposition; *he* tells the history of their many overtures for conciliation, and how, when backed by an army, they offered complete submission, on the simple condition of toleration for their religion.—(*Keith*, 264.)

Not only have the proceedings of the Reformers in their intercourse with the Regent been caricatured, but after her short unhappy reign was done, and death had closed her triumphs and her defeats, the historian carries along with him the same acerbity of style. The whole history of that celebrated Convention, which, in Edinburgh, in 1560, decreed the downfall of Popery, has been traced in gall and wormwood. It is represented to be as illegal in its origin as it was violent and ferocious in its decrees. Let it be remembered that the Parliament so denounced, met in consequence of the solemn treaty which closed the war, and that this formed the first and fundamental condition of the peace. The whole nation was aroused; the struggle had displayed the weakness of their oppressors, and in such a time opinions were not silent on their rights as the citizens of a free state. Expectation beat high as to the issue of a meeting, which was attended by all that could lend it honor by ancient nobility of descent, or inspire confidence by private worth. It had to guide the fury of popular commotion, that it might not sweep away in its indiscriminate violence the sound as well as the diseased portions of our institutions and our laws. How it proceeded, let the many statutes directed to the application of practical remedies to practical evils bear witness. There were no speculative experiments, as might have been expected in the storm of a revolutionary change; but each feudal baron, and each honest burgher, in applying himself to a national privilege too long neglected, finished, in a few weeks, a code of laws, which could not be surpassed for sagacious

adaptation to the times, by the matured experience of statesmen who had grown gray in legislation.

The validity of these statutes was denied by Mary, when she came (as Mr. Turnbull tells us) "to rule her own barbarians:" an act which formed the root of all her sorrows, by unloosening the confidence of her people, has found, of course, a defender in Mr. Tytler. The Parliament, though called in virtue of the treaty, she refused to recognize, or the treaty itself to ratify. "The Queen of Scotland," says Mr. Tytler, "refused to be bound by an agreement to which she was no party,"—(vol. vi., p. 173;) an assertion based on the alleged fact, which has no authority to countenance it, that Mary's commissioners, in agreeing to the treaty, had exceeded their powers. The consequence was, that during the whole of Mary's reign, the statutes establishing the Protestant religion never received the sanction of the Crown, and it was only in the regency of Murray, that they were put beyond legal cavil.

"The three estates," continues the historian, "had assembled of their own authority; [This is erroneous: they met in terms of a solemn treaty,] and by a series of acts, more sweeping than any that had ever passed in the preceding history of the country, had introduced innovations, which it was impossible could be regarded without alarm, [viz., establishing Protestantism.] They had overturned the established religion, and let loose against all who ventured to adhere to the belief of their fathers, the fury of religious persecution; they had entered into a league with another kingdom, and, as if conscious of the illegal nature of their proceedings, had attempted to protect themselves against the punishment of the laws by giving a pretended parliamentary sanction to the most violent of their measures." (Vol. vi., p. 191.)

All this vehement and ridiculous declamation has been resorted to for the purpose of justifying Mary in her refusal to sanction the parliamentary decrees. Never was there in Scottish history a convention of the states which spoke with such cordial feeling the wishes of the people; and never were charges more recklessly and unjustly advanced than those produced against it by Mr. Tytler. With regard to its legality, it would be in vain for us to add a word to the philosophical disquisition of Robertson. It had all the formalities of the greatest and most important parliamentary assemblies that ever met. The Queen, through her commissioners, consented, and only with-



held her written concurrence when the object was gained of a cessation of hostilities. It was surely surrounded with far more of legal solemnity than that convention which offered the throne to the Prince of Orange, or that Parliament which, in later times, on the insanity of George the Third, conferred a restricted regency on his son. And with regard to "the fury of religious persecution," which they let loose on all adherents "to the belief of their fathers," the historian, as he too often does, resorted to his own imagination. It is absolutely scandalous, at this era of our history, to have accusations advanced which are in direct contradiction to the statements even of contemporary vilifiers of the Reformers. Lesly, the Bishop of Ross, resigns his tone of complaint and menace, to inform us that the Protestants, fresh from the sight of the martyrdom of their noblest spirits, never spilled one drop of blood, compelled few to become exiles, and fewer were imprisoned. This humanity, he tells us, ought not to be concealed. "*Humanitas non est reticenda, quod, eo tempore, paucos Catholicos de religionis re mulctarunt exilio, pauciores carcere, morte nullos.*"

It would be in vain to hunt down every small sneer with which the history of the Protestants at this era is told. To exhibit every little perversion would be to weary readers already acquainted with the subject, and would fail to interest others, without entering into long details. There is, however, one fact which, on account of its tangibility, we may note. The Protestants prepared a Confession of Faith, which was laid before Parliament, and which the Catholic members required time to consider, as it

"branched into so many intricate, profound, and important subjects. To these sensible and moderate representations," says Mr. Tytler, "no attention appears to have been paid; the treatise was laid upon the table; the Bishops were called upon to oppugn it upon the instant, and having declined the contest, the consent of the Parliament was given almost by acclamation."—(Vol. vi., p. 184.)

There is here a misrepresentation in every line. Instead of being hurried through with all this indecent haste, the Confession was considered at different meetings, and at distant intervals. It was first placed on the table of Parliament, and all the Roman Catholics were "commanded, in God's name, to object, if they could say any thing against that doctrine."—(Knox, *Historie*,

p. 272.) What followed? Let Dr. M'Crie tell us:—

"The farther consideration of it was adjourned to a subsequent day, that none might pretend that an undue advantage had been taken of him, or that a matter of such importance had been concluded precipitately. On the 17th of August," (a month and a half after it was first produced,) "the Parliament resumed the subject, and, previous to the vote, the Confession was again read, article by article."—(M'Crie's *Knox*, 5th Ed., p. 203.)

We are anxious to ascertain upon what ground Mr. Tytler can here defend himself.

It is only natural to expect that, while the Protestants are exhibited as the reckless instruments of change and revolution, the Papists shine out as the conservators of peace, the friends of learning and education,—mild, intelligent, and moral. Of all unfortunate illustrations, the most ridiculous is that which has been chosen. To fix upon Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, the most unprincipled and profligate of mankind, for a subject of laudation, appears to be the most Quixotic attempt Mr. Tytler makes against unquestioned history. "He was a prelate," says Mr. Tytler, "whose character partook nothing of cruelty."—(Vol. vi., p. 86.) "He let loose," says Dr. Robertson, "all the rage of persecution against the reformed; sentenced to the flames an aged priest, who had been convicted of embracing the Protestant opinions, and summoned several others, suspected of the same crime, to appear before a synod of the clergy."—(Robertson, vol. i., p. 142.) Walter Mill, the aged priest referred to, was condemned to die by Hamilton's own servant, as no secular judge would perform the deed; and yet Mr. Tytler tells us that "the prelate was innocent of having instigated it." This pious and holy bishop, whom the historian wishes to rescue from the undeserved infamy of three centuries, was the only man who could be found to urge the scheme of *assassinating* Mary in Lochleven, with the view of bringing the throne nearer to his own family.—(Vol. vii., p. 141, Tytler.) We cannot understand the chivalrous fight the historian has made in his behalf. With the view of showing his anxiety for the spiritual welfare of the land, Mr. Tytler notices a letter from Hamilton to the Earl of Argyle, filled with reproaches against his heretical opinions, and expressions of sorrow at his lapse; but he tells us nothing

of the answer, which refers to matters of too disagreeable a character for Mr. Tytler's object. The aged earl refused to dismiss his heretical chaplain at the bishop's command, and told the holy priest such truths as these: "He preaches against idolatry;—I remit to your lordship's conscience if it be heresy or not. He preaches against adultery and fornication;—I refer that to your lordship's conscience. He preaches against hypocrisy;—I refer that to your lordship's conscience." And the letter concludes with an advice to Hamilton to go and do likewise.—(Knox, p. 102.)

The thrilling interest of the latter days of "the beauteous Stuart," has completely thrown the story of her early life into the shade; and, in consequence, her defenders have urged her cause not on the sole rational ground on which it ought to rest,—the bad education of a profligate court,—but have resorted to a coarse expedient of accusing every hostile historian as a forger and a knave. To men not misled by the wild chase of a foolish theory—every moment catching the shadow and losing the substance—this style of writing has had its day. The world has become tired of the dull platitudes of declamatory history, which have run from the pen of hundreds, cursed with the scribbling itch of meagre production, with a glib expedition and easy jingle, hiding the truth without touching the intellect by vigorous speculation, or stimulating the fancy by graceful rhetoric.

The education of Mary in France was directed with perverse ingenuity to unfit her for the position to which her destiny called her. She was early instructed in principles of the fiercest intolerance, and the sacred name of religion was employed to varnish deeds at which humanity stands aghast. The intriguing high-priest glozing in the ears of princes, and the vile ambitious clerical politician, were presented to her unsophisticated mind as the perfect types of religious teachers. Heresy was gibbeted as the twin sister of treason; and her ambitious uncles ever inculcated it as the unchanging policy of their race, to yield submission to the mandates of the Popedom. At an early age the future Queen of a nation of royalist republicans was obliged to commit to memory grave discourses, embodying the arbitrary maxims of a despotic government, and her religious and political education only required the moral training of the Court of Catherine de Medicis to complete an instruction destitute

of one element of fitness for a Scottish Queen. Amid an eternal round of masquerades, tournaments, and balls, forming the staple business of existence, Mary learnt the morality she was afterwards to practice; and it is a reference to this portion of her history that softens the judgment on the long line of indiscretions and crimes that marked her unhappy existence.

The ambition of her uncles, the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, was the cause of many miseries, though the latter appears to have loved her with a warm affection seldom exhibited by cold-hearted ambitious men. His death affected Mary in her lonely imprisonment in England, more than any of the other calamities which overtook her. All the world had then forsaken her, and the last glimmering hope of rescue expired when the sad news arrived that his stormy life was done.

"God be praised," she says, in a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, "God be praised, if he sends me afflictions, he has thus far given me grace to support them. Though I cannot at the first moment command my feelings, or prevent the tears that will flow, yet my long adversity has taught me to hope for consolation for all my afflictions in a better life. Alas! I am a prisoner, and God has bereft me of one of those persons whom I most loved; what shall I say more? He has bereft me at one blow of my father and my uncle. I shall now follow whenever he pleases with less regret." At the close of her letter she adds this touch of nature:—"I beg you will write me a particular account of every thing, and if he spoke of me before his death, for that would be a consolation."—(1 Strickland, 213.) Even in little things he was kind to her. "If," she says, "M. the Cardinal of Guise be gone to Lyons, I am sure he will send me a couple of pretty little dogs."—(Vol. i., p. 209.)

Such were the men who were the early guides of Mary Stuart—men who were kind to her, but knew nothing of the people she was called to govern.

The Scots are naturally a loyal people. Their attachment to the Stuart race, when human prudence had pronounced their fortunes ended, was testified in the two hopeless rebellions of '15 and '45. It was not the glory of renowned deeds, or gratitude to beneficent kings, that enlisted the people's affections for so poor a race. But the national pride was flattered by the circumstance that they were our native kings, and a generous sympathy buried their errors in their misfortunes. It was with this gallant loyalty that a Protestant people rent

the air with shouts of welcome, when their Catholic sovereign disembarked at Leith, and assuredly human speech was never to her a scoff or a malediction, till patience had become exhausted by her folly or her crimes. Every thing was forgotten in the desire to please, and Mary, during her four first years of prosperity, began to think it possible to live among "*les bêtes Ecossais*."

In narrating this portion of her history, Mr. Tytler has advanced his theory as to the cause of all her miseries. However honest, he tells us, might be the motives of the Reformers, their conduct was, in the last degree, impolitic and tyrannical. They stood in the Queen's path, in her business, and her amusements; embittered her existence by thwarting her personal feelings and her public schemes, and thus, irritation operating upon a haughty mind, self-confident and self-relying, sent her to an extreme in which honor, liberty, and life were lost.

In the naked majesty of metaphysical abstraction, the principle of unqualified submission to a sovereign, whose grace and loveliness were "*framed in the prodigality of nature*," might be urged with much eloquence by such philosophers as Mr. Buckingham and Mr. Tytler; but the students of the history of a limited monarchy will be prepared to find no exception made with regard to the violators of its laws. The case insisted on by Mr. Tytler is certainly the best for the enforcement of his theory of submission. The Parliament of 1560 had pronounced the celebration of the mass to be a crime, punishable with heavy penalties, which the good sense of the Reformers never exacted. It was an enactment intolerant and unwise, and which can only be justified on the principle of self-defence, which so often puts to flight all general rules for the conduct of human life, and all the general maxims which ought to guide the liberal and political legislation of an empire. Knox, terrified at the preparations made throughout the world for the extinction of the heresy of Protestantism, saw, in the Queen's attendance at the mass, a silent influence at work, for the creation of a party to enable the Queen to carry out the bloody scheme, afterwards embodied in the famous League of Bayonne. He never ceased, in consequence, to exclaim against the mass in Holyrood Chapel, as being a violation of the laws, and was met by the sarcastic Lethington with the sneer, that his ideas were only "*devout imaginations*,"

while Murray would gruffly speak of the necessity of patience. "*The matter fell so hot*," he tells us, between himself and Murray, that "*familiarly after that time, they spake not together, more than a year and a half*."—(Knox, p. 357.)

The question thus raised, as to the interference with the Queen's religion, is of vast importance in the science of government. It is one which Mr. Tytler decides differently from the judgment given by the practical wisdom of the world. We can find in the history of no limited monarchy, that the supreme magistrate was long allowed to profess a religion different from that of the majority of the people over whom he ruled. This is a hardship certainly; but it is one which must be endured with patience, as the counterpart of the privileges of royalty. The divine right of kings was indeed a doctrine incompatible with restrictions and conditions; it was a doctrine which the Stuart race believed, and which they found learned scholars to defend; but it is one totally incompatible with the principles of a limited monarchy, or with any government whatever, which has its foundation in right reason. One of the most important restrictions is that relative to the sovereign's religion. On all other matters of human knowledge, his opinions may set at defiance common sense; but as soon as he diverges from the received belief, on matters of religion, he not only violates one of the great conditions, silent or expressed, on which power was given him, but he creates a source of discord and insecurity, rendering his deposition necessary for the public peace. To avoid this rough medicine to a cankered commonwealth, the statesmen of the world have, in modern days, embodied their restrictions in the formality of oaths, wishing rather to be the asserters than remedially the avengers of their rights. They exact it not from the malicious love of tyrannizing, as Mr. Tytler tells us; not from the vanity of seeing their own principles decked out in the state dress of power; but their object is the safety of themselves and their country, the annihilation of sources of heart-burning and of anger;—a cool and deliberate principle, which acts irrespective of persons, which two centuries of uninterrupted prosperity has declared to be useful, and the denial of which produced scenes of calamity and downfall, which convulsed the empire, and, in the general ruin, swept away, with an accumulation of sufferings, families



who could trace an ancestry through generations of noble and royal descent, but who were too conscientious to capitulate with a religion which they could not extirpate.

It is needless to argue in support of a principle, which at the present hour is the law of the British empire, and which calamitous necessity has created a fundamental principle of monarchical politics. Mr. Tytler, in truth, closed the volume of history when he wrote this portion of Mary's history. Holding the opinions which he does, it is only consistent, to represent the opposition, not very strenuous and not very decided—wasting itself away, rather in peevish complaint than in energetic action,—as factious and tyrannical. A partizan embroiled in the turmoil of the period, or one of the herd of sentimentalists, who have disgraced history by misrepresenting it, might be expected thus to argue; but an impartial historian, desirous of the approbation of the reflecting portion of his countrymen, ought to rise superior to the narrow prejudice, which denounces a true principle, because productive of individual hardship. And, seeing his own opinions denied in theory as they have been trampled upon in practice, there ought to be some concession to the almost universal prejudice, if not the just judgment of mankind.

But there is something still more reprehensible in the account of the Queen's proceedings in regard to religion. Mr. Tytler artfully represents her, in the position of a beautiful princess, kept in duress by a band of frightful ogres, with long beards and fierce language. He narrates, with his accustomed superfluity of detail, her solemn protestations of her desire to maintain intact the religion of the Protestants; he sinks entirely into oblivion her determination to tear it up root and branch, and her energetic schemes to accomplish this. The League of Bayonne, which she signed, and which was unquestionably one of the most infamous conspiracies ever concocted, is here dismissed with a few small words of regret, that Mary's friendship for her relatives had made her indiscreet. Nothing is said as to her letter to the Council of Trent, wherein she promised her hearty concurrence in any scheme for the extirpation of the "damnable error" that covered Scotland. To reduce laws to silence, and, in the plenitude of legislative omnipotence, to annul Acts of Parliament, was nothing to one educated by the House of Guise. The Act of 1560, which abolished the old con-

sistorial courts, Mary set at defiance, by restoring the consistorial jurisdiction of Hamilton, the Archbishop of St. Andrews. This fact, which was long denied, is now admitted, though Mr. Tytler dismisses it in ten words, and at the same time falls into a most extraordinary admission, as coming from a partizan of Mary;—

"all unawares  
Fluttering his pinions vain, plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fathom deep."

In describing the events which followed the murder of Darnley, he states, that "a divorce between Bothwell and his Countess Lady Jane Gordon, was procured with indecent haste; and it was suspected that the recent restoration of his consistorial rights to the Archbishop of St. Andrews, had been made with this object," (vol. vii., p. 90.) This incidental notice is all the mention of the circumstance in this history; and if the object thus assigned were true, it is clear, according to Mr. Tytler's own showing, that the Queen was of the foreknowledge of her husband's murder, since the restoration of the Archbishop took place on 23d December, 1566, and the King was murdered on 9th February, 1566-7.—(Laing's History, vol. i., p. 23.)

~~These were not the only measures adopted to recall—in the language of Knox—"the Roman Antichrist, by just laws once banished from this realm."~~ The Romish ceremonies in Holyrood chapel, which once were private, were thrown open to the public, and were attended by all on whom the Royal influence could be got to bear. Bedford is extremely lacrymose on her successful proselytizing, (Wright's Queen Elizabeth, vol. i., p. 204;) and Bishop Grindal goes into details as to the preparations made for seizing hold of the city churches, and stocking them with Popish images, (Stripe's Grindal, App. 20.) As all this, and much more to the same effect, has been entirely omitted or slurred over in this history, we shall cite the impartiality of a foreigner, in regard to a point of the last importance:—

"Without," says Raumer, "regarding the warnings of Melville and other persons attached to her, she persisted in her course; summoned a Parliament to condemn the fugitive lords, and sequestered their estates. She permitted Romish worship to be everywhere celebrated, restored the Archbishop of St. Andrews to all his rights, commissioned him to institute inquiries against the heretics, and deprived the Protestant clergy of almost all the powers which had been granted to them."—(Vol. i., p. 203.)

The tide of Mary's love had scarce risen, when it fell. She found an overgrown school-boy in the room of that being of ideal perfection, framed out when passion and imagination were young. Of his folly, his silliness, and his mean and low vices, ample details will be found in the works now under consideration. It requires no deep knowledge of human nature, to guess the full strength of that revulsion, which turned girlish fondness to intensest loathing, when the proud descendant of a line of kings, who had stooped to marry, found all her sacrifice in vain. It touched her woman's vanity to the quick, to find all her beauty powerless, and the nameless assiduities due to her, never thought of, when some childish rattle called her husband to an excitement suited to his tastes. Affection whose forfeiture is generated in contempt, never returns. A deep injury may be atoned for, but the feeling of contempt implies the uprooting of all the sympathies on which attachment rests.

Mary was not one to feed for ever on the memory of vanished hopes. The murder of the King, followed by her rapid marriage with Bothwell—her dethronement, imprisonment, escape, and ultimate defeat, are crowded into a space so brief, that it is amazing how they could have afforded scope for works so extensive. The whole series of events are fortunately rare in human history, though their perusal delights us with the double charm of reality and romance. Mr. Tytler's opinion evidently leans against the Queen, on the great question as to her husband's murder, though he hesitates to state it. We have now, perhaps, recovered all the evidence which the many changes of three centuries have left us; and it seems hopeless to expect, that a more correct conclusion can be arrived at in some future age, when the besom of a more skilful industry shall have swept out from their obscure hiding places some more conclusive proof, to strike the balance of good and evil, with regard to the actors in that famous tragedy.

It is unnecessary to revive a subject so hacknied, though there are some portions of it we are obliged to notice in discharging our duty to Mr. Tytler. He has left the story in the same position as he found it, with the exception of a new fact as to the time when Mary visited Bothwell at the Hermitage, and a mysterious interlude performed by two Italians, who, after playing certain antics, vanish in smoke. But there

is one point on which our four authors are more or less agreed, namely, that Mary hated Bothwell as intensely as she did his victim. We must meet this, upon the evidence, with an unceremonious contradiction. That she loved him, and for him was content to sacrifice rank and honor, good name, self-respect, the regard of friends, and a nation's affection, is a fact as indisputably proved as that she married him. Of this there is evidence sufficient in the works we are reviewing, without calling in the assistance of the celebrated sonnets, of which controversy, by denying their integrity, has disputed their information. In the season of winter, Mary rode sixty miles in one day to visit Bothwell; but this, according to Mr. Tytler, was on the business of the state: and the consequence immediately was a burning fever; but Mr. Tytler tells us that this was owing to the unhappy bickerings with the King, at that time in the West of Scotland. The most strenuous defenders of Mary, we believe, give up this journey as an act of indiscretion at the best; to speak severely of it, the consequence of a warm affection; to say the worst of it, the evidence of a bad passion, which had grown beyond the restraints of decency and prudence.

Bothwell, the profligate adventurer, so honored and caressed, took the place of the unhappy King, who was now driven from city to city, without respect or attendants. After Darnley's career was closed, and Bothwell had become the husband of his widow, we find, with the exception of one instance, an unvarying affection between them. When Mary was a prisoner, after her defeat at Carberry Hill, "she avoweth," according to Throckmorton, "that she will live and die with him, and saith, that if it were put to her choice, to relinquish her crown and kingdom or the Lord Bothwell, she would leave her kingdom and dignity to go as a simple damsel with him."—(2 Strick. 289.) And this strong expression of feeling she afterwards repeated in Lochleven, (Tytler, vol. vii., p. 134.) While such were her feelings towards Bothwell, those in regard to Darnley were of such a nature that Bedford tells us, that "it cannot for modesty, nor with the honor of a Queen, be reported what she said of him."

We pass over the indecent haste of the hurried burial; the want of all investigation as to the authors of the crime; the farce termed the trial of Bothwell; his col-

lusive seizure of the Queen at Cramond, and carrying her to Dunbar; their marriage within five months of the murder; the rout at Carberry Hill, and the final overthrow of Langside. Let us follow her to another land, when she was formally arraigned for her husband's murder, and when those celebrated writings were produced upon which all the controversy rests. On this point, a decided advance is made when we find advocates of Mary so well acquainted with the history as Mr. Tytler, conceding that part only of the writings were forged, and that the rest of them were genuine. Another step would have carried the historian to the conclusion, which he almost seems to hold but is afraid to state, when he reflects upon the strange and inexplicable conduct of Mary in reference to the proceedings before Elizabeth—inexplicable on any theory except one inconsistent with her innocence. To speak of compromise when a charge of murder was advanced, instead of courting inquiry, which her innocence, if she were innocent, would have rendered so triumphant, carries along with it a moral conviction as irresistible as the most direct evidence could have induced. This is a conclusion consistent enough with the most kindly nature, and with unbounded benevolence of heart; for it is a fatal error to run the parallel between general conduct and the aberrations of passion. Hatred to Darnley sinking into despair of rescue—love of Bothwell amounting to frenzy—were feelings strong enough to shatter stronger principles than those of Mary Stuart, without joining her in the sisterhood of a Fulvia, an Octavia, or a Messalina.

It is a frequent enough episode in the dull uniformity of human life, that selfish interests rend asunder the duties of men, and the passions trample upon both. Mary, never having known the discipline of restraint, made her desires her politics and her morals. Educated in the polished vice and elegant profligacy of a great capital, her religion became pliant to every caprice. Complaint, in truth, was the largest tribute she paid to heaven, and the sincerest part of her devotions. The child of impulse, she could not subdue her feelings to her duties, nor was she able to avoid her virtues or her vices; and thus her melancholy story presents not the gradual wearing away of principle before temptation, but the instantaneous demolition before an avalanche of passion of the frail barriers of modesty and self-respect, implanted in the

human heart as antidotes to its native tendency to corruption.

It is a sad and mournful picture to trace the fall of one who began life with such high promise, and to find the greeting, affectionate and respectful,—“Bless her bonnie face,”—soon turned to execration. To see a gentle being grow prematurely old in passions,—and the worst passions that excite us,—compels sorrow at the ruin of noble endowments, apart from the general calamities it engendered. The rash vehemence of her race led her into perilous situations from which she was unable to rescue herself, and from which rescue appeared to afford no relief from misery. Once launched upon the current of passion, she resigned all control over her future progress, and glided onwards with a stream which fast led her to destruction.

The question which so long agitated and perplexed historians, is, however, of nearly as little importance as the ridiculous controversies of the schools. Now, when posterity is called upon to estimate her character, there are sufficient undisputed facts in Mary's history, without insisting on a point, which dogmatism and ingenuity will never settle. “I am afraid,” says David Hume to Dr. Robertson, “that you, as well as myself, have drawn Mary's character with too great softenings. She was undoubtedly a violent woman at all times.” She made, in truth, a prodigal and wide waste of indiscretions. She did every thing to irritate a people jealous of their liberties and their religion; and if she did not authorize the murder of her husband, she approved of it when done, protected the unquestioned authors of it from the just vengeance of the laws, and put the climax to her fate by marrying their chief. There are few among our sentimental writers who have had the boldness to justify these things; and some of them, like Keith, have had the candor to exclaim that there never “was a marriage so scandalous as this.” It is well that, in the picture of suffering honor, generosity, and integrity, these writers confine themselves to common-places in regard to the fallibility of human nature, though their strange philosophy has sometimes rounded the edge of virtue so that vice may ride it, and improved adultery and murder into a higher order of infirmity, or a lower description of virtue. But when from sentiment and generality we descend to meaning, there seem insuperable obstacles to any distinction be-



tween the murderer and his protector. The laws that uphold society, while they often excite regret as to their want of delicacy in distinguishing between the vices, generally acknowledge the unfashioned virtues, and strike with sufficient force against the greater crimes. They have on this subject pronounced a sentence which recognizes, in the deed of Mary Stuart, no claim to our sympathies or our regards. They declare the accessory to be as guilty as the principal, and visit them with an impartial infamy.

There is nothing in the case of Mary Stuart that takes it beyond a rule, which is not so much of civil jurisprudence as of the reason, and according to the moral nature of man. Has it come to this, that the ruler of a Christian land, who had openly enacted the tragedy of the melancholy Dane—had protected her husband's murderer and married him—should be left unmarked by the reprobation of every heart that has beat with horror at the tale of fancy which genius has immortalized? Truly, sentimentalism has reached its verge when it tells out its doleful lamentations on the tardy justice which removed from sovereignty one who had so resigned herself. Had the marriage with Darnley been one of political necessity, where feelings were compromised for interests, and the exigencies of state policy had demanded the immolation of her affections on the altar of her greatness, there would have been room for the hacknied picture of novelists and romancers. But that one who had sown the bitter fruit she was obliged to eat should demand more than justice, is something which can only find support in the indiscriminate eulogy of party, the juvenilities of sentiment, or the absurdities of paradox.

Had Mary perished at Langside, when her banner dragged the dust never again to re-appear, she would not perhaps have excited so lasting a sympathy for her misfortunes. But her nineteen years of imprisonment, and her tragic death, met with the brave heroism of her race, have created for her defence a morality that neither Plato nor the Bible owns. In the groves of this academy, instead of a venerable sage to teach the words of wisdom, we have only a band of whining moralists, whose code changes according to the rank and beauty of the party whose worth is to be tried. We admire the skill with which the murder and the marriage are overlook-

ed, in order to enforce upon our notice the patient fortitude of a nineteen years' captivity. It was not indeed upon the throne that the best points of Mary's character appeared. It is in the solitude of her prisons that scope was given for the display of those kindly feelings of gratitude to those who, for her, had sacrificed country and kindred—affection to relatives and friends, and even to the very spaniels whom her kindness cherished, joined at intervals with outbursts of that resolute spirit which had saved her amid the early insurrections which she crushed, and which long years of agonizing sorrow could not extinguish. We read of sufferings firmly endured, and of protestations of innocence which never varied, mingled with times of mournful depression, when the heart, overcome with glimpses of lost happiness, rendered the retrospect bitter, and denied for the future even the luxury of hope. The ability with which, unsupported and alone, she met the appalling charges proclaimed against her, and the strength of mind with which she endured her sad reverse, leave us only with mingled feelings of admiration and astonishment. Human nature is indeed less heroic in action than in suffering. The intellectual faculties, too, have their virtues as well as the moral, and graceful accomplishments are scarce less commendable than integrity. Thus, the thousands who believe in the whole catalogue of crimes of which she is accused, may, instead of satisfactions enforced, and injuries avenged, be ready to seek a palliative medium for their censure. Their admiration gradually slides into a warmer feeling. Their philosophy, while it becomes a detector of the naked poverty of humanity, delights again to cover the miseries it has exposed, and not to press too hardly upon one who, if she greatly erred, was greatly tempted, and made her expiation in bitter, and nearly unexampled sorrows.

Passionate and headstrong to a degree which nothing could impede, her conduct presented the most extraordinary amount of errors, contradictions, open and unblushing inconsistencies, likings and hatreds, irregular sallies of virtue, with the violence of a sirocco while the fit lasted, and with all its erratic irregularity. The gentle zephyr scarcely ceased to blow when Boreas began. The same persons were one day covered with caresses, and the next repelled with insults, and threatened with forfeitures. Murray was at first flat-

tered and ennobled, and then hunted as a criminal from his country; received into favor again, and then pursued with unrelenting virulence to the last. Darnley himself had scarce emerged from the caresses of the honeymoon, before he was chased from city to city, as if he had the plague. For Bothwell Mary had sacrificed her all, and yet, on the very marriage-day, she was crying for a dagger to rid herself of life; and three weeks afterwards, when the tide had turned, she was willing to follow him as a simple damsel throughout the world. With grave contempt for the opinion of her people, she loudly proclaimed the continual changes of her inconstant disposition;—enough, in her own day, to affix a levity to her name, that shook all the confidence which her vigorous intellect would have procured her—which often sublimed folly into madness, and which leaves the readers of her story with the painful conviction, that there were moments of delirium in her life. Her evanescent pleasures and her enduring agonies; her first weaknesses and her later struggles; her good resolutions and her reckless schemes, are all inscribed with a blind fatality of error, which ultimately led to the scaffold the scion of an hundred kings.

Next to Mary Stuart, the most prominent actor in that age of stirring adventure was unquestionably the Presbyterian Reformer. The history of Tytler in regard to him, if not so openly abusive as that of Hume, is still calculated to lead to the same conclusion as to his bigotry, intolerance, brutality, and fanaticism. Open and direct abuse gives place to a more artful style. Knox is first described with that faint praise, which insinuates that there is much to blame; and the appearance of extraordinary candor is displayed, by the admission of the quality of courageous energy, which it would be impossible to deny. The history then proceeds in its even tenor of quiet reproof; faithful quotations appear, of every angry expression of the controversial leader of a religious revolution; and the dead calumnies of other days are dragged from the quiet of their tombs to the resurrection of a second life.

We ever understood that Knox deserved well of his country; that along with being a man of keen temper and uncompromising disposition, he labored in support of honest principles, and for the creation of noble institutions. It is written in histories,

though not in Mr. Tytler's, that he squandered himself for the people whom he roused from the lethargic sleep of ignorance, and that no feeling of interest or of friendship ever stifled his rebuke of personal immorality, or of oppression to the poor. The powerful nobility who robbed the Church as the price of their conversion, found in him the untiring denouncer of their ruthless spoliation; and religion, since the elder ages when inspiration gave it vigor, never found a more zealous adherent, or one who more consistently endeavored to illustrate it by example. All this, however, is blotted out of history. We are presented with nothing but a degrading caricature of a brutal, unfeeling savage, who, like the ghoul in the Eastern tale, delighted in execrations of loveliness and beauty, and whose iron heart never warmed beneath the sunshine of amiability. All the fond colors of reverence and respect, which have ever been associated with the Reformer's name, are thus dissipated like a pleasing vision, which had soothed the world into the tranquil slumber of a foolish ignorance.

That we may not be thought to misrepresent Mr. Tytler, we shall give his opinion in his own language; but as we cannot afford room for a volume, we shall quote every word of his own abridgment of his history, where the name of Knox occurs. Many of our readers may anticipate the following as the epitome of an impartial historian:—

"Knox persecuted for his heretico-Protestant opinions;—refuses a bishopric—lives an exile on account of persecutions in his own country—returns to it, and labors with untiring perseverance for many years to establish Protestantism—rebukes the great for immorality, profaneness, and rapacity—establishes schools and demands money for their support—appeals to the Parliament and the nobility for a maintenance to the Church—preaches during a long life a true religion—never received a bribe, and left his family so poor that they had scarce sufficient to bury him; and dies with a lamentation universal in his own country, and its echo heard in far distant lands."

This is what might be anticipated; it is not, however, what we find. Here is Mr. Tytler's:—

"Policy and intrigues of Knox—Mary's interview with Knox—his injudicious violence—discontent of Knox and the ministers—proposal of a meeting between Mary and Elizabeth—opposed by Knox—violence of Knox—Ran-

dolph censures him—Knox's interview with Mary—his criticism on the Court dancing—violence of Knox—policy of his party—Knox's pulpit address to the Protestant nobles—he attacks the Queen's marriage—his violent interview with Mary—he apostrophizes the Court ladies—Lethington blames Knox's violence—observations on the conduct of Knox—Knox's return to Edinburgh—his vigorous [why not *violent* this time] exertions—Knox's refusal to pray for the Queen—illness and death of Knox."

Such is a transcript of Mr. Tytler's own epitome of the doings of the Scottish Reformer, in which there is only the one single idea of a savage perpetrating violence and knocks. It is improper, however, to leave Mr. Tytler with the advantage of charging us with dealing in generalities. It may tend somewhat to amusement, if not to instruction, if we shortly examine three distinct charges he has advanced, when, forgetting his Fabian policy on the unapproachable heights of inuendo and sneering, he accuses Knox of hypocrisy and cowardice, violent folly and murder.

Our readers will remember that Knox was a minister in England in the reign of Edward the Sixth, and arrived in Scotland at the beginning of the end of Roman Catholic domination. With his accustomed zeal, he began a crusade against the prevailing idolatry, and soon found at his back the infuriated yells of a thousand priests. Without any support from the nobility—who made the discovery at a later period that their interests and those of the Reformers ran in unison—he was left almost alone to face the storm. He had only two courses open,—either to instigate the populace to insurrection, or to retire into the obscurity from whence he came. At the critical moment he was elected minister of a Protestant congregation at Geneva, which he accepted, as a prudent retreat from the difficulties which surrounded him. He had as a precedent the wise prudence of the German reformer, whose retreat to the mountain castle of Wartburg, saved from a useless martyrdom a life on which hung momentous interests. Mr. Tytler, however, could not so regard the proceeding of the Reformer; and the following is the style in which the charge of hypocrisy and cowardice is sneeringly told.

"Possibly, by retiring, he saved his life; but, judging with all charity, it must be admitted that whilst his writings, at this period, had all the impassioned zeal, his conduct be-

trayed some want of the ardent courage of a martyr."—(Vol. vi. p. 80.)

There is not perhaps in Knox's history a passage so calculated to exhibit the genuine unflinching character of the man, as his interviews with his unhappy Queen. Hume, without quoting the only record of them we possess, gives the grossest caricature, if it cannot be more strongly described as a deliberate violation of the truth. Far from being moved with beauty dissolved in tears, Knox is described as gloating in the wanton brutality of insolent reproof. Mr. Tytler is more specific in the narrative, less direct in the charge advanced, equally anxious to create the same impression, guilty of as much addition and as much subtraction from the record, as was necessary to his purpose, and equally indebted to imagination for point to his satire.

Mr. Tytler's account of the first interview might have been passed over unnoticed, had it appeared in the *Monastery* or the *Abbot*. In the sober pages of veritable history, it is unpardonable for the clumsy mode in which the burlesque is done.

"She (Mary) blamed him," says Mr. Tytler, "for the violence of his book against female government, and with a clearness and vigor of argument for which he was probably not prepared, pointed out its evil consequences in exciting subjects against their rulers."—(Vol. vi, p. 239.)

It would not have served the purpose of Mr. Tytler to have added, as Knox tells us, that "the Queen first accused him, that he had raised a part of her subjects against her mother and herself; that he was the cause of great sedition and great slaughter in England; and that it was said to her, that all that he did was by necromancy."—(Knox, *Historie*, p. 310.) Mr. Tytler, however, mentions that "she then advised him, to treat with greater charity those who differed from him in opinion," which advice is a pure invention of the historian's, drawn from his lively imagination. After some conversation as to the principles maintained in Knox's book, Mary mooted the dangerous subject of the right of the governed to resist the governors; and she immediately received from the Reformer one of the clearest expositions ever given, of the respective rights and duties of the subject and the ruler. "Think you," said she, "that subjects having power may resist their princes?"—a question which



Mr. Tytler burlesques after this fashion. "What, cried the Queen, *starting and speaking with great energy*, do you maintain that subjects," &c. Where is Mr. Tytler's authority for saying that Mary, instead of "starting," &c., was not quietly engaged with her embroidery? The answer of Knox was the manly declaration of an unpalatable truth, little understood in his own day, but which, we will show Mr. Tytler, is expressed in nearly the same language in the pages of Paley and De Lolme. The historian, however, will find in it nothing but sedition; and a few additional touches to heighten the rudeness are thrown in. "It is even so, Madame," (Mr. Tytler narrates,) "It is even so, Madame, continued the stern champion of resistance, *fixing his eyes upon the young Queen, and raising his voice to a tone which almost amounted to a menace.*" All this is purely imaginative. So far as history tells us, we are left in utter darkness as to whether Knox spoke in a low whisper or with a loud tone and furious gestures—whether his eyes were on the floor or on the ceiling, or fixed on the Queen or on Murray, or staring straight forward, or winking askance, or half shut. Mr. Tytler also informs us of Mary's feelings as precisely as if she had left a journal of each varying emotion for his service. "At these words Mary stood for some time silent and amazed; she was terrified by the violence with which they were uttered." [A fancy of Mr. Tytler's own, and not a syllable about it in history.] "She thought of her own youth and weakness [*sic*]; of the fierce zealots by whom she was surrounded [*sic*]; her mind pictured to itself, in gloomy anticipation, the struggles which awaited her [*sic*], and she burst into tears." It appears from a letter of Thomas Randolph that the Queen, at the conclusion of the conference, began to weep; but whether this was caused by anger, as Randolph thinks, or by fear, as Mr. Tytler dogmatically tells us, is nothing to the question as to the propriety of the conduct of the Reformer. His opinion was asked on an elementary principle of constitutional government, and not being able to suit his answer "to the appetite of princes," it produced the result, which an unexpected and unpalatable truth would naturally operate on the mind of a passionate and headstrong woman.

This was not the only interview of Knox with Mary. After she had resolved on that unhappy marriage with Darnley,

which embittered her existence, she could find no bounds to her anger against Knox for his public opposition. He was summoned before the Privy Council, and after receiving her upbraidings, she burst into tears. "What," she asked him, "have you to do with my marriage, or what are you within the commonwealth?" "A subject," said Knox proudly, "born, Madame, within the same; and though I be neither earl, lord, nor baron, yet hath God made me a profitable and useful member." Mr. Tytler, as usual, makes the plain honesty of the Reformer amount to insolence. When he is anxious to show the Queen that it is no mean sneaking sedition that urges him to argue against the marriage, he told Mary that, "to yourself I say what I spake in public," an expression which Mr. Tytler alters to give it point and virulence—"What I have said in public I here repeat *to your own face.*" Knox finally was dismissed, and Mary took "no farther notice of his officious and uncalled-for interference with her marriage." Now, here we say again, is there every thing left out that could display the kindly feelings of the warm-hearted Reformer. "Madame," said Knox, "in God's presence I speak, I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures, yea, I can scarcely well abide the tears of mine own boys when my own hands correct them, much less can I rejoice in your Majesty's weeping; but seeing I have offered unto you no just occasion to be offended, but have spoken the truth, as my vocation craves of me, I must sustain your Majesty's tears, rather than I dare hurt my conscience, or betray the commonwealth by silence."—(Knox, p. 360.) Mr. Tytler's limited space did not permit him to cite this passage.

But there is no portion of Mr. Tytler's History of the doings of the Reformer that excited a greater burst of astonishment than his assertion that "the great Ecclesiastical leader Knox was privy" to the murder of David Rizzio. This assertion he takes pride to himself in mentioning, "is now stated for the first time."—(Vol. vii., p. 21, *note*.) It is insisted upon in the text, and is made the subject of an elaborate dissertation in the Appendix. Mr. Tytler was anticipated by such party writers as Goodall and Chalmers, though he does not seem to be aware of it; but the mode in which he proceeds to the attack is one more skilfully formed, and far more calculated to impose upon his readers. He professes himself

"unable to escape" the conclusion that Knox was guilty, and, though with lacerated feelings, he is compelled to seal his doom. He does his best, however, to weep tears of anodyne into the wound. So candid a historian, so liberal a writer, so unwilling a witness, necessarily created an impression; and from the Quarterly Review to Mr. Lyon at St. Andrews, has it, in various shapes, been insisted on, until the echo disturbed the philosophic quiescence of German dreamers, who have repeated the story in their sober *Deutsch*, in one of the late numbers of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Mr. Tytler represents the murder as a long preconcerted scheme, sanctioned by the leaders of all the factions but the Queen's. It is unnecessary to this discussion, to ascertain whether the act was a sudden ebullition of passion, or a matured conspiracy; but it is of importance to examine as to the mode in which it was proposed to remove Rizzio from the fatigues of office. This point Mr. Tytler altogether evades; and his theory proceeds upon the erroneous assumption, that the scheme, as it was executed, was what was originally devised; an assertion made against the most explicit declarations of contemporary histories, that the intention was to bring Rizzio to public trial, and to condemn him with all the formalities of law. This is expressly stated in Hume's History of the House of Douglas and Angus—a work composed from the best and most authentic sources, (p. 290, fol. ed.); in Melville's Memoirs, (Keith, App. p. 121); in the "Relation" of Lord Ruthven, the prime conspirator, (p. 14); and by Douglas of Lochlevey, one of the most active of the band. It was their intention, says Douglas, to have "punished him by order of justice, yet God disposed otherways, by such extraordinary means, which, truly my own heart abhorred, when I saw him; for I never consented that he should have been used beside justice, neither was it in any nobleman his mind."—(M'Crie's Knox, 5th ed., p. 293, note.)

It would not have been consistent with Mr. Tytler's theory, unless a barbarous murder had been intended from the first, because the accession to a party, whose object was to bring a supposed criminal to justice, would only be an act of highest commendation. It was necessary, therefore, to keep these authorities untold; and then the argument proceeds to establish Knox's connexion with the authors of a

murder, perpetrated with preconcerted aggravations of horror.

We will assume with Mr. Tytler, that a murder was intended from the first—and shortly examine the case he thinks he has established. It appears, that when groping amid the mouldering records of the State Paper Office, he discovered a letter of Thomas Randolph's, Elizabeth's Ambassador at the Scottish Court, containing an account of the murder, to which, in another hand, there was pinned a list of names, of those who were "at the death of Davy, and privy thereunto." In this list, there occur the names of "John Knox and John Craig, preachers;" and this is the evidence on which the accusation rests.

Mr. Tytler first favours us with a letter from the Earl of Bedford, the Governor of Berwick, to Cecil, the Minister of Elizabeth, in which he, among other information as to the murder, states, that as "Mr. Randolph writeth also more at large of the names of such as now be gone abroad, I shall not trouble you therewith," (vol. vii., p. 354.) Randolph, at this period, was resident at Berwick, and not in Edinburgh; and the letter referred to by Bedford, accordingly follows. It is dated the 21st March, 1565-6; and in the body of this letter, Randolph gives the list of names in the following terms:—

"The Lords of the last attemptate, which were these—Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, and Ledington. Besides these, that were the principal takers in hand of this matter, there are also these: the Laird of Ormiston, Hawton, his son-in-law, Cawder, his nephew, Brunsden, Whyttingham, Andrew Car, of Fawlside, Justice-Clerk's brother, George Douglas, and some other; of the town of Edinburgh divers."—(Vol. vii., p. 355.)

This is the list of Randolph, and in it Knox's name does not appear; but Mr. Tytler found a piece of paper, pinned to the letter, with some names, written in some unknown hand, which he says was the list Randolph was to send. Now, here, we humbly confess ourselves unable to follow Mr. Tytler. We have in Randolph's letter—in the body of it, and in his own handwriting—a precise definite list, which would be without any meaning at all, if the loose slip of paper was also to be held as the list. This separate paper is not mentioned, moreover, as having been sent along with the letter; it is not written by Bedford or Randolph, or by any Secretary of Randolph's,

but, according to Mr. Tytler, it must have been by some clerk of Bedford's, whom Randolph must have hired for the occasion. There is not the slightest evidence that it was seen by either of the ministers. The whole bond of connexion between it and their letter is the pin, just as the sole connexion between one part of Mr. Tytler's argument and the rest is the binding. That it was written by Bedford's clerk, we have nothing but Mr. Tytler's guess as proof; that it was a *jeu d'esprit* of some of the clerks in the London office, we offer as another guess. It is an anonymous, unauthenticated, nameless, scrap of paper, gathered from a mass of similar rubbish, to be rendered by Mr. Tytler powerful enough to annihilate the concurring testimony of all contemporary history!

From all this, however, Mr. Tytler maintains, that "the inference is inevitable." John Knox, in "an authentic list," is described as privy to the murder. Having thus doggedly pronounced his decree, Mr. Tytler declines an examination of the list, with the view of ascertaining if it be consistent with other acknowledged facts, or even with itself. It contains, however, several blunders, in the only two lines of narrative with which it favors us. It professes to be "a list of names, of such as were consenting to the death of David," which is totally contrary to the character of the list which Bedford said Randolph was to send, for it was only to contain "the names of such as *be gone abroad*;" a description which might apply to Knox, as he left Edinburgh on the Queen's return from Dunbar. There are only sixteen names given; but in the appendix to Keith, there is a list of those charged by the Privy Council as having been accessory to the crime, amounting in number to seventy-one; and in Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, there will be found thirty more. This is the first error, though it is not the greatest. It concludes with informing us that "all these were *at the death of Davy*, and privy thereunto, and are now in displeasure with the Queen, and *their houses taken and spoiled*." Here there are two gross mistakes. We never before heard it whispered, that either John Knox or John Craig was "*at the death*." Crawford and Blackwood, though they covered this part of history with the most impudent falsehoods, never crowned them by one like this; and Mr. Tytler's caution came to his aid. He will not believe the plain statement of his own authority,

and he stops short of the charge, that Knox gave one of the fifty-three wounds. The paper is, however, too valuable to be rejected as unworthy of credit; it merely contains an error, and must be understood to mean, "that all these were at the death of Davy, *or* privy thereto." After the crack has thus been soldered, another yawns, when we are informed, that the houses of all the persons named, were "*taken and spoiled*." This is unquestionably untrue as regards Craig, who remained in Edinburgh all the time laboring in his vocation; and we cannot in any authority, printed or unprinted, find the slightest warrant for saying, that such a fate overtook the establishment of Knox.

Thus, therefore, in whatever way we regard this scrap of paper, we find it like Falstaff's regiment, "ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old faced ancient." It leaks at every corner. It would have been held up to scorn and ridicule, had it been urged to support any of the charges against Mary; but with regard to Knox, where slight wounds were found, they are diligently aggravated, or scratched till they are made.

Mr. Tytler expends great industry in establishing that Randolph and Bedford were both in the full knowledge of all the facts relative to the conspiracy. Here also he entirely fails. With singular inconsistency, while he maintains the truth of the list, on the ground that "these two persons, the Earl of Bedford and Randolph, were intimately acquainted with the whole details of the conspiracy,"—(vol. vii. p. 357,) he, in the next page, rejects this ground of credibility, and puts it on the information communicated to them after the event, "while it was yet new, and after the arrival of Lord Ruthven" at Berwick, from whom they received the whole details. —(Vol. vii. p. 360.) Again, in the following page, he makes another wheel, and after adopting his own list, because it was written "after the arrival of Lord Ruthven," he rejects a third list, to which we shall immediately refer (which omits the name of Knox,) because "the chief authorities of both account and list were Morton and Ruthven."—(Vol. vii. p. 361.) That these were not the chief authorities shall be immediately shown; but in the mean time, we rather think Mr. Tytler is more at home in describing death-bed scenes than in chopping logic.

It appears from all the evidence we pos-



sess, to be perfectly manifest, that neither Randolph nor Bedford knew any thing of the details of the conspiracy, except what they obtained from the flying reports of the refugees who were daily flocking to Berwick. This can be clearly established without relying upon any admissions we might draw from Mr. Tytler's language. Besides the list contained in the body of Randolph's letter of 21st of March, and the scrap of paper which Mr. Tytler found pinned to that letter, there exists a third list not written by a clerk, not unsubscribed, not unauthenticated; but in the handwriting of Randolph himself, and authenticated by the subscriptions of him and Bedford; *and in this list also the name of Knox does not occur.* This list was sent on the 27th of March, with a minute account of the conspiracy, to the Council of England, and after every means had been adopted for arriving at the truth.

We have this important document printed elsewhere than in Mr. Tytler's history.\* From it, it appears that both Randolph and Bedford were in the dark in regard to the whole matter, and resorted to every expedient to collect information. They state, that "hearing of so many matters as we do, *and finding such variety in the reports*, we have much ado to discern the verity, which maketh us the slower and loather to put any thing in writing." [This uncertainty as to facts, be it observed, existed no less than six days, after Mr. Tytler's famous "authentic list" is said to have been sent off by Bedford's clerk to London.] The writers then state, that "we would not that your honors, and by you the Queen's Majesty, our Sovereign, should be advertised but of the very truth, as near as we can possible." How did they proceed? "To this end, we thought good to send up Captain Carewe, who was in Edinburgh at the time of the last attempt, who spoke there with diverse, and after that with the Queen's self and her husband."

Thus, therefore, on the 27th of March, eighteen days after the murder, when the usual exaggerations and falsehoods that attend the first report of a startling event had died away, and when the English ministers had derived their information from the sure source of a special envoy, they sat down to write a deliberate account "of the very truth," "willing to our utmost part to inform you the truth." We beg attention to

the data on which their statement is founded, on account of a perversion of fact by Mr. Tytler. They distinctly state, that their information is "conform to that which we have learned by others, and known by his (Captain Carewe's) report; we find the same *confirmed* by the parties selves that were there present, and assisters unto those that were executors of the deed."—(Ellis' Letters, vol. ii. p. 208.) In defiance of this explicit declaration, that "the chief authorities" were authentic statements made by the special commissioner and others, "*confirmed*" merely by Morton and Ruthven, we have Mr. Tytler, for a purpose of his own, risking the extraordinary assertion, (we will not characterize it more severely,) that Morton and Ruthven were the "chief authorities." The object of this is, to take away from the list the character of being impartial, by rendering it entirely the work of Morton and Ruthven, who, Mr. Tytler again most gratuitously, and without a shadow of evidence, tells us, wished, with Roman generosity, to screen Knox by sacrificing themselves.

In this list of 27th March, we have "the names of such as were doers, and of counsel in this last attempt;" and neither the name of Knox nor of Craig appears. Mr. Tytler accordingly very naturally cross-examines himself in the following style:—"Why do you reject the evidence of this second list, and why are we not to believe this solemn declaration absolving the ministers of Scotland, and of course Knox with them, from all participation in the murder?"—(Vol. vii. p. 360.) His answer to this sensible question, and the reply of his opponent, reminds one of the remark of Bishop Horne, that "by the writers of dialogues matters are often contrived, as in the combats of the Emperor Commodus, in his gladiatorial capacity, where the antagonist of his imperial majesty was allowed only a *lead*en weapon." He first asserts that Randolph and Bedford, in direct contradiction to their own averment oftentimes repeated in their letter, made up the list under the dictation of Morton and Ruthven, and that these two worthies had some inexplicable interest to conceal Knox's concern in the transaction. That they had any such interest, farther than the interest of truth, we again affirm to be destitute of proof, and has been invented solely to meet the exigencies of Mr. Tytler's argument. Again, Mr. Tytler not feeling secure on this point, makes another gratuitous assertion, when

\* ELLIS' Letters, vol. ii p. 207.

he says, that Randolph would be more precise on delicate matters in his private letter to Cecil of the 21st March, sending the scrap of paper, (assuming that he sent it, of which there is no evidence,) than he and Bedford would be to the Council in their letter of the 27th. That they felt any such delicacy is also contradicted by the very letter in question; for, in mentioning the insinuations against Mary's honor, they write in the margin thus:—

"It is our parts to pass this over in silence, than to make any such rehearsal of things committed unto us in secret; but we know to whom we write."—(Ellis, vol. ii. p. 229, *note*.)

But secondly, Mr. Tytler having thus argued that the list of 27th March was concocted at *Berwick* by Randolph, Bedford, Morton, and Ruthven, absolutely forgets what he had written, flounders into a new contradiction, and transfers the *locus delicti* and the culprits to London, where he makes Cecil "the secretary of Elizabeth, modify and recast the story, after the failure of the conspiracy, and with the approbation and by the directions of Elizabeth."—(Vol. vii. p. 369.) One of these arguments must be false. It is clear that the very same act could not be done at Berwick and at London; and that, too, by different people. On the authority of the Italian manuscript which Mr. Tytler cites, he may maintain *à l'outrance*, if it please him, that Cecil concocted the most enormous falsehoods on the subject; but it is absolutely amazing how he imagines that, in consequence of this, Cecil had prepared the list of 27th March, when that very list itself now lies in the British Museum, patent to all the world, and, as he himself states, "in the handwriting of Randolph." !!!

So much for this third list. We now come to a *fourth*, as contained in another letter by Randolph. He here informs us, that "there are privy in Scotland these; Argyle, Morton, Boyd, Ruthven, and Liddington. In England these; Moray, Rothes, Grange, myself."—(Tytler, vol. vii., p. 25.) The name of Knox does not here occur. Nor does it in the *fifth* list, preserved in the appendix to Keith.

But this is not all. Morton and Ruthven wrote from Berwick a letter of their own to Cecil, in which they say that—

"It is come to our knowledge that some Papists have bruited that these our proceedings have

been at the instigation of the ministers of Scotland. We assure your Lordship, upon our honor, that there were none of them art nor part of that deed, nor were participate thereof."—(Tytler, vii., p. 360.)

Mr. Tytler again puts himself through the catechism. "Why not believe Morton [where is Ruthven?] when he states upon his word of honor that none of the ministers of Scotland were art and part of that deed?" He answers, that Morton did not know the meaning of *art and part*, seeing that on his own trial, he denied that he was art and part of the King's murder, though he admitted foreknowledge of it. But if this be the case, what does the other statement, that none of the ministers were *participate* in the murder mean; and in order to render this absurd hypercritical argument effectual, be it observed, that it is necessary to leave out of view that the letter is not Morton's only, but the joint production of him and Ruthven, and that the latter must have been equally obtuse in matters of philology.

There are still, however, some arguments remaining which we ask indulgence for examining also, as the author involves so much the credit of an illustrious name.

"Another corroboration," says Mr. Tytler, "of his accession to this conspiracy was his precipitate flight from Edinburgh, with the rest of the conspirators, upon the threatened advance of the Queen to the city. Knox fled precipitately, and in extreme agony of spirit, to Kyle; and as we have already seen, did not venture to return till the noblemen rose against the Queen after the death of Darnley. If he was not implicated, why did he take guilt to himself by flight?"—Vol. vii., p. 359.

There is an extreme and ludicrous rapidity in a conclusion, which is neither morally just nor consistent with the facts. Flight by Knox before the Queen, marching on Edinburgh at the head of troops, was only a common measure of prudence in his position. We have already seen that he frequently came into collision with Mary, and that her exasperation had reached such a point that she declared before her council—"I vow to God, I shall be once revenged."—(Knox, p. 359.) At this very time, too, he was a proscribed and marked man; and the very first person to be seized during the license of military misrule. In that old contemporary diary, titled "A Diurnal of Occurrents," which Mr. Tytler estimates so highly, we are informed that,

"upon the 19th day of August, the King (Darnley) came to St. Giles Kirk, and Johne Knoxe preachit; quhairat he was crabbit, and *causit discharge* the said Johne of his preitching."

Knox being thus prevented from discharging duty, it appears that he applied to the General Assembly, which met on 25th December, "for licence to passe to England," because "the exercise of his ministrie in Edinburgh was suspended,"—(2 Calderwood, p. 340;) and to this request, the Assembly acceded, on condition that he returned before the following June; now, seeing that Knox was in Edinburgh, on the 9th of March, when Rizzio was murdered, two months after the Assembly had sat, it is doubtful whether he had gone to the south. At all events, this is clear, that Knox was idle in Edinburgh, and laboring under the marked displeasure of the Court, and therefore, of all others, the first person that would have been summarily dealt with, on the occasion of an irruption of undisciplined troops into the city. On all these facts, Mr. Tytler, has, however, kept a guarded and discreet silence.

He has also been mute to the mode in which the Queen's forces fulfilled the worst anticipations of the refugees. The Diurnal of Occurrents informs us, that they recklessly entered the houses of the citizens, spoiled them of their goods, and without a shadow of suspicion, hurried them to prison. Randolph and Bedford tell Cecil that "diverse of the towne folk, honest men, were committed to prison, and diverse escaped,"—(2 Ellis, 233;) and "the extremitie is such, as under the Frenchmen, their lives were never so sore."—(*Ib. d.*) This is farther confirmed by David Buchanan, who wrote the fifth book of Knox's history. "In the meantime, the men of war committed great outrages, in breaking up doors, thrusting themselves into every house."—(Knox, Historie, p. 432.) Many of the poor burghers fled from the city in terror. Two of them thus narrate their story:—

"They were in their own houses at supper, ignorant of the thing attempted, until the common bell rang, at which time we passed in company with the Provost, as many more did to the abbey, and that same night returned again and passed to our beds, within our own houses. This is the plain and simple truth of our parts." Although this was all the connexion which this cutler and cordiner had with the matter, they state that they "*for fear absented themselves*, and so was put to the horn.—a proceeding never attempted against Knox.—2 Pitcairn's Crim. Trials, p. 483.

So much as to Knox taking guilt to himself by flight. We come now to Mr. Tytler's argument, drawn from the opinions Knox is said to have expressed when the deed was done; for Mr. Tytler will not rely upon his "authentic list" as being absolutely conclusive. He quotes a passage from the fifth book of Knox's History, where the death of Rizzio is thus spoken of:—

"After this manner above specified, to wit, by the death of David Rizzio, the noblemen were relieved of their trouble, and restored to their places and rowmes, and likewise the church reformed, and all that professed the evangill within this realm, after fasting and prayer were delivered."

Now it is matter of notorious fact, that the fifth book of the volume, which goes under the name of Knox's History of the Reformation, was not written by him; and if this be the case, why should the historian drag in a passage, written by another hand, full sixty years after the grass was growing green upon his grave? Why should Knox be made responsible for the reflections of David Buchanan, with which that worthy gentleman enlightened the world in the following age? Knox himself expressly states, in incidentally referring to the death of Rizzio, and declining to tell the story, that "he refers it to such as God shall raise up to the same." As the force of all this could not be disputed, Mr. Tytler endeavors to implicate the Reformer, by insinuating that the statement might be found "in his notes and collections," for which, however, we have only the worn-out authority of the historian's imagination, which can never take a flight except in one direction.

But the reflection itself contains nothing, that any Christian can or will deny; and though our business here is not with David Buchanan, we cannot allow Mr. Tytler to run away with the idea, that he is engaged in a holy work in denouncing him. We are informed that a man was slain, and Buchanan terms the authors of the deed "murderers,"—(p. 431.) He then states that the consequences of this murder were beneficial to his country, inasmuch as it saved the Church from great and impending calamity. He does not, however, laud the murder, though he returns thanks to heaven for the deliverance from tyranny which it produced. This distinction is clearly brought out by the mode in which Dr. McCrie relates the feelings of the Reformer. In his first edition he says, that "there is



no reason to think that he was privy to the conspiracy that proved fatal to Rizzio; but it is probable that he had expressed his satisfaction at an event, which contributed to the safety of religion, and of the commonwealth, if not also his approbation of the *conduct* of the conspirators." But in his subsequent editions, observing that his language did not convey his meaning, he altered it to the effect that Knox expressed "his approbation of the *object* of the conspiracy,"—that is to secure the reformed religion. Mr. Tytler, however, with unworthy disingenuity, quoted the passage in the first, instead of the fifth edition, as it suited his argument better. We could cover pages with farther evidence on this point; but let the following reflection of Robertson's, on the death of Beaton, suffice, as it is the same idea which, in the person of David Buchanan, has been so condemned:

"Thus," says Dr. Robertson, "did these men *deliver their country*, though by a most *unjustifiable* action, from an ambitious man, whose pride was as insupportable to the nobles, as his cruelty and cunning were the great checks to the Reformation."—(Vol. i. p. 96.)

Knox's opinions on the subject of tyrannicide, are also brought in as an additional argument in favor of the theory of probability. These were in some respects peculiar, but of the great leading principle, Mr. Tytler will find that Paley's philosophy is only an expansion. Knox had other speculative opinions, like all speculative men, which he would hesitate to put in practice. He maintained, for example, that no woman could be a sovereign; but he did not refuse to recognize Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. We do not find, though Mr. Tytler asserts it, that Knox regarded "Senzeour Davy," in the light of a tyrant, to whom extreme measures should be applied; nor can we recognize in a speculative opinion of Knox, any more than of Paley, a proof of murder.

On the return of the Queen from Dunbar, the Privy Council was immediately convened, in order to bring down upon the murderers the punishment of the laws. Their directions on this head were of the most sweeping description;—"The Lords think expedient, that all that were of the device, council, or actually at the committing of the slaughter, shall be prosecuted by order of justice."—(Keith, App. p. 131.) Accordingly, seventy-one persons were put

to "the horn," which, we understand, involved the pains and infamy of rebellion. And, in Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, we find that during the succeeding months of April, May, June, and July, this indiscriminate blistering of the lieges was kept up.—(Pitcairn, vol. ii., p. 283, *seq.*) High and low, rich and poor, were denounced: cordiners and cutlers in the Canongate; residents in Musselburgh and Dalkeith, were all involved in the indiscriminate forfeitures. Suspicion in nearly all cases was the ground of charge; and hence the simple, obvious, but important question, why was Knox not denounced, seeing that "he took guilt to himself by flight?"—seeing that he was at the moment suffering a punishment imposed upon him by the King, who, in disclosing the names of all the other conspirators, would not surely overlook the man who had on other points displeased him? Was it not because no such interpretation was put upon his conduct by those who had every wish to put it, and because the breath of slander had not, in his own day, dimmed the lustre of his name?

The last argument we now approach—and it fortunately is one which may be disposed of in a sentence. There was a religious fast held in Edinburgh, during the week on which the murder was perpetrated, and which, Mr. Tytler tells us, the ministers took advantage of, in order to preach fiery sermons suited to the times. It is clear that their motive in this, was to prepare the public mind for the coming tragedy. Unfortunately for Mr. Tytler, however, it is upon record, that this fast was ordained to be celebrated by the General Assembly of the Church, which had three months previously closed its sittings; the subjects of exhortation were expressly stated; a regular treatise for the fast was prepared; and with general directions to apply their sermons to sins of all times, they were specially to have in view, the calamitous position of the country at that period, by the banishment of the Protestant Lords, the open celebration of the mass, the danger that threatened the existence of the Church, and the insecurity in which the whole Protestant community was placed by the Queen's accession to the Bayonne League. These were the causes that induced the ministers so to preach. These are the reasons assigned by our historians, until we come down to Goodall, who first put upon it a sinister interpretation—(vol. i., p. 248), which "my grandfather" copied, and which

the grandson has again transcribed *verbatim et literatim*. The famous scrap of paper is indeed the only part of his story, on which Mr. Tytler can claim the character of genius—thorough originality. On other points he serves up to us the old rinsings of forgotten virulence, distilled in the alembic of an affected impartiality, whose greatest virtue is to hate and despise with the dignity of moderation.

All contemporary history—all the private correspondence of the age of Knox—is silent on the subject of his accession to the murder. We have examined every printed treatise on the subject, and many of the MSS. that still exist, and in not one of the labored journals, or didactic histories of either enemies or friends—in not one of the numerous letters written for private perusal, and uninfluenced by any sinister purpose, have we been able to find one single inuendo or insinuation to corroborate the tale. The author of the “*Diurnal of Occurrents*,” who is supposed to have been some person about the Court, and who terms the Queen “the anointed lieutenant of the Lord,” while he mentions that Knox left Edinburgh “with ane greit murmyring of the godlie of religioun,” (p. 94,) does not even hint that he was a conspirator. Melville, the Queen’s friend, to whom Knox was sufficiently distasteful, is also silent. The historian of the doings of “James the Sext,” who was a Papist, and discovers a partiality for Mary, is equally dumb. Blackwood, who invented as many falsehoods as Hector Boece himself, will not charge Knox, though a “heretic and necromancer,” with the guilt of Rizzio’s death. Nor is there one remark to this effect, in the three collections of private correspondence from all quarters, and to many different persons, describing minutely the events of this period, published by Sir Henry Ellis, by Mr. Turner, and the Maitland Club, whose volume entitled, “*Selections from unpublished MSS. in the College of Arms and British Museum*,” contains many letters which were before unknown. Crawford, the historiographer of Anne, who gives us the delectable piece of information, that *Bothwell* “was unanimously acquitted, by a very honourable jury, of all suspicion as well as action of murder (of Darnley); not so much as one probable circumstance being adduced against him,” (p. 17,) will not add another sin to his conscience by accusing Knox of murder. The author of the *Memoirs of Lord Herries*, the defender of

Mary, is also mute; so is Spottiswoode, and so is Keith.

Thus, therefore, with all this body of overpowering and invincible negative evidence, we have four distinct lists of the murderers or their accessories, in none of which does the name of Knox appear,—set in opposition to a miserable rag of paper, unsubscribed, unauthenticated, referred to in no letter, author unknown, date in *nubibus*, in short, without one single element of that evidence on which human opinion rests, and without one single recommendation to induce us to treat it with respect, or to give it credibility. If Mr. Tytler is not ashamed of his allies, we are. It is our respect for him that has made us march through Coventry with the “authentic list” and its subordinate arguments. “No eye hath seen such scarecrows; nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on. There’s but a shirt and a half in all the company, and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald’s coat without sleeves.”

Finally, Mr. Tytler, according to his usual process of assumptive argument, having established that Knox was privy to the murder, slides into the astonishing assertion, that “the *Reformed party* in Scotland did not hesitate to adopt” the scheme “to break off the Parliament by the murder of Rizzio.”—(Vol. vii., p. 21.) This is multiplication at a rapid rate. The “Protestant Barons” are first accused; in a few pages farther an addition is made in the persons of “the chief ministers;” and in ten lines afterwards, the change is made into “the Reformed party,” (vol. vii., p. 21.) We are obliged to appeal to Mr. Tytler’s own sense of the ludicrous, in regard to the injustice of such reckless writing; and we call upon him to inform us by what privilege he thus considers himself entitled to deal about his violent charges against the illustrious ancestry who have ennobled his country by their virtues?

We have now endeavored to discharge a duty as disagreeable to us as it can be to Mr. Tytler. We have endeavored to rescue from undeserved reproach, the memory of a great man; and before quitting the subject, we wish to have a few parting words with the historian. We believe that he is not ambitious of the wholesome discipline of derision, or the severer trial of unceremonious and indignant contradiction. If we appreciate him correctly, we believe

him conscious of the value of a strict adherence to facts, and that he knows that the restraints of the ninth commandment strike against the historian of the past equally as against the journalist of the present. He will pardon, therefore, his reviewers, if, when they find no factitious recommendation of philosophy or eloquence, or peculiar neatness of expression in his pages, they are apt to speak with more impatience, and with less periphrasis of the prejudices of mediocrity. Great command of temper is necessary in dealing with a deliberate twisting of authorities, a glozing over unquestioned facts, an omission of what was necessary to the defence, while professing to give it all; insinuation where assertion could not be hazarded, and the integrity of fair argument despised under the guise of a reluctant accusation, and unbounded candor assumed, but never shown. The historian possesses, too, a large amount of obstinacy. He never drops a theory he has promulgated. His account of Wallace, and his speculations as to Richard the Second, have long been gathered to the granary of superficial nothings—and in spite of the ridicule of a hundred pens, they are printed in every edition as at first. In answer to Mr. M'Crie's letter in regard to Knox, Mr. Tytler states his dogged determination to persevere in the charge he has advanced; and we have therefore the less hesitation in dealing with an opponent so confident in his resources. He must, however, remember, that the fame of the Reformers is something that comes home to the bosom of Scottish affections. It is not a mere matter of metaphysical discussion, or of deep erudition; it is something more directly personal, and verging on the confines of national dishonor. Like the fabled garden of the Hesperides, the memory of the Reformers is to be kept sacred; and when a reckless hoof enters to lay waste the borders and the bowers, it is a sacred duty to hunt the intruder into incapacity for mischief. While Mr. Tytler insists in printing charges of murder, patiently refuted, he has no complaint to urge if his history be treated as the unwieldy pamphlet of a partisan; and while it ought to be only rational anticipation, it cannot form the subject of wailing or disappointment, when he finds that his oblations to his prejudices, though ushered in with a potent emphasis and voice of authority, have roused only the indignation of his

countrymen, and will fail with the rest of mankind as either argument or eloquence.

Mr. Tytler, in truth, could not appreciate the Reformer. The offspring of an obscure race, there was no prestige of noble blood to redeem his errors; there was none of the famous chivalry of the military knight-errants, to make his history romantic. He had no titled name to give dignity to his life; he lived not in a palace, and though a minister, he was not an archbishop or a lord. There was not about him one single characteristic of those, which constitute Mr. Tytler's heroes. He had not enough of genteel respectability; and when the adventures of some titled oppressor are to be had in heaps for the gathering, where is the use of dwelling on the moral preachings and the school-erectations of an uncivilized obscure?

Yet, after all, we beg to ask, when a moment of philosophical impartiality will come, was there not something in the career of Knox, of the same grand originality by which humble birth has only been made a lever to its inheritor for a more exalted rise? We recognize in him the same force of character, the same inflexibility of will, the same patient perseverance, and profound knowledge of human nature, that characterized many of the successful leaders thrown up by the wild surges of revolutions. He knew well how to mould human passions to his will; to arouse the mob, or make them quiescent; to encourage the nobles, or to rebuke them when their courage or their virtue failed. No man can read his speeches, without seeing that each one of them was the skilful composition of a sagacious Antony, moving his hearers according to their dispositions, to revenge not a murdered Cæsar, but a rejected truth, on which their liberties and their religion hung. "His single voice," says Randolph, "could put more life into a host than six hundred blustering trumpets." Audacity in his circumstances was prudence; but he never, in the lowest extremity of his fortune, forgot the distinction between good and evil—never swerved from what was manly and honorable; and, if uncompromising in his hatreds, he never expressed them without a warrant, and never thrust himself between a good man's merit and his reward.

He was a man, too, of learning and liberal accomplishment. He exhausted the knowledge which his own country furnished, and travel in other lands completed an education, which embraced the whole



range of the learning of his age. His educated taste shines out in the vigorous English of his works, hurried through in the distant intervals of a busy life, and flowing with a purity unequalled in the writing of any contemporary Scotchman, with the exception of Secretary Lethington. His frequent references to all that was then known of polite literature—brought in with the easy unpedantic grace of one who knew his subject—rebuks the unmannered slanderers who can find for him no choicer epithet than a “rustic apostle,” incapable of any sympathy with the elegant refinements of polished life. Persons acquainted with his writings, must be surprised at the charge so frequently and so flippantly advanced, that he was a gloomy and bigoted fanatic. Writers like Miss Strickland, who know absolutely nothing of the history of the man whom they malign—and historians like Mr. Tytler, who can see nothing but through the medium of their prejudices—are only working in their vocation when they uphold their caricature for truth. Had they as diligently read, as they have diligently written, about the works of this austere and coarse enthusiast, they would have found his pages filled with passages of the most racy humor, and genuine touches of the most affecting pathos. After the porch is passed—rendered somewhat forbidding by the quaint style of the sixteenth century—we are ushered into a temple of manly thinking, supported by the pillars of a correct morality, and enriched with the decorations of a vigorous fancy and warmth of feeling. In telling us the eventful history of his times, he descends at once from the loftiest to the homeliest key; and while our feelings are hurried away by the touching narrative of Wishart’s sufferings, we are obliged, in the midst of it, to laugh at the untimely humor of the historian. When he has raised our excitement by torturing sarcasm or fierce invective—with the thunders of the stern moralist, or the rebukes of the religious teacher—he can at once melt our hearts by a melancholy theme, or chase away our sorrows by a stream of contemptuous jocularly or unsparing ridicule.

We would not defend any man from his cradle to his grave. The brightest sun that ever shone is marked with spots; and the career of the Scottish Reformer presents, in many things, the taint of our fallible mortality. But in the most rigid of our speculations on the bankruptcy of human nature, we certainly cannot cite him

to illustrate its worst or its weakest side. Much has been said and written as to the unusual acerbity of his style. The refined sentimentalists of modern days, in describing it, have equalled the most violent of his declamatory passages. All of them appear to be “absolute gentlemen, of very soft society, full of most excellent differences and great shewing; indeed, to speak feelingly of them, they are the card or calendar of gentry.” They appear to forget that the milky blandness of disposition they sketch out, is naturally incompatible with that energy of character ever found in the leaders of revolutions. Luther illustrates the remark; and the generous German, when he was most scurrilous to Tetzels, had yet a kindly feeling to the party on the rack. Against him the same charge has been often adduced, and certainly with more justice than against Knox. It may not be held a complete justification of the latter, that for every harsh epithet he threw he received a ruder in return; and his invectives for undoubted crimes, were met by accusations of crimes he never did. Archibald Hamilton accuses him as guilty of adultery and incest. Another writer mentions, that his maid-servant fainted when, on looking through a hole in the door, “she saw his master, Satan, in a black man’s likeness, with him.” James Laing also was ready to establish, “*quod patris sui uxorem violarat.*” This same writer also incontrovertibly proves, that Luther was carnally and spiritually begotten of the devil; and Hamilton also mentions the price of penance, as that at which the heretics sold their souls to the enemy of mankind.

But the charge of using railing language, though the common blot of the controversial literature of his age, has been greatly exaggerated as regards Knox. “God is my witness,” said he upon his death-bed,—“God is my witness, whom I have served in the spirit in the Gospel of his Son, that I have taught nothing but the true and solid doctrine of the gospel of the Son of God, and have had it for my only object to instruct the ignorant, to confirm the faithful, to comfort the weak, the fearful, and the distressed, by the promises of grace, and to fight against the proud and rebellious by the divine threatenings. I know that many have frequently complained, and do still loudly complain, of my too great severity; but God knows that in my heart I never hated the persons of those against whom I thundered God’s judgment.” In no case

was he too severe with an individual; and the war that he made upon the persecuting hierarchy he overthrew, and the titled spoliators who employed religion to cover their rapacity, it was impossible could be too energetic or determined. In the whole of his writings may be perceived the philanthropist as well as the reformer, who is surrounded with ignorance, superstition, and crime, regretting the follies he seeks to check, and sarcastic only when he contrasts the degradation around him with the aspirations on which his mind loved to dwell. In Mary's days of comparative innocence, he might perhaps have made greater allowances for bad education, pernicious example, and for that vulgar weakness of the great which preferred French fiddlers and buffoons to the calls of an expansive philanthropy, or the interests of an empire. But if he erred on the side of principle, it was because on such matters there could be no question of compromise, of hesitation, or delay. His, in truth, was a severe masculine morality, grafted on a vigorous stock. It was not nourished or dandled in the school of expediency, nor did it veer round to the irregular impulses of personal feeling, or the varying gusts of popular applause. He stood against the people and the court, alike indifferent to the rude shock of democratic violence, or the fiercest outburst of royal indignation; and the same uncompromising patriot who could, at the foot of the throne, explain the doctrine of just resistance to oppression, could rebuke with equal energy the "rascal multitude" who pushed the principle to unbounded license.

The claim of Knox to our gratitude, or his title to infamy, must, however, be determined on far other grounds than the harshness or melody of his style. He was certainly one of the most conspicuous men of the sixteenth century. Born at a period of wealth-and-rank idolatry, the son of parents so obscure that industry cannot trace them, he raised himself by the native vigor of a determined will, to a position which enabled him to influence the destinies of his country. Birth, station, profession, temper—all were against him; but in spite of every obstacle, he maintained to the last the nearly unbounded influence he had acquired, and was followed to the grave by mourning thousands, who saw in him the rare picture of the whole masculine virtues of constancy, fidelity, fortitude, and magnanimity.

Peace to his ashes!—Honor to his memory! When we think of Scotland at his birth, and as he left it, we are lost in wonder at the change. The people he found in the infancy of their civilization—rude, barbarous, and untutored—rotting under the bad husbandry of misrule—gross and ferocious—often changing their masters, but never their condition—and, like the Romans in their last decline, as they had outlived the reverence for their religion, they freed themselves from professing any. The resources of the country were wasted in ruinous wars; religion was a plaything of fantastic show or public mummery, embodied in an institution having bulk without solidity—with gilded pinnacles at top, and foundations worn away. Its feverish animation when the struggle came, created awe, from the hereditary associations it possessed, and the prescriptive reverence it so long enjoyed. But its last activity was only to render its fall the more decided; and it sunk without one among the people to sing its requiem. Neither its ministers, nor any of the population it kept in ignorance, knew anything of the learning which civilizes and refines the world—the arts that instruct, or the manufactures that enrich it. There was, in truth, no one single institution, principle, or system, that had any foundation in the affections of the people, or which, being in unison with their habits, might have been permitted through custom. Unity of feeling only existed in the people to find relief to misery by revenge; and Knox appeared upon the stage when the utter corruption of all morals, and the destruction of all social virtues threatening the total dissolution of social life, announced the approach of a time, in which a tottering society would right itself, by one of those convulsive changes in which history makes ridicule of fiction, by assorting new and strange destinies to mankind.

In the quiet solitude of Geneva, Knox descried the coming change, and with his usual decision he hurried to the scene. He was just the man peculiarly suited to the times. His actions bore the stamp of a far-reaching sagacity. A leader was necessary to give coherence to popular feeling, and to prevent it being frittered away in painful, disjointed, and fruitless effort,—to inspire a young nation with courage, and to mould them by fostering watchfulness into a reflecting people. Let us do justice—bare justice—to the men who effected the Reformation. After that event, we

read less of the commission, and more of the punishment of adulteries, and the many crimes that occupy the attention of magistrates and the hundred mouths of scandal. We find a people from whom complaint was universal,—who had lost their independence and even buoyancy of spirit,—the manners, the character, the habits of a free people, elevated at once to a position, from which they could look proudly around on the depression of continental serfs. The orgies of superstition were followed by the celebration of the mysteries of that religion, which they left to a late posterity. They established schools, and purified our colleges; and learning, which had hid itself in long retirement, came forth from its inglorious retreat. Out of the grave of fallen superstition and ruined barbarous philosophy, emerged a gentle spirit, which amalgamated a society convulsed, and created institutions harmonious in their parts, simple in their pretensions, and pure in their character, which still exist, as living testimony to the just and philosophical foundation on which they rest.

The placid stream which now flows in a gentle current, bearing on its breast the fruits of an enlightened freedom, had once been scattered in fruitless waste in a thousand rills. To direct their powers to a right convergence, was the duty to which the Reformers in resigning themselves, acquired their honorable immortality. It may be true, that in the herald's college they have no blazonry of arms, and their labors cannot therefore extract from sentiment a word of commendation, or their sufferings cause one tear to flow. But they had a pedigree to render them illustrious, and descendants to keep their spirit in existence. They could point for ancestors to the picture gallery of the wise of past generations, who had preceded them in rescuing mankind from the degrading thralldom, by which priests and kings, or the prejudices of a people, have kept in bondage human thought; and for descendants, they will find myriads ready to defend their memory when maligned. The degradations they suffered, were neither caused by forfeiture of public confidence or public affection; they were neither courted by folly nor merited by crime; they arose from that iniquity of fortune, which, in the mixed lot of human life, will attend the best of actions, and which, endured with patience or met with fortitude, become the visible rhetoric of their virtues.

It was through them that the happy change came over the moral and mental character of society. Through their instrumentality the universal law of decay, which makes establishments, like life, decline, and whose corrosive influence was gnawing away the vitals of the commonwealth, yielded to the medicinal influence of a better system, which has given us so much healthy feeling, many centuries of ever increasing prosperity, the civilizing influence of literary and commercial greatness, and enabled us to outstrip the nations of the world in all the essentials which constitute a country's happiness. And yet the change was accomplished within the compass of a single life, by a people arriving at maturity, without the dull season of probation, or the inconveniences of adolescence.

Mr. Tytler, in drawing the character of Knox, has no sympathy with moral greatness. He feels not the high supremacy of the virtue of adherence to truth, amid the sneers of friends, the depression of exile, or the terrors of persecution. His heart is cold to the heroism of principle. He cannot appreciate the scene, when the humble minister confronted the Privy Council, deriving additional lustre from his intended degradation, and showing us how a great man may be ill-treated, but not dishonored. For the ruin of rank, and beauty, and ancient name, he excites our sympathies, and invokes the full volume of our passions and our sorrows. He changes the accuser into the accused, and inverts the morality of actions to obtain a judgment consistent with his prejudices. "On many occasions," he tells us, "Knox acted upon the principle (so manifestly-erroneous and unchristian) that the end justified the means."—(Vol. vii., p. 331.) In vain have we read the History for occasions when he is said to have exemplified the principle, except the death of Rizzio; and in vain will Mr. Tytler urge that charge again upon a startled public. He will deal with it, as he did with his attack on the memory of the martyr Wishart, whom, in an early work, he accused as accessory to the death of Beaton—a charge which in his history he has abandoned, or frittered away in insinuation, which carries with it its antidote; and there we leave it. But he farther tells us, that Knox was "fierce, unrelenting, and unscrupulous."—(Vol. vii., p. 331.) Fierce and unrelenting he ever was—but nothing more than a good man



ever must—against any thing that had the appearance of the conventional moralities of Mr. Tytler's heroes, or the crimes of which his heroine was accused. But that he displayed such feelings, as is intended to be conveyed, against what was right, is a charge which not one among the thousand calumniators, who have exhausted their time in invective and investigation, can place upon other authority than their own assertion. In the like spirit we meet the charge of being unscrupulous, which, resting as it does in the vagueness of generality, may be safely left with a general contradiction.

Nine-tenths of the Scottish people will read such things with indignation, and—were it not for the high respectability of the author—with feelings of contempt. They will find some palliation for them in his hereditary prejudices. They will consider it natural enough, that one who has worked eighteen years amid the mouldering records of other days—without being able, after all, to see the importance of that Reformation, which renders its history interesting, not only to Scotland, but to mankind—has no sympathies with the recollections of departed worth, which shone out in a high and single-minded philanthropy to the last. They will look upon the author's performance, as they would upon any other of a school, which speaks any language of religion and morals consistent with the innocence of Mary and the infamy of her accusers; and when the interest attached to a new publication, by subsiding, shall have allowed this history to sink to its place of rest, the author will find, to his regret, that his fierce invectives have ruined nothing but the fame he is so anxious to acquire.

Far be it from us to act as the indiscriminate eulogists of Knox. Let his faults be censured with unsparing rigor, but let not his generous sacrifices and his manly courage be forgotten. In condemning justly the severity of his language, let it be remembered that it was a common failing, into which even Erasmus fell; and in an impartial estimate of his character, do not omit the loveable nature of the man—his humor—his vigorous human-heartedness—the absence of all cant, or affectation, or maudlin extravagance—the utter want of all selfishness, which made him decline a bishopric from the best of princes—and his Christian humility, though the correspondent and friend of monarchs and their minis-

ters. Do not sink into oblivion the fact, that flattery could not diminish his perseverance; that threats increased his ardor; that hatred, obloquy, and scorn—from power, that had the instruments to avenge—from friends, whose attachment was the first object of his affections—and from "his very familiars," whom his generosity had enriched—were the result of the sacrifice to duty; how he knew the cost, and, to the eternal honor of his memory, paid it to the full.

An impartial writer would narrate how, in the grand carnival of the age, strange masquerades were seen. It was through the Reformer's influence that feudal enmities disappeared—ancient party shibboleths were forgotten—ancient enemies resigned their hatred. The people heard—became convinced—and, by their actions, told the sincerity of their convictions. All former contests were cast aside; all the past wrongs of clanship, transmitted from age to age as a family inheritance—all the license of a demoralized society—were swept away in the new current of enthusiasm, which left the deserted churches of popery, the funeral mementos of departed superstition.

We have now exhausted all our space for any particular examination of Mr. Tytler's history. We could have wished, had we been able, to follow him during the reign of James, when the tide of religious fervor had subsided, and the whole power of Government was employed to raise a bulwark against its flow a second time. This, however, we must leave to the judgment of Mr. Tytler's readers, and shall, at present, close our strictures with a few observations on the general characteristics of the later volumes of this History.

In reading the account of the Reformation, its causes and its results, one's feelings of indignation at the perverted narrative yield to an artistic feeling of anger, at the mode in which the author has spoilt so fine a subject. We would have submitted to abuse had it been boldly done; and the history of the Reformation would not have appeared so utterly distasteful if we could find a thorough appreciation of its importance, whether for good or evil. But the historian seems entirely to have overlooked it. He gives us a few biographies, and forgets the history of a people; and the parties honored are, of course, the illustrious who had handles to their names.

It is absolutely amazing, with Robertson's introduction to the history of Charles V. before him, how he missed the finest subject for historical dissertation yet left to modern industry. What a noble chapter it would have made, if, instead of all this rubbish of quotation from the letters of Lord Mighty and the Duke of Craft, and the Queen of Policy, he had patiently set himself down to inform us of the state of social existence, and religious feeling and learning, in the eventful years which preceded and followed the Revolution. How interesting it would have been had he followed the example of Robertson with regard to the state of Germany in the days of Luther; had he taken each class of the community and told their story—the private lives of the clergy, for example—their virtues or their venality, their ignorance, their profligacy of manners, their persecuting spirit. How admirably he could have displayed his learning, and amused his readers, by entering their libraries and giving us a peep of the foolish literature lying there; or by introducing us to the conversation of these gross and lazy priests, who slumbered and woke to eat and drink and slumber again. His readers would have laughed with him at their mutual accusations and recriminations; and following them into their private chambers, he could have told us many a moral lesson from their secret doings. People are never so wicked as during a general mortality, or the ravages of the plague; and sailors get drunk as the vessel sinks. Hence the numerous incidents such as that which marked the close of the Popish Bishopric of Aberdeen, in which the holy bishop accused the Chapter of lukewarmness towards heresy, and they retorted by calling upon him to cause his churchmen "reform their shameful lives, and remove their open concubines;" and more especially that he, the Apostolic Father himself, "would have the goodness to show an example by abstaining from the company of the gentlewoman with whom he was greatly slandered."—(Keith, *pref.*, p. 11.) Nay, it might not be uninteresting to add a sketch of that most consummate of Popish abominations, auricular confession: and the clamorous canon of a provincial council might be quoted, wherein the confessors were directed to hear the penitent patiently, and not to look too often in the face, particularly if a woman.\* He could have

\* "In audiendo confessionem, sacerdos habet

added, at the same time, a short account of the mode of generation of new saints, and the concoction of holy relics; and a graphic narrative might be given of the mode in which the humble votaries at the many shrines gazed with wonder at the priestly jugglers, deposited their offering before the image, received a nod from it, and in pious ecstasy retired. Of all this, however, there occurs not a single word; and one, after the perusal of its history, will rise with the most dreamy impression of the gorgeous establishment of the old Papal religion, and with no impression at all of the jolly fathers who gave it a "local habitation and a name."

Mr. Tytler is a lawyer, and upon his professional theme it becomes us to be silent. At the same time, the general unprofessional reader cannot help regretting, that many of the interesting events connected with the history of our legal institutions have been sunk into oblivion. We might, with advantage, have received some information in regard to those dens of iniquity, termed Ecclesiastical Courts, in which the clergy administered "justice," and gathered their tithes, and taught the learned out of an immense book of laws. The subject could have been made amusing, by a few of the *causes célèbres* they decided; and the historian would have found, that the history of private morality and oppression, as there exhibited, would have reflected a far brighter light on the condition of the country, than the most horrific murder story he has told us.

By an easy and natural diversion, he could then have introduced us to the Civil Courts, and given us some idea of their constitution and their privileges, rendered interesting by a few anecdotes as to their corruption and venality, so highly prized by the old barons who hated Cromwell's Commissioners, because "they had no natural feeling, and decided all the same, though one of the parties were of their kith and kin." The nature of the government of Scotland might also have received a passing notice. Some information could have been afforded as to whether there were Officers of the Crown—a Chancellor, a Secretary of State for the Home Department, and one for Foreign Affairs, one for

vultum humilem, et oculos ad terras demissos; nec sæpius indiscrete faciem respiciat confitentis, et maxime mulieris."—*Can. 76 of the Canons published by Hailes.*

the Borders, and another for the Highland reivers.

Was there not, too, a common people in that perished age, and had they not a history, like the lords and ladies, of whose doings these nine diffusive volumes are the industrious record? They appear, in the historian's estimation, to have been born of oblivion, and destined to oblivion; and their names make no figure in history. Still, it would have been interesting to know, if the blood warmed their hearts, and if they spoke and felt as did the great. In what manner did Donald MacIain Mhor, in the far north, amid the mists of his native hills, wear away the dull monotony of life? Was he clothed in sheep-skins, and did he live by sheep-stealing? Were there wise men, and magicians with the second sight, hard by the Tummell or the Spey, and was that the native land of whiskey then? Farming, too, was in use surely, in these old days; but we cannot extract from Mr. Tytler, whether our worthy fathers, in the patriarchal style, employed bullocks for the plough, and trod out the corn by the feet of oxen. O! that he had kept in mind the saying of the worthy gentleman, commemorated in the Voyage to Brobdignag, when unravelling his everlasting court intrigues,—"He gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

Or, if we come to the Lowland towns, where dwelt the substantial burghers, plying the busy industry of their respective crafts, why will the historian not tell us something of their quiet happy existence? They courted, surely, and they married; and sometimes they committed crimes, and as often exhibited generous and noble virtues, as the proudest high-born Hidalgo of them all. Were shirts, and shoes, and stockings, among the luxuries, or the comforts merely, of burghal existence? What an interesting story has Guizot, in his history of European Civilization, contrived to rear out of the prosaic existence of the denizens of the cities, who stand amid the gloom of the middle ages, as something superior to the brutality and ignorance of the times; and how admirably does he follow them to their workshops, and to the bosom of their domestic affections, contrasting their happy comforts with the squalid greatness of the

roistering baron, whose castle overtopped their city or their hamlet.

The subject is, however, too mean for the Scottish historian, who is above telling us any thing of the manners, habits, pleasures, trades, feelings, opinions of this busy, persevering, and intelligent people; nor will he give any information as to their literature. Here, too, a fine chapter has been thrown to the winds. Oppression, weariness, and disgust with the utter abominations of the Romish faith; convictions as to its falsehood, and hatred to its shameless ministers, were the principal causes of its downfall. But the influence of poetry was brought in to excite the fancy; and the ridicule and sarcasm of Lindsay, and "the gude and godlie ballads," and other productions of the same school, rendered ridiculous what had already been declared sinful. It is said that the songs of Béranger overthrew the elder Bourbons; it is unquestionable that the keen wit of the poetasters, who satirized the priests, effected the strongest impression on the popular mind of Scotland. Yet all that is said upon this subject is contained in three lines—more perhaps than might have been expected; and then the author proceeds to the staple subject of his treatise—the description of a border excursion—some gross oppression, or exquisitely exciting murder. We can scarcely ascertain from this history of his country, who was Sir David Lindsay, one of the most illustrious men of letters of ancient Scotland; and the man whose works have delighted many a reader, now shines with an obscure lustre, at the side of some feudal ruffian who had exhibited the superlatives of inhumanity. Gavin Douglas, the Bishop of Dunkeld, the translator of Virgil and part of Ovid—a gentleman—a scholar in the highest sense—a poet who has left descriptive poetry equal to that of any language, is introduced to our notice, not as having immortalized himself by works of genius, but because he had adjusted a squabble between two of the mighty lords. It is, moreover, scarcely conceivable that Mr. Tytler should have spent so many weary pages, in quoting the twaddling scandal of the self-conceited, busy, prying, impertinent English resident, Thomas Randolph, and left unnoticed the labors of William Dunbar, the greatest of the original poets of old Scotland, who, according to Warton, "adorned the present period with a degree of sentiment and spirit, a command of phraseology, and a



fertility of imagination, not to be found in any English poet since Chaucer and Lydgate."

We need not name others. They have all been contemptuously left in the obscurity of their antiquated phraseology, and their country's historian will not condescend to tell us any thing of their language and ours. There never was a history which has acquired such a name as this, so defective upon nine-tenths of the subjects necessary for its construction. Materials, too, lie at hand in inconvenient abundance, for enabling the historian to unroll the history of that world of old, the habits and customs of our fathers, their literature and their religion, their language and their origin, the humble destinies of perished generations, whose hum of busy labor we would hear again, mingling with the chant of the monkish *misereere*. By judicious compression all this might be contained within such a compass as not to extend the work a single page, provided a number of inhuman atrocities were left out, and only a few retained as examples of the rest; and also under the condition, that two or three hundred of the five hundred pages of dull quotations from State Paper Office correspondence were consigned to the obscurity from whence it has been dragged.

Mr. Tytler expresses his gratitude to Lord Melbourne for allowing him "a full examination of the Scottish correspondence in the State Paper Office," and which he tells us was an event "the most pleasurable in my literary life."—(Vol. v., p. 377.) We cannot express the same gratification. There can be no doubt, that several Court intrigues have been thereby divested of their mystery; but, in opposition to that, we have to set a deluge of matter, on uncontroverted points, told with amazing periphrasis of phrase, to the utter exclusion of half our history. To adopt the simile of Burke, the historian seized a handful of grasshoppers, which he presents as the riches of the land, while altogether unmindful of the noble oxen quietly browsing around him. Like any other collection of old correspondence, this book will, however, be useful, and it is needless now to continue our wailings as to its omissions. But if, instead of denominating the four last volumes a history, they were described as the biography of Mary Stuart, of Regent Murray, and of Morton, interspersed with sketches of other grandees, and solemn denunciations of the coarse vulgarity

and intolerance of Presbyterian ministers, a better idea would be entertained of its character and its object.

This is our History! We grudge not the author the pension it has gained him; he will, perhaps, never receive either from his pension or his profits, remuneration for his labor of eighteen years. It is, therefore, all the more galling to his friends, that we cannot recompense him by our admiration and our gratitude, and are driven to the painful conviction, that the History of Scotland remains to be composed.

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#### ANIMAL MAGNETISM AND GHOST-SEEING.

*The Seeress of Prevorst, being Revelations concerning the Inner-life of Man, and the Inter-diffusion of a World of Spirits in the one we inhabit.* Communicated by JUSTINUS KERNER, Chief Physician at Weinsberg. From the German, by Mrs. CROWE, Author of 'Susan Hopley,' 'Men and Women,' 'Aristodemus, a Tragedy,' &c. London. 12mo. pp. 338. 1845.

It is now many years since, enlightened and reduced to a state of rational and philosophical incredulity by the sober science of Dr. Ferrier and Dr. Hibbert, we bade a sorrowful farewell to all our faith in ghosts, that 'last lingering fiction of the brain.' We felt ourselves reluctantly compelled, one after another, to relinquish each strange tale, to open our eyes to the cold and dismal realities of observation and induction, and to consign all the spectres of our earliest faith to the dreamy regions of romance and fiction. Nay, we may as well confess, that with the exception of a few rare occasions, on which we happened to find ourselves alone, at unseasonable hours, in churchyards, or houses that were really known to be haunted, we had almost forgotten that there were such beings as ghosts. We had been looking at objects with microscopes, and dissecting them with scalpels and needles, and analyzing them with acids and alkalis, and spirit lamps, and peeping at them through the far distance with reflecting telescopes, and, in short, as we thought, had been prying into all the holes and corners of this external world with most inquisitive eyes, and the torch of science blazing bright in our hands

all the time; so that we never dreamt that any thing so familiar as a ghost could possibly have escaped our scrutiny; indeed, we had gradually fallen into a state of utter oblivion and hopeless skepticism on the subject. In this sorrowful condition, what was our delight to be called back to the contemplation of a series of veritable ghost stories,—not idle tales of phantasms seen by a disordered mind or a romantic lover, but a record of real ghosts, seen and heard and attested by dry matter-of-fact lawyers and sober men of science, and placed upon a proper footing with accredited facts and theories. To find true scientific ghosts,—physiological ghosts—ghosts that could stand an examination by the theories of the nineteenth century, and take their place alongside of the fifty-five elementary bodies, and form as intelligible and consistent a part of one's philosophy as any theory of light, heat, or electricity, which we know of—this was something amply sufficient to keep us awake until the midnight taper burnt dim and blue, and make us creep hastily under cover of the blankets, even when the gray dawn, that erewhile brought us some courage, had begun to dissipate the shadows of the night; for here we had bold, honest sort of ghosts—ghosts that seemed to defy the cock-crowing, and even to court investigation in the very light of day.

After somnambulizing on the matter for several days, we felt ourselves compelled to submit the entire subject of animal magnetism, clairvoyance, transference of the senses, second sight, pre-vision, and ghosts, to a thorough retrospection. Our habits of investigation, the unsettled state of our own convictions, and a certain lurking love of ghosts, perhaps compelled us to invade this realm of mysticism once more, and, holding up the light of reason above us, to examine, calmly and impartially, whether any thing could be discovered that would stand a dispassionate and deliberate inspection. Popular opinion is generally founded on fact—perhaps always—and, prepared to find many shadows that would shun the light of inquiry, or fade into familiar realities when boldly walked up to and handled, we had a presentiment that, even in the incredible extravagances of these revelations, some germ of truth might be discovered worth all the labor of our research.

These revelations regarding a world of spirits in the world which we inhabit are

some of the fruits which have sprung from animal magnetism, in the fertile and congenial soil of Germany, under the fostering care of one of the high priests of German mysticism. The revelations of Mrs. Hauffe, the Seherin, or ghostseer of Prevorst, have been well known in Germany for the last twelve or fourteen years, and were noticed in several of our periodicals at the time of their first publication. The progress of animal magnetism in this country of late years, and the interest attached to it, in various quarters, have afforded a favorable opportunity for the translation of this curious book; and we are now indebted to the accomplished authoress of 'Susan Hopley' for the reproduction of the work, in a form suited to the English reader. We say indebted, for whatever may be the convictions at which any one may arrive after a calm survey of the record, such details are, in the highest degree, important, for the errors as well as for the truths which they may contain. In as far as they are fallacious, such relations afford invaluable instruction regarding the investigation of truth, and the sources of fallacy to which human evidence is exposed. They must, rightly viewed and rightly used, strengthen our suspicions of all that is specious and false, our caution in the observation of facts, and our faith in what is established on the firm basis of legitimate and careful induction. In as far as they are true, they must be interesting to every inquiring mind; and all such records, attested as they have been, by men of high scientific attainments and undoubted veracity, such as Kerner, Mayer, Professors Eschenmayer and Görres, must contain truths—truths, it may be, having a very different interpretation from that attached to them by the observers and recorders of the facts—truths regarding the pathology of the mind, as illustrated by the subject of observation, or possibly, even by the observers themselves, under the influence of peculiar circumstances.

We believe that no one, however cautious and incredulous in his philosophic temperament, can have devoted any attention to the history of animal magnetism, even as exhibited in this country during the last few years, without a conviction that there are some facts connected with it which demand investigation, and deserve to be rescued from the mass of absurdities and fancies with which they are mixed up, and to be assigned their proper places in our physiological and psychological systems,

alongside of accredited and analogous phenomena. It is with the view of pointing out the direction in which such an investigation would probably tend, that we have chosen the work before us, curious and interesting enough in itself, for the purpose of bringing under our survey some of the more interesting phenomena connected with animal magnetism.

We may premise, that the author of the work, Dr. Kerner, in whose house, and under whose scrutiny most of the facts occurred, is well known in Germany as a physician, as a lyric poet of considerable eminence, a man of patient and methodical habits of study, and of great amiability and evangelical piety. His sincerity and good faith in the affair have never been impugned, even by the most determined skeptics by whom these revelations were assailed. Indeed, no one can read the work without a conviction that it is pervaded by a spirit of sincere piety and earnest truthfulness.

Frederica Hauffe was born in 1801, in the little village of Prevorst, near Löwenstein, in Wirtemberg. She was born in a mountainous region, where the use of the divining rod for the discovery of springs was a common possession, and at an early age, the hazel wand in her hand pointed out metals and waters. She gave early evidence, too, of her clear-sightedness, by premonitory and prophetic visions. 'Thus, on one occasion when her father lost some object of value, and threw the blame on her, who was innocent, her feelings being thereby aroused, in the night the place where the things were appeared to her in a dream.' As she grew up, she was sent to Löwenstein, to the care of a pious grandfather and grandmother, in order that she might receive the advantage of an education suited to her years. Her grandfather had made his fortune by following the advice of a spectre, who warned him to return to the lady whose affairs he had successfully managed after the death of her husband. He returned, and soon afterwards married her daughter. While in Löwenstein, she soon displayed the sensitiveness of her nervous system, by showing great uneasiness on passing churchyards, or on entering churches where there were graves. She never could go into an old kitchen in the castle without being much disturbed, and on one occasion, at midnight, she saw a tall, dark apparition, in a passage in her grandfather's house.

She was here confined to her chamber,

for a considerable time, by a remarkable sensibility in the nerves of the eye, (without any inflammation,) which continued for a year, and which, Dr. Kerner suggests, was, probably, 'the preparation for seeing things invisible to ordinary eyes—a development of the spiritual eye within the fleshly.'

She was now subjected to a year of anxiety, sorrow, and night-watchings, by the tedious illness of her parents.

In her nineteenth year, she entered into an engagement with Mr. H., in compliance with the wishes of her friends, and immediately afterwards, from some cause which never could be discovered, she sank into a state of great depression, during which she concealed herself in her parents' house, wept all day long, and did not sleep for five weeks.

At this time her minister died, and on the day of her marriage she attended his funeral; at the grave she became light and cheerful, her tears ceased, and 'a wonderful inner-life was awakened in her.' For seven months, she discharged her duties as a wife, and continued to conform to the customs and ways of ordinary existence, although she would retire to solitude whenever she could. But after this, 'she found it impossible to conceal her internal life, and substitute for it the semblance of an external one, which, in reality, did not exist; her body sank beneath the efforts, and her spirit escaped into its inner sphere.'—p. 39.

On the night of the 13th of February, 1822, she had a very frightful dream, calculated to make a deep and permanent impression on a mind constituted as hers was by nature, with a strong affection for the marvellous, which had been developed and strengthened by the influence of early education and nervous disease. On the following morning she was attacked with a violent fever, which, after fourteen days, left her in a state of extreme debility, and subject to violent spasms. From this period her historian dates her magnetic life, which continued for seven years, two of which were spent under his own immediate observation.

For the relief of the spasms from which she suffered after her fever, she was more than once bled—a mode of treatment which, we believe, most physicians would concur in saying was eminently calculated to increase the symptoms of nervous debility under which she labored. Magnetic passes, and, afterwards, homœopathic treatment,



which we imagine means no treatment at all, or rather, the suspension of active and hurtful treatment, were then tried, and for some time gave her relief. But another and unavoidable cause now came into operation, under which her morbid condition became developed to a degree almost hopeless—she gave birth to a child, and her confinement was followed by a long and severe illness, accompanied by great mental depression. Her sensibility now became so acute, that she heard what happened at a distance. She could not endure the light; so much so, that, on being removed to Oberstenfeld in a close carriage, and arriving three hours before night-fall, she was obliged to remain in the carriage until dark before she could enter the house.

She now spent much of her time in a half-waking state, walking out in that condition even in the snow and rain. In this state, she declared that magnetism could alone save her, and she was in consequence subjected to a regular course of magnetic treatment, under which her gift of ghost-seeing gradually and steadily became developed, and she gave further evidence of her inner-life, by prophetic dreams, divinations, and visions in glass, mirrors, and soap-bubbles, of distant events and absent persons. Objects in her immediate vicinity were seen to be conveyed through the air, and removed by some invisible agency; and the opening of doors, knockings on walls, and ringing of glasses, gave the usual vulgar testimony to the reality of her visions. These phenomena, we are told, were seen and heard by many trustworthy persons. At this time, she was visited by the ghostly form of a knight, and appears to have formed such a theory of apparitions for herself, as consorted with her religion, and knowledge of natural laws. This knight first appeared to her in the evenings when she was in bed, and his appearance was heralded by loud noises and the moving about of a candlestick—phenomena which were attested by her brother, sister, and maid. The knight afterwards visited her at all hours, both when she was somnambulant and when she was awake. When she had recovered from the first terrors of the vision, she gradually came to converse with the spectre, and learnt from him (the old story) that he had murdered his brother, and that there was something in a certain vault, the discovery of which would ease his remorse. She persuaded him that this would afford him no comfort, gave him religious instruc-

tion, and prayed with him repeatedly. Under the influence of her instructions, his cloudy form gradually became brighter; he thanked her for leading him to the Redeemer, and, after finally appearing with his children, singing a song of joy, he visited her no more.

At this time Mrs. Hauffe was also visited by a short figure, with a dark cowl, and an old-looking, wrinkled face, who also confessed himself to have been a murderer, and who appeared to her daily in a deserted kitchen, where she retired to pray. He continued his visits for a year, for the purpose of getting religious instruction, his appearance being always preceded by loud noises, which were heard by every one in the house, and were audible to the passengers in the streets. This spectre was even seen by some members of Mrs. Hauffe's family, and by a skeptical forester, who insisted on watching for it. The form excused the noises he made, by saying it was a source of consolation to him to make men think of him. Under the influence of religious instruction, this spectre gradually became brighter, made less noise, and, after insisting on being present at the baptism of her child, and having a particular hymn sung, he finally disappeared.

A tall, female form, holding a new-born child in her arms, occasionally accompanied the old man during his later visits. This spectre had been long familiar to the family at Oberstenfeld, and often seen by them. She, some years afterwards, commenced a regular attendance upon the Seherin, while she was under Dr. Kerner's roof, at Weinsberg. Her visits were preceded by a sweet, metallic sound, like that of a triangle, which was distinctly heard by Dr. Kerner and others, although they were not able to see the vision; but they also saw the door of the room open and close by an invisible agency, at the moment when the spectre entered. This female assured Mrs. Hauffe that she would be happy if she knew how to approach her Redeemer, and begged for the Seherin's prayers and advice. Mrs. Hauffe urged her to pray for herself, and ultimately, after many visits, the spirit came to her, clothed in a white robe, and said, 'The time is come for me to know that Jesus Christ was really the Son of God.' Mrs. Hauffe then prayed earnestly with her, after which she appeared to her no more.

In proof that the spectres seen by Mrs. Hauffe were not subjective but objective,

Dr. Kerner relates, that, two years after her death, the magistrate Pfäffen, a healthy, well-educated man, who was no believer in ghosts, and who had not even heard of the Seherin's visions, purchased one of the cathedral houses at Oberstenfeld, and with it the haunted cellar. On one occasion he heard knockings in his cellar while in it, and, on searching, could discover no cause. On another, he beheld with astonishment, coming towards him, a female form, with a white antique dress, spotted with blood, and a veil on her face, carrying a child in her arms. She appeared to vanish through the wall, and, on searching every part of the vault with his assistant, he could discover nothing. He saw this apparition a second time, clothed in black, and wearing a black veil.

These were among the earliest of the Seherin's ghost-seeing experiences, and are therefore, we presume, less likely to be modified by the influence of those theories she herself might afterwards form regarding them, when she became the object of curious interest and speculation to such men as Kerner and Eschenmayer.

The sufferings of the Seherin now continued to increase. In addition to her spasms and somnambulism, she became affected with night-sweats, diarrhœa, and extreme debility. Recourse was had to empirical treatment, but becoming increasingly weak, her friends, contrary to Dr. Kerner's own wishes, took her to his house at Weinsberg, where she arrived the picture of death, wasted to a skeleton, and in a state of the utmost exhaustion. Dr. Kerner at first discountenanced her visions and somnambulism, and treated her homœopathically; but, as she got worse and worse, he at length yielded to her own wishes, and employed a friend to treat her with a regular course of magnetic passes. She immediately showed symptoms of amendment; her own sleep-waking directions were now strictly attended to, and by these means she was as much relieved as the nature of her case admitted. The shock she sustained, however, by the death of her father, counteracted this beneficial influence, and for the future, says Dr. Kerner, 'all that remained to her was the life of a sylph.'

In this continued state of somnambulism, the phenomena were developed which form the principal part of Dr. Kerner's work, and which took place in his house, under his own observation.

Various substances affected her different-

ly. Crystal put in her hand awakened her; sand or glass placed on the pit of her stomach produced rigidity and cataleptic fixture of the body. Water in her hand made her weak, drinking it produced giddiness; and, if placed in a bath, her attendants could not by any effort keep her down in it. The hoof of an elephant touching her produced an epileptic paroxysm, diamonds caused dilatation of the pupils, sunlight headache, moonlight melancholy and shivering, and music made her speak in rhythm. On looking into the right eye of a person, she saw, behind her own reflected image, that of the individual's inner-self. On looking into the left eye, she saw the diseased organ of the person pictured forth, and prescribed for it accordingly. Her prescriptions mostly consisted of amulets, or the performance of certain duties; sometimes they were homœopathic, and occasionally they consisted of herbs and familiar remedies. One of her most celebrated cures was that of the Countess of Maldeghem, who labored under a singular form of mental aberration. She directed the Count to magnetize his lady three times a-day, at certain hours, which, with other means, effected a complete cure of the disease.

Experiments were made with the view of determining whether the Seherin could read with the pit of her stomach, the result of which appears to have been merely, that good news, written on a piece of paper, made her laugh, when placed over the stomach, and bad news made her sad.

Several instances are recorded of prophetic dreams which she had, mostly of coffins and dead children, and in most of the instances, but not in all, the persons of whom she dreamt died, at periods varying, however, from one day to six weeks after the dreams. Other dreams were either in some fashion realized, or had an apparent interpretation in the doom which they foreshadowed being threatened.

The Seherin spoke in a shrill voice, either high German, or a strange language which she called her inner tongue. This she said was the natural language of the soul, and that spoken at the time of Jacob. And accordingly her learned admirers afterwards discovered analogies between it and various Semitic dialects, the Coptic, Arabic, and Hebrew. Her word for hand, *e. g.* was *Bjat*, similar to the Hebrew *Jat*. She called God *Elschaddai*—in Hebrew, the Almighty or Self-sufficient.

Mrs. Hauffe described her spirit as capable of leaving her body, and moving through time and space. In this way she occasionally saw her own body while out of it. An elaborate description is given of certain spheres through which she passed in this somnambulistic state, which we altogether omit, as unintelligible to any but those who are able to see with their spiritual inner-eye.

The second part of this work consists of a series of so-called 'facts,' in proof of the existence of spectres. These relations are preceded by remarks on ghost-seeing, and the nature and philosophy of ghosts, by Kerner, Eschenmayer, and the seeress herself. Her description of these spectres reminds us forcibly of that of Nicolai of Berlin, of the illusions to which he was for a time subject. They appeared to her at various times of the day, both when she was alone and in company, and whatever her state of health or feeling. When she saw them she was perfectly calm, and could see and hear other things going on around her. She saw them more clearly by a good light than in the dark. They appeared to her like a grayish thin cloud, which she could not see through. They were hidden from her by persons passing before them. Their appearance was the same as they had when alive. The spirits of wicked persons were darker, they trod more heavily, and more frequently made noises than those of good persons. The former, too, were habited in the attire which they wore when alive; the latter, besides being brighter, had long flowing and shining robes, with a girdle round the waist, and they appeared to glide or float, rather than walk. She conceived that they were visible (but only to the spiritual eye) by means of the nerve-spirit—the remnant of the body—which surrounds the soul with an aerial form after death. This nerve-spirit, the highest organic power, unites the body with the soul during life: and the Seherin could see the projected nerve-form of a limb which had been amputated, still attached to the dismembered body of the individual, and having the form of the limb which had been removed. Ordinary volition, sensation, and perception, according to the Seherin, is effected by the nerve-spirit; but when the sensibility of the ganglionic system of nerves becomes exalted, and the soul creates internal senses for itself out of the nervous plexuses, when the life is more in the epigas-

tric region than in the brain, then the nerve-spirit itself may become objective, and be seen by the spiritual eye.

This is the most intelligible account which we can construct out of the theory and philosophy of spectres here given, in which a constant use of vague and convertible terms converts obscurity into perfect darkness and chaos.

The Seherin describes the spirits of the departed as occupying a mid-region, or *hades*, in which they undergo preparation for a higher state of bliss. Here upright heathens are instructed by angels, in salvation through the Redeemer, and, on the lower stage of it, woful spirits, who have died under a cloud, wander about, seeking instruction, and release from the remorse of unpropitiated sins. Like ghosts of the olden time, they generally imagined that they were to be bettered by a revelation of their crimes to the world; but Mrs. H. uniformly taught them to seek forgiveness by prayer, and faith in the Saviour, and, under her tuition, they gradually grew brighter, and at last soared into a higher state, beyond her sphere of spiritual vision.

These spectres gave evidence of their reality in various ways; first, by the noises which they made—these were repeatedly heard by Kerner and numerous other witnesses, and consisted in knockings, rustlings, rolling of balls, and pattering of feet, and sounds as of throwing of sand or gravel; second, by moving of objects, such as articles of furniture; doors opened and shut as they entered Mrs. H.'s chamber, candles moved out of their places, plates clattered, books were opened, lime thrown about, and a small table flung into a room. Of these, and many similar facts, Dr. Kerner was himself a witness, and vouches that they were not effected by the seeress, nor by any visible agency which could be discovered. Third, by enabling Mrs. H. to tell past events, of which she herself could not have been cognizant; and, fourthly, by enabling her to describe persons she had never seen, and events that were taking place at a distance. These spectres were occasionally seen by Mrs. H.'s brother—by her sister, who slept in the same apartment with her—by a female attendant, who slept in an adjoining apartment, and, on one occasion, Dr. Kerner saw a cloudy-looking column standing by Mrs. H.'s bed-side, and, on another, he felt very oppressed at a time when Mrs. H. had commanded a spectre to go and show himself to her physician.



Omitting the circumstantial evidence afforded by the details of the visions, three of which we have given at some length, these statements comprise nearly all the evidence which was afforded of their truth.

In this recital, nearly all the ordinary, and, certainly, the more extraordinary, phenomena of animal magnetism are presented to our view. These phenomena may be referred to the following classes, nearly corresponding—with the omission of his first, that of *waking*—to the six degrees of magnetism described by Professor Kluge, of Berlin.

First, that stage not distinguishable from ordinary *sleep*; second, a more profound sleep, resembling *coma*, in which the patient is insensible to pain—the *magnetic sleep*; third, the state of *somnambulism*, or sleep-waking, in which the patient is partially awake; fourth, the state of *clairvoyance*, in which the patient is said to see with other organs than those of the senses—to see the interior of his own body and that of others—to perceive distant objects, and to prescribe for internal diseases; fifth, the highest state, or that of *universal lucidity*, in which the clear-sightedness possessed in the fourth stage extends to all objects in time and space, and the patient is able to see into the invisible world, to tell past events, and to foretell future ones. In these states, according to some, the somnambule is under the influence of the will of the magnetizer; and, according to others, that influence excites the different faculties of the mind, producing the phenomena called phreno-mesmeric. Our limits permit us only very briefly to record the result of our inquiries as to the various phenomena referrible to the above conditions, more especially to such as are illustrated by the narrative of the Seherin.

With reference to the more ordinary phenomena of magnetism, we believe that no one who ever tried the experiment, (and it is one within the reach of all,) can doubt that sleep may be produced by various mechanical means, such as *passes*, making the patient fix his eyes immovably upon the eyes or fingers of the magnetizer, or upon some object, &c. That this sleep may become so profound as to be unnatural, resembling *coma*, we think few will discredit, after perusing the evidence which is on record with regard to this point. All the writers on animal magnetism, Passavant, Dupotet, Teste, Elliotson, Townshend, Sigmond, Gauthier, and others, concur in their

testimony as to the insensibility to pain, sounds, light, and various stimulants, evinced by individuals in the mesmeric state; and, however credulous some of them may appear to be with regard to the other phenomena, as men of known respectability and veracity, they can hardly be doubted in regard to one in which they could not be deceived—namely, that their patients suffered themselves to be pinched, pricked with needles, burnt with tapers, exposed to bright and dazzling lights, to the vapor of powerful stimulants, and to the loudest noises, without evincing the least consciousness or sensibility, or the recollection of them on awaking. We have ourselves seen similar cases, and believe the fact. It is further authenticated by the cases in which severe surgical operations have been performed upon sensitive and delicate individuals, without the least indications of suffering, or even consciousness. Such were the cases in which the breast of a female was removed by Cloquet; that in which a leg was amputated by Mr. Ward, of Wellow; and another, in which the same operation was performed upon the thigh of a female by Mr. Foswill, of Leicester. In addition to these cases, numerous instances have occurred, of the drawing of teeth, and the performance of other minor surgical operations, without the consciousness of the patients.

Could our own testimony add to the force of that to which we have referred, and to the evidence which must have been brought within the observation of almost all our readers, we might add, that long before animal magnetism had excited any general interest in this country, or was at all known beyond literary and scientific circles, we had repeatedly put individuals into a deep sleep, by passes and other means, who were totally ignorant of our wishes or intentions. We have often seen ignorant girls sitting on a bench, and waiting for admission into a public charity, as innocent of any knowledge of mesmerism as of Newton's Principia, who evinced the liveliest curiosity, amazement, or terror, on being walked up to, and subjected uncereemoniously, and without the slightest hint of our object, to the customary passes, and yet in spite of their laughter, wonder, or fear, they suddenly lapsed into a state of profound sleep, or apparent insensibility.

Believing that this state of insensibility can be produced by passes, and other means, we are not, however, prepared to admit that

it is caused by any peculiar influence, magnetic or electric, passing from the body of the magnetizer into that of the magnetized. In the absence of all direct evidence of any such agent, we think that the fact of this state being capable of self-production, by fixing the eye spontaneously on any familiar object, as a pencil-case, a stick tied to the forehead, &c., as proved by Mr. Braid, of Manchester, demonstrates that no such agency is required. It is now well known, and generally acknowledged, even by animal magnetizers themselves, that an individual who is 'susceptible,' may magnetize himself by a voluntary effort, by looking fixedly at some object for a few moments. Such instances we have ourselves seen, where the individual was entirely trustworthy. The hypothesis of a magnetic influence is, of course, altogether out of the question in such cases. Among the experiments made by professed adepts in the art, there are, indeed, many in which the patients have been said to have been magnetized through doors and walls, and even at a considerable distance, by an exercise of the will of the magnetizer; but after a careful review of all the facts of this kind we have been able to meet with, we have found none where it was not probable that the patient was aware at the time that the experiment was being tried, and that the usual effects were expected. We know of several, on the other hand, where, when proper precautions were taken to prevent all such sympathetic collusion of the parties, the experiment entirely failed. Such a case is recorded in a very admirable article on this subject, in the '*British and Foreign Medical Review*,'\* and to this many others might be added. The conviction forced upon our minds by all that we have seen and heard, is, that sleep, varying in degree from the lightest slumber to the deepest insensibility, may be produced, not by a mysterious and subtle agent, but by various mechanical means, operating differently upon different individuals, and according to laws not yet fully investigated. The induction of natural sleep by artificial means is familiar in the hundred little contrivances by which it is daily wooed by the sleepless, or gently and unconsciously steals over the wakeful and wearied invalid, under the influence of monotonous movements and sounds. A few curious facts, showing that some of the lower animals may be thrown into a

state of apparent insensibility by swinging them round, are well known, and are, perhaps, to be referred to the same category as the facts of animal magnetism. But the phenomena of certain diseases afford the best illustration of a similar state to that which we have described as the magnetic sleep. The same insensibility to pain, the same unconsciousness of all stimuli, the same rigidity of the limbs, as are seen in this state, have been frequently witnessed in females affected with hysteria, catalepsy, and other nervous disorders. While under the influence of such diseases, patients have been subjected to every variety of active medical treatment, without the least indication of suffering, and have even given birth to children without consciousness or remembrance of the fact.

But perhaps natural somnambulism, or sleep-waking, affords the most perfect analogue to the higher states of mesmerism produced by the magnetizer. This is admitted by them in as far as regards the third stage or degree, which they consider identical with natural sleep-waking; but we think a careful consideration of the more remarkable cases of somnambulism and of the phenomena of dreaming will afford a key to the mysteries of clairvoyance and universal lucidity, as well as phreno-mesmerism, all of which, in as far as they are true, and that is not far, are, we believe, explicable on natural and known laws.

The slighter degrees of somnambulism must have come within the personal observation of every one. Such are the cases where individuals will answer questions in their sleep—or rise from bed and walk about the room, or go from one apartment to another, and perform various little acts, and return to bed without waking, and generally without any remembrance subsequently of having been disturbed. Such cases are most frequently met with among children or young people, and these, it may be remarked, are the most susceptible and the most favorite subjects for the experiments of the public lecturers on mesmerism. Of the more remarkable cases of somnambulism most readers must be familiar with many illustrations. We must content ourselves with referring generally to such works as Dr. Prichard on *Insanity*, Smellie's *Natural Philosophy*, Abercrombie on the *Intellectual Powers*, Scott on *Demonology and Witchcraft*, and Macnish on the *Philosophy of Sleep*, where many singular and interesting examples are given. Did our limits

\* Vol. xix. p. 478.

permit, we would cite at length cases which would afford illustration of the following facts—of persons in their dreams remembering circumstances which they had long forgotten, and entirely failed to recall when awake; of others whose dreams could be suggested by whispers, or who could be made during sleep to act under the influence of suggested and imaginary scenes; of individuals rising and walking abroad, riding on horseback, or climbing inaccessible and dangerous eminences, and performing feats at which they trembled when awake; and, lastly, of some who performed such acts as copying music, composing and writing poetry and sermons, &c., who in some instances appeared to use their eyes, in others to accomplish their end apparently by the aid of memory alone.

Of the first kind of cases, those connected with dreaming, one of the most remarkable is one related by Sir W. Scott, of a gentleman of property who was on the eve of losing a law-suit in consequence of the loss of an important document which he believed his father had at one time procured. After every conceivable place had been searched, and when on the eve of compromising the suit, he dreamt that his father appeared to him and told him where the document in question was to be found, and where, to his great surprise, he obtained it in time to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing. Many similar cases are related by Dr. Abercrombie, of individuals remembering in dreams, while under the influence of anxiety regarding the subject of them, where important papers, referring to long-forgotten events, had been placed. Nay, several facts of this kind would appear to prove that not only may events, which had been long *forgotten*, be remembered in dreams, but that events, which at the time of their occurrence had passed unheeded, and never subsequently been objects of memory at all, may become at a future time the subjects of dreaming. The following fact is of this kind:—

‘During a late investigation in the north of Scotland, respecting an atrocious murder committed on a peddler, a man came forward voluntarily and declared that he had had a dream, in which there was represented to him a house, and a voice directed him to a spot near the house, in which there was buried the *pack*, or box for small articles of merchandize, of the murdered person. On search being made the pack was found, not precisely at the spot which he had mentioned, but very near it. The first impression on the minds of the

public authorities was that he was either the murderer, or an accomplice in the crime. But the individual accused was soon after clearly convicted; before his execution he fully confessed his crime, and, in the strongest manner, exculpated the dreamer from any participation in, or knowledge of, the murder. The only fact that could be discovered, calculated to throw any light on the occurrence, was, that immediately after the murder, the dreamer and the murderer had been together, in a state of almost constant intoxication for several days; and it is supposed that the latter might have allowed statements to escape from him which had been recalled to the other in his dream, though he had no remembrance of them in his sober hours.’\*

We have also referred to cases in which any kind of dream can be produced by whispering into the ear of the person asleep. One of the most curious instances of this kind is one related by Dr. Gregory, of an officer whose companions were in the habit of amusing themselves by taking advantage of this peculiarity, which he possessed in a singular degree. At one time, they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel, and when the parties were supposed to be met, they put a pistol in his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion, they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and induced him to imitate all the motions of swimming, and ultimately to dive so as to escape from a shark which they said was pursuing him. He instantly dived, and awoke from the bruises which he sustained by throwing himself on the cabin floor. Similar cases are recorded by Smellie and others.

Illustrations of the first kind of cases of somnambulism to which we have referred, are sufficiently familiar to all; but of the second kind a few examples, briefly referred to, will be found to bear immediately upon the exposition of our present subject. Dr. Gregory relates that thoughts and even expressions occurred to him in dreams which he used in his lectures and writings. Dr. Franklin stated that the bearings of political events, which puzzled him when awake, often were resolved in his dreams. Condorcet often solved obscure calculations in his sleep. Many instances are on record of individuals composing pieces of music and of poetry in their dreams, which they afterwards remembered on awaking.

\* ‘Inquiries concerning the ‘Intellectual Powers.’ By John Abercrombie, M.D., 10th edition, pp. 275-6.



A distinguished Scottish lawyer on one occasion, after studying a difficult case for some days with great anxiety and attention, rose during the night-time, and wrote a long paper which he locked in his desk and returned to bed. On the following morning he told his wife that he dreamt he had delivered a clear and luminous opinion on the case with which he had been so much perplexed; and that he would give any thing to recover the train of thought which had passed before him in his dream. On being directed to his writing-desk, the opinion was found fully, clearly, and correctly written out.\*

In many well authenticated cases of somnambulism the persons appear to have enjoyed the exercise of certain faculties in a very exalted degree, and to have displayed a degree of intelligence and memory, in regard to the subjects which engaged them, of which they appeared quite incapable while awake. The following will serve as an illustration of such cases, and will be found, we think, to throw some light upon the feats of some clairvoyantes.

'A girl, aged seven years, an orphan of the lowest rank, residing in the house of a farmer, by whom she was employed in tending cattle, was accustomed to sleep in an apartment separated by a very thin partition from one which was frequently occupied by an itinerant fiddler. This person was a musician of very considerable skill, and often spent a part of the night in performing pieces of a refined description, but his performance was not taken notice of by the child except as a disagreeable noise. After a residence of six months in this family, she fell into bad health, and was removed to the house of a benevolent lady, where, on her recovery, after a protracted illness, she was employed as a servant. Some years after she came to reside with this lady, the most beautiful music was often heard in the house during the night, which excited no small interest and wonder in the family; and many a waking hour was spent in endeavors to discover the invisible minstrel. At length, the sound was traced to the sleeping-room of the girl, who was found fast asleep, but uttering from her lips a sound exactly resembling the sweetest tones of a small violin. On further observation it was found that, after being about two hours in bed, she became restless, and began to mutter to herself. She then uttered sounds precisely resembling the tuning of a violin, and at length, after some prelude, dashed off into elaborate pieces of music, which she performed in a clear and accurate manner, and with a sound exactly resembling the most delicate modulations of that instru-

ment. During the performance she sometimes stopped, made the sound of retuning her instrument, and then began exactly where she had stopped in the most correct manner. These paroxysms occurred at irregular intervals, varying from one to fourteen, or even twenty nights; and they were generally followed by a degree of fever and pains over various parts of her body.

'After a year or two, her music was not confined to the imitation of the violin, but was often exchanged for that of a piano of a very old description, which she was accustomed to hear in the house where she now lived; and she then also began to sing, imitating exactly the voices of several ladies of the family. In another year from this time, she began to talk a great deal in her sleep, in which she seemed to fancy herself instructing a younger companion. She often descanted with the utmost fluency and correctness on a variety of topics, both political and religious, the news of the day, the historical parts of Scripture, public characters, and particularly the characters of members of the family, and their visitors. In these discussions she showed the most wonderful discrimination, often combined with sarcasm, and astonishing powers of mimicry. Her language through the whole was fluent and correct, and her illustrations often forcible and even eloquent. She was fond of illustrating her subject by what she called a *fable*, and in these her imagery was both appropriate and elegant. She was by no means, says my informer, limited in her range—Buonaparte, Wellington, Blucher, and all the kings of the earth, figured among the phantasmagoria of her brain; and all were animated upon with such freedom from restraint as often made me think poor Nancy had been transplanted into Madame Genlis' palace of truth. The justice and truth of her remarks on all subjects excited the utmost astonishment in those who were acquainted with her limited means of acquiring information. She had been known to conjugate correctly Latin verbs, which she had probably heard in the school-room of the family; and she was once heard to speak several sentences very correctly in French, at the same time stating that she heard them from a foreign gentleman, whom she had met accidentally in a shop. Being questioned on this subject when awake, she remembered having seen the gentleman, but could not repeat a word of what he said. During her paroxysms it was almost impossible to awake her, and when her eyelids were raised, and a candle brought near the eye, the pupil seemed insensible to the light. For several years she was, during the paroxysms, entirely unconscious of the presence of other persons; but about the age of sixteen she began to observe those who were in the apartment, and she could tell correctly their numbers, though the utmost care was taken to have the room darkened. She now also became capable of answering ques-

\* Dr. Abercrombie, *op. cit.* p. 291.

tions that were put to her, and of noticing remarks made in her presence; and with regard to both she showed astonishing acuteness. Her observations, indeed, were often of such a nature, and corresponded so accurately with characters and events, that, by the country people, she was believed to be endowed with supernatural powers.<sup>2</sup>

This girl, during her waking hours, was dull, stupid, awkward, slow to learn, without any taste for music, and less intelligent than any of her fellow-servants.

In the preceding, as in most other cases of somnambulism, the individual had no recollection, when awake, of what had happened. When persons, however, are in a subsequent fit of somnambulism, they recollect the events of the previous one. In all cases, some of the faculties not usually in exercise in ordinary sleep, appear to enjoy an unusual and exalted activity, while others seem more than usually torpid and insensible to external agencies.

With such facts as these before us, let us return to the phenomena of animal magnetism, and survey them; and we think, that much of our wonder at what is credible will cease, and what is incredible will receive an easy solution. What are the facts regarding mesmerism which the experience of the last few years in this and other countries appears to substantiate? First, that in a great majority of cases, the usual passes, and other means employed by the experimenters, fail to produce any effect at all; the subjects are then declared not to be susceptible. Second, that in a large proportion of those who are affected, nothing but a light slumber or natural sleep is produced. Third, that in a few, this sleep becomes so profound as to render the subject of it insensible, or nearly so, to pain. And fourthly, that in a very small number only, and those chiefly young persons, or females, this sleep is of that unnatural kind which permits of the patient conversing, receiving ideas from others, and displaying certain sleep-waking phenomena. We have already admitted that the facts first referred to here are substantiated by evidence, and may be verified by experiment; and that the insensibility occasionally produced in such cases is probably identical with that condition which it so much resembles, not unfrequently observed in hysterical affections. Let us now compare the sleep-waking phenomena with those of dreaming and of natural somnambulism, remembering that they are most generally produced in those

persons who are usually most liable to the latter affections, or to those peculiar hysterical states allied to them.

In the state produced by the magnetizer, some of the faculties are, probably, as in somnambulism, in a dormant state; while others, which may be excited by the questions of the operator, are perhaps exercised with unwonted energy—an energy due, in some measure, to the state of abstraction enjoyed by the individual, and his removal from the disturbing influence of external objects and ordinary trains of thought. Let us further suppose, that, as in ordinary dreaming, the objects of conception are mistaken for realities, so here they may be believed to have a real existence; and we may thus understand how individuals may be induced to describe objects suggested to their imagination as objects of *perception*, without any intention, it may be, of deceiving. We would refer to another fact, well known to medical men—namely, the occurrence, particularly in hysterical females, of a morbid desire to excite wonder and obtain sympathy, which shows itself by habitual acts of deception in persons otherwise free from any such vice. In the unnatural state produced by magnetism, the somnambule may be affected by such a tendency, and may gratify her own ambition and the curiosity of her interrogators by answering with her best ingenuity the questions put to her. Of all this, it may happen, in conformity with the known phenomena of natural somnambulism, she has no recollection when awakened.

An illustration of the truth of these principles occurs to us, with which we became acquainted. In a village in Scotland, peopled by an intelligent and reading class of manufacturers, the subject of mesmerism became one of general interest. The operatives repeated among themselves the experiments which they had witnessed at public lectures, and, to their astonishment, verified, as they believed, all the facts of phreno-mesmerism and clairvoyance. Two of them, more ambitious than their fellows, gave public lectures and experiments. Encouraged by their success, they took some of their most susceptible and successful somnambules to a neighbouring city, and there announced a public display of the art, offering to discover and prescribe for the internal diseases of all and sundry. A few of the medical men of the place requested a private *seance*, to which they might bring several patients whose internal diseases, or

former injuries they were fully acquainted with, and thus subject the matter to a fair ordeal. The lecturers, strong in their own honest convictions, at once agreed. The result was, that, in every case of disease, the somnambules entirely failed to detect the ailment. They carried their hands in vain over the bodies of the patients; and at last the medical men, according to a preconcerted plan, whispered to each other, 'she does not see such a bone has been broken,' or such an organ diseased. The loud whispers were gladly caught by the acute ears of the unsuspecting clairvoyantes, who immediately declared the existence of the whispered disease or injury—affections which existed only in their own fancies, thus misinformed and misled. In fine, so completely were the poor somnambules exposed, that the lecturers themselves, with honest indignation, denounced them as deceivers, threw up their science and projected lectures in disgust, and returned to their homes, leaving their disgraced companions to follow as they could. The poor girls, when awake, were as innocent to all appearance of intentional deceit as the lecturers. They had done nothing which they remembered of, or were responsible for; they had been the unconscious subjects of experiments, in which they only obeyed the ordinary laws of their economy.

The phreno-mesmeric phenomena, so frequently exhibited in public, have an easy exposition on the principles we have unfolded. Let it only be remembered, that in certain states of the mind, as in dreaming and somnambulism, the memory is wonderfully active; that the individual is under the influence of suggested conceptions, and remembered scenes, and the whole phenomena are explained. If it should be objected that, in many cases, all the phenomena of phreno-mesmerism have been developed in persons who could have known nothing of phrenology, or of such public exhibitions, our answer is, that a general knowledge of these subjects is much more extensive than it is believed to be; and that a full explanation of the apparent discrepancy between the magnetic knowledge and the ordinary knowledge of the somnambule is afforded by such cases as those which we have referred to, in which ignorant and stupid servant-girls displayed a familiarity with Greek and Latin, geography, astronomy, and music, when asleep, of which they were totally ignorant when awake, and of which their apparent know-

ledge could be referred to an exalted state of the memory, which enabled them to remember what had formerly incidentally passed within their hearing. That this is the true explanation of such cases, we have repeatedly satisfied ourselves. They were begun among phrenologists, and propagated by an hysterical sympathy. In all cases which we have seen, the 'demonstrations' were exactly limited by the individual's knowledge of phrenology. In cases where the names of organs unknown to the somnambule were whispered in his hearing before the supposed seat of them was touched, the demonstrations were such as indicated that the person put his own interpretation upon the function of the phrenological faculty, and one, at times, very different from the real one. Thus, when adhesiveness in one case was named and touched, the subject of the experiment made a point of adhering with singular pertinacity to a statement which he had just before made, believing that to be the proper function of this so-called faculty. In such cases, too, we have observed that the person could be so misled by whispering the names of the organs about to be excited, that it was a matter of perfect indifference what part of the head was touched. He fought with the finger on veneration, prayed when it was placed on destructiveness, and sang under pressure upon benevolence. In the same manner the cataleptic symptoms were regulated by the expectations or preconceived impressions. When a limb was known to be operated upon, it became rigid; when the attention was absorbed by other ideas no passes sufficed to affect it.

The exalted state of the memory to which we have referred, and of the occurrence of which, in natural dreams and somnambulism, we have given several curious illustrations, will explain many of the singular coincidences remarked between the statements of clairvoyantes and the facts themselves. Some previous knowledge long forgotten, and entirely latent, becomes available in the magnetic state; but we fail to trace the connexion from our ignorance of previous facts, or because the somnambulist has no recollection when awake either of the previous facts themselves, or of what took place during the magnetic sleep.

It is on these principles, perhaps, that we must, in the present state of our knowledge, explain one of the most curious contributions to empirical psychology with



which we are acquainted—the account given by Zschokke of his gift of inner sight. He is one of the most intelligent and practical of German writers of fiction, at one time an inspector of forests, a member of legislature, and a supplementary judge of the supreme court of the canton, and relates his case with great simplicity and truthfulness.\* He discovered that very frequently while musing with his eyes fixed on an individual with whom he was entirely unacquainted, that the events of that individual's past life seemed to pass before him, accompanied with the conception of the most minute details connected with those events, even to articles of dress, furniture, movements of the persons engaged in them, and circumstances of the most secret kind. On coming some time afterwards to repeat such visions, he was surprised to find that all the events which thus passed in review before his fancy had in every case actually occurred; and he gives several remarkable instances in which he revealed, in this manner, the most private occurrences in the past lives of persons whom, as he assures us, he had never before seen. He had no control over this gift, it never served any useful purpose, he says, and only occasionally manifested itself, and without any effort or wish on his part. If this curious fact is explicable at all, it must be on the principle to which we have referred, that in certain states of the mind, as in somnambulism, and other states resembling it, the memory becomes singularly excited, and shadows forth things once imprinted on its tablet which even at the time of their actual occurrence failed to excite the *attention*. They secretly and silently left their impress upon the unconscious mind to be afterwards called into contemplation by some hidden law of association,—by some vivid light which illuminated even the faintest traces of the past.

On the same principle would we explain some of the singular facts in the work before us, from which it was inferred that the Seherin possessed through supernatural means a knowledge of past events. They were once known to her, or at least brought within the sphere of her knowledge, and if ever apprehended, had been long forgotten, but under certain influences and associations they were recalled.

We are far from denying that there are many facts in empirical psychology which

cannot be rejected,—which are singular in the extreme, and which are not explicable upon this or any known principle; but have any of them the characters which ought to distinguish an ascertained truth—a fact in science? It would be easy to multiply remarkable instances of prevision—or fulfilled dreams and visions, until the multitude of them accumulated into something like a body of evidence, almost insuperable. But is there one such fact which has stood the examination—the usual ordeal, of a calm scientific scrutiny before it was recorded? In every case there is a possible explanation suggesting itself, which is not set aside by the care with which the observation was originally made. Medical men have been loudly and virulently assailed, and in no instance more rudely than in a recent publication on mesmerism,\* because they will not believe in this new art, and apply it to the discovery and treatment of disease. To such railers it might be answered, do any of the facts recorded by mesmerists at all resemble those contained in any memoir on a scientific subject, either mechanical, chemical, or medical? The facts of those memoirs are related with the most minute accuracy; the instruments of experiment are described—the means are detailed which were employed to detect any conceivable source of fallacy—all the details of the process are given, and those of numerous experiments instituted to correct errors in the data. Even with such evidence it is generally thought necessary to have the fact authenticated by the subsequent observations of others before it is accredited. Have any of the ghost-seeings of the Seherin—have any of the more incredible facts of clairvoyance and transference of the senses, such evidence in support of them? If we refuse credence to new views regarding the weight of a body or the constitution of a salt without such evidence, shall we receive the startling and inexplicable phenomena of mesmerism upon less?

With regard to the fourth and fifth stages of the mesmeric state, those of clairvoyance and universal lucidity, we must on these grounds declare our entire skepticism. We have examined all the evidence in proof of their existence—we have witnessed many experiments adduced in support of them—we have made numerous experiments our-

\* Zschokke-Selbstschau, 3rd ed. p. 227.

\* Seven Lectures on Somnambulism, by Dr. Wienholt. Translated by J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., Advocate. Edin. 1845.

selves, and we have never seen a single fact which would stand the ordinary tests of a scientific observation. Nor have any of the facts contained in the extraordinary narrative under review at all unsettled our belief. None of them have the characters of a scientific inquiry, and many of them are explicable upon accredited principles.

The prize of 3000 francs offered by M. Burdin, one of the commission appointed by the French Academy of Medicine in 1837, to any one who would read with his eyes closed, and which sum lay in the hands of a notary for three years, and was often tried for, and in every instance with complete failure, is the most satisfactory evidence which could well be adduced of the utter fallacy of all those cases in which it has been averred that individuals have read with the tips of their fingers or the pits of their stomachs.

The clairvoyance of the boasted Alexis has been successfully exposed by the cautious observations and scrutiny of Dr. Forbes, the accomplished editor of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*; and the exploits of the noted 'Jack' at Manchester, were as completely stultified by the ingenuity and adroitness of Mr. Dunn, of that place. We had ourselves an opportunity of witnessing the feats of a young clairvoyant who had already obtained some celebrity for reading with his eyes bandaged. We at once detected him by closing up the orifice beneath the bandage, through which he took his secret glimpses; while a friend very cleverly exposed him by first making him write, and managing so that the pen should be carried beyond the margin of the paper on which he wrote; when, on subsequently making him read his own writing, through the crown of his head, he, trusting to his memory, on recognizing the paper, unwittingly read the words which had been left behind on the table as well as those contained on the paper.

Of the instances of alleged lucidity which we have seen, we uniformly observed, in those cases where the somnambule described distant objects or events to the satisfaction of the party putting the questions, that one of two things was true—either the question suggested the proper answer, or the answer was in so particular a form as to bear a meaning easily applicable to any object which could possibly have been referred to; and in addition, the questioner generally displayed an easy credulity on the subject.

In regard to the narrative, of which we have given an abstract, we would observe in the first place, that we have not that confidence in the judgment and caution of the relater which would lead us to place much reliance upon his observations. He is described by his friend Varnhagen\* as singularly eccentric in his habits, as being almost habitually somnambulistic, and having a wonderful trick of imitating madness so well as to leave little doubt that it is not far from being at times a genuine performance.

In the second place, Mrs. Hauffe confessedly labored under an hysterical affection, in which she was prone to cataleptic seizures, and susceptible of various anomalous conditions of the nervous system. She had been educated in a belief of the supernatural, and the members of her own family all enjoyed the power of ghost-seeing, or, as we would express it, were subject to spectral illusions.

Thirdly, many of those illusions are susceptible of explanation to a certain extent on known principles, others are contradictory in themselves, and of the rest we must confess that we think there is strong ground to suspect collusion; although we are not of course in circumstances to offer proof of the fact.

The first fact noticed in our abstract illustrates the well known activity of the memory in dreams. She remembered in a dream where some things had been put. After seeing various spectral illusions easily explicable on the common theory, she was exposed to many causes calculated seriously to affect her health. Soon after her marriage, she was attacked with fever, preceded by the very common precursor, a frightful dream. This fever left her in a state of great derangement of the nervous system, which continued during life. Of her prophetic dreams, it may be remarked, one is verified six weeks after its occurrence, others seven days, and others on the very same night—coincidences which we cannot at all admit as even marvellous, considering that she was constantly dreaming, and, as the narrative itself shows, many of her dreams were not literally fulfilled, and for aught we know she dreamt many others which had no sort of fulfilment at all.

Of the ghost stories we have selected, we would say that we cannot be much sur-

\* *Denkwürdigkeiten und vermischte Schriften, Von K. A. Varnhagen Von Ense.*

prised at a wine-cellar being haunted, and that for very obvious reasons. Ghost-making is a very old and very excellent method of covering delinquencies, and a very successful one in old castles and cathedrals. A singular discrepancy shows itself also between the story of Mrs. Hauffe, regarding the female spectre, and that of Pfäffen, given in corroboration of it; for, by the instructions of Mrs. Hauffe, this female brightened up, and finally ascended to a state of bliss, while, four years afterwards, she was found by Mr. Pfäffen, with a blood-spotted dress, still haunting the wine-cellar, and knocking on the barrels. Of the remarkable incidents recorded, in which Mrs. Hauffe, on the authority of her ghostly visitors, stated facts such as could not well have been known to her, we presume that they must either have been forgotten and remembered in her state of exalted sensibility, or that we are not in possession of all the facts. And of the sounds, knockings, tumbling about of dishes, &c., they are too ridiculous and inconsistent with the other parts of the ghost-stories to deserve any credence. 'They were never heard,' says Kerner, with great simplicity, 'when they were watched for.'—p. 173. Too many incidents of this kind are in our recollection to allow us to shut our eyes to the trick. The Woodstock ghosts and the Stockwell story are among the best known of this kind, and many others might be referred to. We must confess that we entertain strong suspicions against the girl, the *honest* attendant of Mrs. Hauffe, and that even her constant companion, her younger sister, is not altogether acquitted in our judgment. Of Mrs. Hauffe herself, and the amiable Kerner, we have but one opinion—they were devotedly attached to the marvellous. She became the subject of spectral illusions, and her own ingenuity, helped a little by her learned and philosophic admirers, constructed a very nice theory of them, not a very orthodox one, by the way, by which she maintained their credit, backed by the physical evidence afforded by her kind and ready attendants.

Some of our readers may perhaps smile at our calmly endeavoring to explain and refute any thing so absurd as a relation of ghost-stories, or alleged intercourse with the invisible world, especially as it comes from the land of dreams and transcendentalism. Nevertheless, we are not behind our neighbors in superstition, although, perhaps, it has not yet with us, as with

them, been elevated into a system consistent with philosophy and religion. We have before us a record far more extravagant than that of the Seherin, published by a physician of eminence, who has distinguished himself by his contributions to science, and attested by several respectable surgeons, and the written evidence of some ten or twelve witnesses.\* It is the case of a Mary Jobson, whose miraculous cure is accompanied by the usual evidences of supernatural agency, knockings, scratchings, opening and shutting of doors, sprinkling of water, angelic music, shriekings, and other sounds, heard by numerous persons, and of voices, one personating the Saviour, and another the Virgin Mary, repeating passages of Scripture, and announcements regarding the approaching cure of the child. Among the other persons whose voices were heard by the witnesses, and whose names were announced, and who lectured for hours together to astonished and devout hearers, were Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Abed-nego, and Daniel! The child herself and her father both had visions of glorified persons, whose appearance they described.

The account contains within itself internal evidence of the grossest imposition, yet we are told that it is believed by great numbers, among whom the author boasts of some 'holding high rank in our national church, and others, devout ministers of our faith under the denomination of presbyterians and Wesleyans,' besides 'a considerable number of lay members of society, who are highly respected for learning and piety.'

The case of this girl, and that of the Seherin, belong to the same category. They were both mixtures of morbid perceptions and imposition, where the individuals or their attendants sought confirmation of their visions by producing various sounds and sights by concealed means, in order to gratify a very well known but morbid ambition among hysterical females, to be associated with the marvellous and supernatural.

There is an inherent love for the supernatural, an inward craving after mystery, which is a universal character of humanity, and affords one of the strongest arguments of natural religion for the belief in a future

\* A Faithful Record of the Miraculous Case of Mary Jobson. By W. Reid Clanny, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c. Second edition. Newcastle, 1841.



destiny for man. Among no class is that natural instinct more prominently developed than among some persons of an evangelical creed, and, strange to say, among the skeptics of those systems of religion called rational. We can readily understand how the deep feeling of the former may dispose them to an easy credulity regarding all that pertains to the unseen: but on what principle can we explain the ardor with which the latter tumultuously hurry into every new system of philosophy? That it is so, cannot, we think, be denied. Among no class has phrenology and mesmerism, with all its incredible mysteries of clairvoyance, prevision, and universal lucidity, found greater favor than with this. Is it because they have repudiated those sublime mysteries of our faith which have been revealed, that this natural propensity of the human mind has seduced them into a search after revelations which reason condemns and religion scorns? Let it be ours to cultivate that manly and Christian philosophy which proves all things, and holds fast that which is true.

From the British Quarterly Review.

#### ORIGEN: HIS LIFE, WRITINGS AND OPINIONS.

An article in every way worth the reading,—candid, liberal, truthful, and in style, forcible, and often splendid.—ED.

*ΩΡΙΓΕΝΟΥΣ ΤΑ ΕΠΙΣΚΟΜΕΝΑ ΠΑΝΤΑ.*—*Origenis opera omnia quæ Græce vel Latine tantum exstant et ejus nomine circumferuntur, ex variis Editionibus, et Codicibus manuscryptis, Gallicanis, Italicis, Germanicis et Anglicis collecta, recensita, Latine versa, atque annotationibus illustrata, cum copiosis indicibus, vita Auctoris, et multis dissertationibus. Opera et Studio Domni CAROLI DELARUE, Presbyteri et Monachi Benedictini e Congregatione. S. Mauri. Parisiis, MDCCXXXIII.*

AFTER the capture of Gaza, Alexander the Great marched through the desert to Pelusium, and found himself master of Ægypt. In this country he resolved to build a city which should inherit the commercial greatness once possessed by the fallen Tyre. At the close of a day spent in examining the intended site, he retired

to rest, filled with pleasing anticipations. As sleep came on, and his thoughts began to group themselves in that fantastical disarray so common to our dreams, his favorite scheme appeared before him completed. He saw the coast covered with magnificent buildings down to the edge of the sea, so that the blue waters of the harbor seemed to be lying in a basin of marble. Multitudes of vessels were passing to and fro; he heard the whistle and the shouts of the mariners, the rattling of the cordage, the noisy lading and unlading of the merchant-ships, and a thousand other busy sounds. Still he was at a loss to determine on what part of the coast the city stood. It was certainly not on the spot he had selected. While occupied partly in admiring the prosperity and grandeur of the place, and partly in endeavors to ascertain its exact position, his attention was arrested by the appearance of a colossal figure which arose out of the sea. It was that of an aged man; in his hand he held the well-known trident, and as he came gliding onward, the attendant waves thronged about him with a joyous rippling. After glancing with serene satisfaction at what he saw going on about him, the god of the ocean fixed his eyes on the hero and repeated the following lines from the Odyssey:

‘There is an isle  
Amid the billowy flood, Pharos by name,  
In front of Ægypt.’

He then disappeared beneath the waves; a mist began to overspread the sea; it extended to the city; palace after palace, street after street, faded away, and the king of Macedon awoke. With Alexander, to resolve was to act. He called for his horse, sallied forth, and by the light of the moon reached the locality pointed out by the vision. Before him lay the island of Pharos, a short distance from the mainland, and on either side swept the dark lines of coast, stretching away with a slight curve to the right and left. The eye of the monarch was not slow to discern the advantages of such a position. He remained motionless, gazing on the scene and calling up the time when that desolate solitude should become populous as had been his dream. ‘Glorious Homer!’ exclaimed he, ‘architect as well as poet!’ The following day, on the neck of land which lies between the Mediterranean and the Lake Mareotis, the demarcations of the city of Alexandria were laid out with the customary solemnities.

The conqueror soon afterwards gathering his sea of human beings about him, poured the flood over the whole of the East, and dying there, left the world every where covered with the tide-marks of his greatness and his littleness. He bequeathed to the Orientals lasting remembrances of the terrible Iskander; to his followers a legacy of contention; but to Ægypt a city destined to become second only to Rome itself. At Alexandria literature and commerce were to flourish long after his great empire had fallen into decay. This beautiful city was thus the Venus that arose out of all that idle foam of conquest. The Ptolemies spared no cost in adorning their chosen residence. Men of all nations were invited to a share in the privileges of citizenship, and the town was filled ere long with a dense population of Ægyptians, Greeks, and Jews. Every country was laid out under contribution to decorate the rising favorite. All books of value that found their way into the city were seized by the government, carefully copied, and the transcripts sent to the owners with a liberal acknowledgment for the exchange. An extensive library was erected near the palace, and in connection with the Museum whose groves and porches became the resort of the most distinguished professors in literature and science. The gods of other nations were prevailed upon to bestow even their divinity on this Pandora, and forsook their old abodes to become the patrons of Alexandria. Serapis, yielded up at last by the reluctant Scydrothemis, was transported from the shores of the Euxine and installed in the Serapion, an edifice inferior only to the Capitol in its extent and grandeur. Whatever might have been the faults of the Ptolemies they were at all times ready to throw their shield over literature, and to lavish treasure on the famous library. Even that monster of cruelty, Ptolemy Physcon, was a munificent patron of letters, and himself an author. In the luxurious Alexandria, Antony and Cleopatra found a fitting place for their memorable revelries. Here it was that he

\* Who had superfluous kings for messengers  
Not many moons gone by,

forgot defeat in feasting his faithful veterans through the night, till he forced 'the wine peep through their scars;' and in decking one last festival with every splendor that love and royalty could bring,—as though to hide the form of coming death with flow-

ers, or to disperse by the brilliance of that artificial scene the gloom that was thickening about him. After the death of Cleopatra, the last of the descendants of Ptolemy Lagus, Ægypt became a Roman province. To the Alexandrians the change was slight. They followed their gains and pleasures as before. Situated as their city was, the floodgate through which passed all the traffic between the east and west; while that was undisturbed in the constancy of its ebb and flow, Alexandria must be rich; and the revolution which substituted the prætor Gallus for the high-born Cleopatra put no check upon its growing prosperity.

A traveller in the early part of the third century, on approaching Alexandria from the west would enter the harbor of Eunostus, passing on his left the island of Pharos, with the celebrated light-house on its eastern promontory. This island was connected with the mainland by a causeway and a bridge of unusual height, beneath which he sees vessels passing to and fro between the harbor of Eunostus and the larger one on the other side. He lands on the spacious quay of Port Cibotus, and proceeding southwards, about half way down the broad straight street which ran the whole width of the city, beholds on his right the Serapion. After ascending its hundred steps, and passing through exterior buildings occupied by the priests and the devotees of the god, he finds himself within a vast quadrangle adorned with porticoes; and in the centre rises the temple itself, in which the massiveness of the old Ægyptian architecture derives new beauty from an admixture of Grecian elegance. In the interior he sees the colossal statue of Serapis, the extended hands touching the walls on either side, the serpent, the symbol of eternity, coiled about him, its head resting on his hand. Here he meets worshippers of almost every creed, for all, except Jews and Christians, adored Serapis. Ægypt raised temples to his honor as the beneficent deity of the Nile, while the Greek and Roman recognized in him another impersonation of Jupiter, Pluto, or Æsculapius. The traveller would probably feel desirous next of visiting another range of buildings within the verge of the temple—the library, with its 300,000 volumes.\* If he mounts to the summit of the fane, an extended prospect presents itself. On his

\* If Cleopatra deposited here the books from the Pergamean library with which Antony presented her, the total amounts to 500,000.

right, as he looks towards the south, lie the crowded dwellings of the poorer classes, in the ancient quarter Rhacotis; and beyond them the Necropolis, with its catacombs reaching as far as the coast. Directly in front stretches the Lake Mareotis; its shore next the city forming a second harbor, filled with the vessels that have arrived from the east through the Nile and the canals which join that river to the lake. More distant, the surface of the water is traversed in every direction by gaily-colored pleasure-boats, that, with music playing and streamers flying, glide across its blue-like aurora-borealis lights over a northern sky. The shores of this little inland sea, covered with vines, (the 'Mareotides albæ' of Virgil,) are studded with the suburban villas of the merchant-princes. In the line of the horizon lies a dreary expanse of desert, the refuge at first of many a persecuted Christian, and afterwards the chosen wilderness-Eden of multitudes of dreaming Eremites.

Our visitor descends, and quitting the temple enters the great street extending the entire length of the city, from the gate of Necropolis to that of Canopus.\* Passing the Gymnasium, with its porticoes six hundred feet in length, he reaches the eastern quarter of the city, the northern half of which was occupied by the palace of the Ptolemies. Here he enters the Museum, the residence of the royal society of literati. He sees them walking in the peripatas, or sitting in the shady retirement of the exhedra, discussing their theories in ethics, astronomy, or medicine. In another department of the palace once stood the Bruchion, a library of four hundred thousand volumes. These were consumed when the ships in the neighboring harbor were burnt during Cæsar's Alexandrian war. A third division, called the Soma, was set apart as the burial-place of the kings; and here lay the body of Alexander in its sarcophagus of glass. Leaving the city by the gate of Canopus, he has before him the circus for the chariot-races, and in the distance the commencement of the suburbs of Nicopolis, which with Eleusis and Canopus formed a chain of towns along the shore.

Such was 'the golden Alexandria,' whose growth the commerce of all climes combined to nourish, causing it to send out its roots and its branches both wide and deep.

\* Ἀπὸ δὲ τῆς Νεκροπόλεως ἡ ἐπὶ τὸ μῆκος πλατεία εὐ-  
τείνει παρὰ τὸ γυμνάσιον μέχρι τῆς πόλεως τῆς κανωσι-  
ῆς. Strabo, l. xvii.

Not only were the boughs laden with wealthy fruit, but vocal in every leaf, like those of the singing tree in the Arabian nights, with a perpetual song—full no less of gaiety than of riches. All the fowls of heaven lodged in the branches of it. Not a phantasy in religion, not a chimera in politics, or hypothesis in science, but might there soar or flutter, sing its song, or display its plumage. That there should at times be discord in the notes, occasionally much mutual pecking and acrimonious chatter, was not surprising. To the Alexandrians, in their laughter-loving moods this was delightful. It was all so much in the way of *vive la bagatelle*. The traveller of whom we have spoken might enrich himself with all the lore of the literary and scientific world, without stirring beyond the city walls. He might become initiated in the philosophical Judaism of Philo, and learn to find in Plato the 'Attic Moses.' Large store of fantastical subtleties and an edifying contempt of the body he might acquire from the Neoplatonist Plotinus. Sitting in a mingled auditory of Christians and Pagans, he might be taught from the lips of the eclectic Ammonius Saccas how to patch up a coat of many colors with scraps stolen from every system of philosophy and religion. He might be inducted by the lectures of Clement into a knowledge of Christianity through the gate of the Platonic philosophy. With the Gnostics he might lose himself in a labyrinth of æons, becoming profound in the history of the strife waged by Oromasdes and Ahri-man; and achieving the finishing stroke in the subterranean chambers beneath the Rhacotis, become a candidate for admission to the unrighteous mysteries of Serapis.

But he need be a careful observer of the signs of the times, for he treads a soil where massacres and riots are indigenous. The Alexandrians were disposed to carry their jests to a length somewhat inconvenient to themselves and others. They were once honored with a visit from that indefatigable traveller Adrian. He restored them old privileges and conferred new ones. When his back was turned their wit could content itself with no less royal a whetstone than himself and his son Pius. The emperor inflicted no punishment, but in a letter to Servian, expresses, with the utmost naïveté, a wish, 'that this city, by its grandeur and riches the first of all Ægypt, were furnished with better inhabitants.' A Caracalla displayed less forbearance. Deformed and imbecile, this prince



longed to be thought an Alexander, or a swift-footed Achilles. The *popularis aura*, however, responded from beneath, like the wind among the reeds in the old fable, to the tune of 'Midas has ass's ears.' The enraged prince, in the midst of the festivities with which he was welcomed, gave orders for an indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants. So notorious was their proneness to sedition, that, with the exception of the prætor and his retinue, no Roman citizen of rank was allowed to reside among them without a special permission from the emperor. The elements of this miscellaneous population were in contact but not in union. No asperity of prejudice was worn away by the attrition. A thousand gods were worshipped—interest was the one deity sincerely served. The application of this test would instantly precipitate the repugnant particles held for a time in solution. A large proportion of the lowest classes, foreigners, sailors, and needy artisans, were ripe for any outbreak that promised the confusion favorable to plunder. The commerce to which the Alexandrians owed their wealth brought this dangerous evil along with it; thus resembling their own river, that, while fertilizing the country by its overflow, leaves, after subsiding, large tracts of mud, which, according to our old travellers, became prolific beneath a burning sun in every species of venomous reptile. In an atmosphere thus charged, the first glimmer of steel was conductor sufficient at any time to attract the whole fury of the tempest,—the shops would be shut, the streets barricaded, the mob out, divided into parties, and skirmishing in the great thoroughfares, or crowding to besiege the house of some Christian teacher, some wealthy Hebrew, or obnoxious official.

We are told that the seagulls of Abyssinia are wont to baffle the attacks of the hawk by vieing with their assailant himself in the height to which he must soar for the success of his stroke, thus preventing him from attaining that elevation above them which may enable him to make the fatal swoop. Somewhat similar were the later efforts made by philosophy in Alexandria. It was assailed by religion, and it aspired to become itself a religion. The religious spirit of Platonism was drawn forth, arrayed, and eulogized by Plotinus. Founded on his metaphysical system, there arose under the hands of Porphyry and Iamblichus a kind of philosophical church. While Christianity and philosophy were

thus weighing in the balance, Constantine threw the sceptre into the scale of the former. Like King Pedro, who disinterred and enthroned the body of his beloved Ines de Castro, Julian afterwards extorted homage from all to the lifeless form of the eclectic philosophy. The unnatural pagantry was soon over. It was left for Proclus to weep over the remains and to pronounce the funeral oration. The reign of Justinian witnessed the complete interment. The philosophical school of Alexandria had become extinct, and there was no apotheosis.

We cannot wonder that the Christianity of Alexandria should have sought in some measure to adapt itself in its turn to the mode of encounter by which it was assailed. He who professed to inculcate the principles of the Christian religion in this city must be no illiterate man. To instruct the children of Christian parents was but a part of his duty. The principal of the catechetical school was constantly called upon either to teach or to confute those who had been educated in every variety of philosophical creed. Pantaenus and Clement, accordingly, were men of learning equal to the demand of their office. With the writings of Plato, and of the later Platonists, they were perfectly familiar. The active mind seldom fails to evince a strong attachment to those subjects which have long employed its powers. The work of necessity becomes the labor of love. For this reason the philosophy in which the Christian catechist had become a proficient was used, ere long, as something more than a means to an end. The servant was raised to the rank of an intimate associate. Philosophy was not merely the medium through which he reconnoitred the position of the enemy; it was a glass with whose services he thought it impossible to dispense even when Christian truth was the object of his contemplation. This weapon was not only assumed at the cry of assault, and powerfully wielded in the heat of controversy, but worn constantly as a part of the every-day dress. The reproach cast at his rival by Cleon,

ἀλλότρια τοῖνυν σοφίζει,

might have been applied to the Christians by their antagonists with considerable justice. The advocates of Christianity thought to secure it from the attacks of philosophy by making it philosophical—much as swimmers have protected themselves against crocodiles by smearing themselves with

their grease. It was this policy which furnished vantage-ground to a system like that of Ammonius Saccas, and which became, moreover, the source of much that was corrupt and contentious among the friends of religion themselves.

The pupils of Pantaenus, and of Clement his fellow-laborer and successor, were instructed in a Christianity thus modified by the prevailing spirit of eclecticism. Under their able management, the Christian school at Alexandria was numerously attended. They imparted instruction to their succession of classes in a manner much more familiar and colloquial than is customary with ourselves. Among their younger scholars one might have been distinguished as remarkable for his piety, his thirst after knowledge, and the acute and searching nature of the questions which from time to time he addressed to his superiors. It was Origen.

The childhood of this celebrated person was not without its tokens of that which was to come. A pious father taught him to commit to memory, daily, a portion of the Scriptures. To him this was no uninteresting task. There must be some meaning in what he learnt beyond that of the letter. This hidden sense he longed to reach. Leonidas, often unable to satisfy the inquiries of his son, admired while he sought to check this inquisitive spirit. There is a well-known story concerning him, which relates, that oftentimes, when leaning over his sleeping boy, as he lay with his breast bare, the father would reverently kiss that bosom as a chosen temple of the Holy Ghost. The instruction of home was early exchanged for that of the school. Origen appears to have attended the instructions both of Pantaenus and Clement, and some years subsequently, the lectures of Ammonius Saccas.\*

A time of trial was now at hand. The

\* According to Huet, (*Origenian*, lib. i. § 5,) Clement was the sole teacher at this time, having already succeeded Pantaenus. The accuracy of this statement is questionable. Alexander, the schoolfellow and intimate friend of Origen, mentions both Pantaenus and Clement as his masters, (*Euseb. Ecc. Hist.* vi. 14,) and the account of Eusebius would lead us to regard the mission of Pantaenus to India as prior to his election to the office of catechist, which is spoken of as among the concluding events of his life. (*Euseb. Ecc. Hist.* v. 10.) It is the opinion of Guericke that Clement was associated with Pantaenus as his assistant, and that both fled from Alexandria at the commencement of the persecution in the year 203, returning thither in 206.

persecution opened by Severus in the tenth year of his reign made fearful havoc in the church at Alexandria. Its ravages were spread throughout the city, the Thebais, and the whole of Ægypt. Leonidas was thrown into prison. The youthful Origen burned to win a crown similar to that now suspended over the head of his father. He could do and endure, as well as learn and speculate. The enemies now about him cared as little for his most cogent argument as did the spirits in the valley for Christian's sword. But his armory was not exhausted. Persecution, like the wind that sometimes blows away the tent of the Arab, removed the peaceful covering which had concealed him in his retirement, but displayed an interior bristling with arms, and the hero himself fearless of peril. In vain did his mother exhaust all her powers of persuasion, and with tears entreat him not to cast himself into the arms of this fiery Moloch. She was compelled at length to resort to the more practical expedient of hiding his clothes. We need hardly remind our readers of the letter he wrote at this time to his father, entreating him that he would suffer no thoughts of his family to shake his purpose of being faithful unto death. The good old man was led out to execution, and might console himself with the thought that as the father of such a son he had not lived altogether in vain. The holy cause was bequeathed to no degenerate advocacy. Truly had he judged of the heart which beat beneath that bosom he had been wont to kiss.

The property of the martyr was confiscated. Origen was now left, in the seventeenth year of his age, with his mother and six brothers, in a state of extreme want. A wealthy lady extended her assistance to the widow and her family, and received Origen under her own roof. For a short time he proved, to use the words of Dante—

'How salt the savor is of others' bread,  
How hard the passage, to descend and climb  
By others' stairs.'

But he found a companion in his dependence that he liked not—one Paulus of Antioch—a heretic, whom this lady had adopted as her son. Possessed of an insinuating address, and of considerable power as a speaker, he filled the house with an admiring auditory, composed both of heathens and Christians. The new comer was neither to be dazzled nor softened by the light of this popular luminary.

The man was a ringleader of heretics, and Origen refused to join with him in prayer. It is not improbable that this want of complaisance cost him the favor of his protectress. We find him soon after gaining a subsistence by his own efforts as a teacher of the Greek language and literature.\* As he began to attract notice in this capacity, many among the heathens who were distinguished for their learning thought it not beneath them to become his hearers.

The persecution was shortly afterwards renewed with increased violence under Aquila, who succeeded Laetus in the government of Ægypt. The teachers of the catechetical school had sought safety in flight. Demetrius, the Bishop of Alexandria, in looking around him to see whom the desolation had spared, could find none so fit as Origen to supply their place. Accordingly, the stripling of seventeen was raised to the post of eminence in the very height of the danger. Nor did he quail. Among the friends of the accused, Origen was the most conspicuous. He stood by the side of the martyrs during their trial, supported them in their dungeon, and accompanied them to the place of execution. Eusebius gives the names of six of his converts who suffered martyrdom. His life was repeatedly endangered by the fury of the populace, and he was compelled incessantly to change his place of residence. All saw in his escape a something miraculous. The meetings of the school were held in his house, and, notwithstanding the persecution, the number, both of hearers and proselytes, continued to increase. The instructions he had given in letters were now discontinued, and he resolved to devote himself for the future to his growing duties as catechist. A library of ancient authors, which he had been enabled to retain in his possession, he sold, the purchaser agreeing to pay him four obols (about fivepence) daily for his support during several years. The day was occupied in teaching, and the greater part of the night in reading. His fasts were protracted, his slumbers short, and his body systematically injured to the severest privations. He abstained from wine and every delicacy, seldom wore shoes, and slept most commonly on the bare ground. Of him it was true, as Eusebius justly remarks, 'that he taught as he lived, and lived as he taught.'

In this energy of the will, this resolute

endurance and self-sacrifice, commonly lies the secret of greatness. All great men might bear for their device, with the black knight in Ivanhoe, the fetterlock and the shackle-bolt of azure, declaring them the bondsmen of a great purpose. 'The motto of the veritable hero is *'Ich dien,'* thus fulfilling the language of a much higher authority—'He that would be the greatest among you, let him be your servant.' 'The voluptuary, exulting because after his fashion he has enjoyed existence, sums up his triumph in the word *vixi*; the man whose life has been consecrated to a noble object, may, in memory of the mastery achieved over himself, write without presumption at the close of it, *vixi*. There is a morbid yearning after distinction, a vain thirsting after fame which desires and does not; which sits still and dreams, without fortitude to endure the required discipline, or courage to brave the siege. An idle longing to do some great work must not be mistaken for true passion in that direction; nor a querulous fretting against what cowardice may describe as unfavorable circumstances. One man sits on the bank to wait till the stream of events shall take a turn adapted to his wishes. *'Labitur et labetur per omne volubilis ævum.'* For him there is no hope. Another makes events, forges weapons out of the very obstacles that lie in his path; stand still he will not; better be struck down than lie down; go forward he must. The indolent look up and gaze in amazement on results which they attribute to the good luck of a rival. We should never have heard of a Ferguson or Davy, if the one had waited for a telescope, and the other for a laboratory; but astronomical observations, made with a string of beads, and experiments tried with an old French syringe for an air-pump, were beginnings pregnant with promise. Unfortunately for the lovers of indulgence, who still pine to be conspicuous, man is not like the eastern deity described by Coleridge—

'Who floats upon a lotos leaf,  
Dreams for a thousand ages, then awaking,  
Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble  
Relapses into bliss.'

True it is, that 'our little life is rounded with a sleep,' but not, as such persons seem to think, at both ends of it. Woe be to us if there is nothing like point and reality about its commencement. To be blown into the air is a method of ascent long ago

\* Euseb. Ecc. Hist. vi. 2.



acknowledged to be more picturesque than pleasant; but the ungoverned fancy of the visionary elevates him in a manner scarcely more serviceable and almost as disastrous. By the expansive force of dreams this aeronaut rises in a blaze of light and floats above half the world, then wakes, and finds himself, alas! on this dull earth, fallen from such a height that his limbs were never less at his service. Animal substances commonly become phosphorescent only when decomposition has commenced; and when once a man begins to find his great delight in this castle-building, in dwelling upon the visions of this anticipated greatness, investing himself with this fancied halo, his powers, if he have any, exhibit the natural signs of decay. The price must be paid, or we should be content to go empty away. Let who will choose the level ways, the short cuts, and the royal roads, men who have in them something of the spirit of Origen will take the rough road, if they once see it to be the path leading fairly and honorably to their object. It was this spirit of independent onwardness which supported Origen through a life of so much toil and peril, which gained him his surnames of Adamantius and Chalcenterus, and made him one whom our forefathers might have been proud to designate as Origen *Ironsides*.

Jean Paul Richter has finely observed, that 'no one deserves the name of a *man* who makes a greater fuss about the wounds of poverty than a girl makes about those of her ears, since equally, in both cases, hooks whereby to suspend jewels are inserted into the wounds.' In the case of Origen, however, the adornment was increased twofold; for poverty, in most instances the mere ring on which to suspend the ornaments, was with him voluntary, and therefore in itself a jewel. His zealous friends would have placed him in comparative affluence, but the rule of life which he had chosen was not to be relaxed. We find him thirty years afterwards in the same circumstances, and distinguished still by a virtue commonly found the first to forsake those who make such sacrifices—poverty of spirit. The man who had done thus much thought he had done nothing.\* The men who have embraced such voluntary humiliation have too commonly accounted it quite proper to indemnify themselves by deriving from the mea-

greeness of their diet supplies whereon their self-righteousness may fare sumptuously every day, and from the sparseness of their pail abundant reason for compassing themselves with pride as with a garment. Their humility has been less that of the violet than that of the willow, which, while it bends its head with a graceful submissiveness, seems to be constantly employed in contemplating its image in the stream. We may think the austerities of Origen excessive, but it is impossible to withhold our admiration from the ardent piety which gave them birth. The subsequent imitation of this mode of life is sufficient proof that such was the form in which sincere devotion had been wont to make itself known in the country, and in the times of Origen. It always belongs to the hypocrite that he should ape that which is most esteemed. Like the insect which takes the color of the leaf upon which it feeds, he assumes the appearance of the excellence whose beauty he fails not to waste and destroy.

Origen at length found it necessary to divide the labor which devolved upon him. The instruction of the younger catechumens was assigned to Heraclas, while he himself confined his attention to the more advanced, and to the distinguished men of learning who became from time to time his hearers. Among the heretics whom his high reputation had attracted, one of the most conspicuous was the wealthy Ambrosius. The discourses and the conversation of Origen induced him to renounce the Marcionite errors into which he had fallen, and a lasting friendship was formed between him and his instructor. Ambrosius plays the part of Deuteragonistes in our drama. It was his to call forth and incite to enterprise the genius of his friend. His labors in this secondary capacity were abundantly productive. His question would often call forth a difficulty; the difficulty demanded research; the result of the research was frequently embodied in an elaborate disquisition. At their meals, during their walks, in their morning and nightly studies, the sacred volume was the subject of laborious investigation, the theme of protracted discussion.

These occupations were interrupted by a visit to Arabia, undertaken by Origen at the request of a prince of that country. He had no sooner re-entered his native city, than the massacre which raged there under the orders of Caracalla compelled him to seek shelter for a while in Palestine. It is

\* Ori. Exhort. ad Mart. p. 284. Ori. in Gen. Hom. xvi pp. 104, 105.

to the year 218, the third after his return from Palastine to Alexandria, that his journey to Antioch is with the greatest probability assigned. He was sent for on this occasion by Mammaea, the aunt of the reigning emperor, that she might obtain from the lips of the famous teacher the information she desired respecting the Christian religion. In compliance with the importunity of Ambrosius, Origen, now in his fortieth year, entered on the composition of his celebrated commentaries. This faithful friend was not content with having thus contributed to the commencement of so great an undertaking. He spared no pains in order that the richly-freighted vessel whose course he had directed might be well manned for its arduous voyage. All that wealth could supply he furnished; the expenses of Origen were defrayed to the paper upon which he wrote; seven notaries, an equal number of transcribers, and several females who gained a livelihood as copyists, were employed under his directions. During the interval between the commencement of the commentaries and the departure of Origen from Alexandria, in the year 229, a period, at the utmost, of about five years, he completed the first five volumes of the Commentaries upon John, eight out of the twelve on Genesis, his Commentary on the first five-and-twenty Psalms, and that on the Lamentations of Jeremiah. He had also written previously to the period just mentioned, his Four Books on Principles, the Ten Books of the *Stromata*, and a Treatise on the Resurrection.\*

In the year 229, his presence was demanded in Greece by the prevalence of heresies in that country. On his way thither he passed through Palestine, and made a short stay at Cæsarea. Here he was ordained a presbyter by Theoctistus, the bishop of the city. The ceremony was honored by the presence of Alexander, Bishop of Jerusalem, his old friend and schoolfellow; and by that of many other bishops from all parts of the country.

The exuberance of vegetation in tropical countries covers every tree in the forest with so profuse an intermixture of parasitical plants, that the botanist is constantly liable to mistake the flower or fruit of one species for that of another. An abundance of varied and conflicting evidence not unfrequently involves the researches of the historian in similar perplexity. At present,

however, we would gladly encounter any difficulty which such superfluity might bring along with it, could we make some addition to the scanty data of which we are in possession. 'He's a cunning coachman,' says an old dramatist, 'that can turn in a narrow room.' The statements relating to this period, concerning which we may feel certain, are contained in so small a compass, as to cause us fully to sympathize with the inconvenience of a position thus straitened. Conjecture of course lies open, and offers, as is usual in such cases, so wide a scope, that to enter upon it would be like starting our coach and four in the contre of the Zahara desert. Such heavy travelling, however, would prove but little grateful, we apprehend, to our readers, whose comfort, as in a manner our inside passengers, we are bound supremely to consult. It is beyond doubt that at this juncture threatening clouds began to show themselves above the horizon, and the season of sunshine was at an end. Had Origen been transported from his study in Alexandria to the deck of a trreme in the Bay of Biscay, the contrast could not have been more complete. So effectually had the thorns been fixed in his nest during his absence, that a residence in his native city was no longer possible. This banishment was effected by the hostility of Demetrius. But what were the motives of this same Demetrius? Was his enmity the result of jealous feeling, or are we to suppose him actuated by a more worthy impulse? Here lies the *questio vexata*. This is the mine in which we have found ourselves compelled to labor, dimly enough, and with such illumination as may be afforded by one or two of those flickering lights which time's fire-damp has not yet extinguished. The testimony of Eusebius and Jerome is decisive, as far as it goes, against Demetrius.\* Mosheim has a lengthy disquisition on this subject, in which he endeavors to find some defence for the conduct of the bishop, but with very moderate success. To Demetrius we have before alluded; it is now necessary that this person should receive a more formal introduction.

He sustains the part of Tritagonistes, the personage through whose intervention principally the scene becomes occupied with its more tragical events. One of those doors in the labyrinths of Ægypt which,

\* Euseb. H. E. vi. 24.

\* Euseb. H. E. vi. 8. Hieron. Epist. xxxiii. 4.

when opened, caused peals of thunder to reverberate from the walls, would have made him an appropriate entrance; for the prominent part he took in the affairs of our narrative was attended by a commotion agitating the whole Christian world. Demetrius possessed the power to discern and the will to assist merit, within certain limits; but the tree he fostered must be cut down, should a too-vigorous shoot hide from the view of others a single branch of his own stately foliage. If to profess large and liberal views on any matter would be favorable to some purposes of his own respecting it, Demetrius could then be the generous patron. In such case he was not likely to be troubled by nice distinctions, nor would any trifling obstacle be suffered to impede the course on which he had determined. But a moral difficulty, which was speedily disposed of when lying in his own path, was magnified to a mountain when it lay in the path of an opponent. His mind was like that curious mirror described by Aulus Gellius, which gave a distinct image in one place, but lost its power of reflection if removed to another. The moral law was always strangely subservient to his selfishness. It seemed to speak or to be silent at his pleasure. The *actinia* is a polypus so sensitive, that, though it has no eyes, not a cloud can cross the sun without its evincing, by contraction, that it feels the change, and withal so voracious as to swallow three or four mussels for a breakfast. This creature is a fair representative of a class of men in whose ranks we think Demetrius should take his place,—men who are singularly voracious in the pursuit of their own advantage, and wonderfully shrewd in detecting the slightest shade of moral delinquency when it may be used as an impeachment of a rival. A violation of the rule of charity by themselves is venial, while the neglect of a mere form by their neighbor becomes a sin which justice must visit to the full.

During the former visit of Origen to Cæsarea, the clergy there had invited him, though still a layman, to preach in their pulpits. The father of gods and men was not more wrathful when he discovered the 'mortal-aiding service' of which Prometheus had been guilty, than was our Alexandrian Jupiter on learning that Origen had ventured to preach, unqualified by ordination. The friends of Origen at Cæsarea defended their conduct, by adducing several precedents which showed that such permis-

sion was not unsanctioned by ecclesiastical usage. Demetrius was not to be convinced, and Origen was peremptorily recalled. The coldness which ensued on the part of the former, gave Origen his first indication of the quarter from which danger was to be apprehended, much as the diminished temperature of the sea affords the earliest warning to the mariner that he is approaching a shoal. After a time, matters went on smoothly once more, and Origen set out on his second journey to Palestine, carrying with him letters of recommendation from Demetrius. In his absence, a letter is put into the hands of the bishop. It informed him that the very office, to which he had feared the former step might prove but a preliminary, had now been conferred on Origen. As teacher of the school, Origen was not in a position to become the rival of Demetrius; on the contrary, his brilliant reputation reflected much credit on the man who had so early appreciated his merit. But Origen, as a preacher, drawing crowds after him in Alexandria, sitting in council with the other presbyters, exerting over them all that influence with which his commanding talents would invest him, and possibly dividing the supremacy with his bishop in the very heart of his power—this was a consummation by all means to be averted. Demetrius dispatched letters in every direction, and made Christendom echo with his reproaches against the contumacious catechist who had thus stolen into the sacred fold of the presbytery, by the aid of the bishops of a foreign diocese. On the other hand, Theoctistus and Alexander, with the presbyters of Palestine, were ready to justify what had been done. Origen came among them strongly recommended by his bishop. Demetrius had complained because he preached there without ordination; they had resolved to remove all ground for such complaint, by themselves conferring a rite from which the jealousy of the bishop had alone debarred him.

The newly-made presbyter returned shortly afterwards to Alexandria; but whether to confront his enemies, or to make some attempt at reconciliation, is uncertain. What had been done in Palestine could not as yet be undone in Ægypt. Origen was now both presbyter and catechist. As it was impossible for such a man to remain long inactive, and as his activity in both these capacities was adding daily to his popularity, Demetrius resolved on a second attack. He summoned a council of bishops



and presbyters, before whom he repeated his charges against Origen, declaring him unfitted for his office by that voluntary act which doomed him to a life of celibacy,—the very act which Demetrius himself had once praised.\* This assembly passed a decree, which required the accused to leave Alexandria, but which fell so far short of the wishes of Demetrius as to allow Origen to retain his position as presbyter. Either unwilling or unable to prolong the struggle, Origen retired from Alexandria, probably before the period when the sentence rendered his departure necessary. His school was committed to the superintendence of Heraclas, and the exile was received with open arms in Cæsarea. The decision of the first council wore too much the air of an attempt at compromise to satisfy the angry Demetrius. His acrimonious feelings urged him to further efforts. He called a second council, consisting this time of bishops alone. The courage of Origen's supporters must have cooled greatly in his absence, or the accusations brought against him by Demetrius were of a more serious nature than before, for we find the bishops who favoured his cause on the former occasion now acquiescing in his condemnation. Apprehensions, which the bishop would not be slow to foster, concerning the heretical tendency of some of the writings of Origen, had, perhaps, gained ground. This latter sentence deprived him of the sacred office, and excluded him from communion. Circulars were sent to the various Christian churches to acquaint them with the decree, and containing a statement of the grounds on which it had been passed. The churches of Palestine, Phœnicia, Achaia, and Arabia refused to acknowledge its authority.

At Cæsarea, Origen not only found shelter, but honor and regard even more abundant than before. He was surrounded by friends, who had identified themselves with his cause. He was no longer in the centre of the conflict, and harassed by its daily anxieties. His wants were few, and to take with him those household gods, his books, and to colonize some other country with his busy commonwealth of thoughts, was a change effected with as little inconvenience as that of some South American hamlet, when, at the bidding of some Spanish ecclesiastic, its buildings of clay, reeds, and palm

leaves, have to find their place in some other site. He wrote a final letter to Alexandria, complaining of the treatment he had received, and repelling the accusations brought against him.

Soon after the settlement of Origen in Palestine, Athenodorus and his brother Theodorus (afterwards well known as Gregory Thaumaturgus) became his auditors. Gregory speaks in glowing terms of the eloquence with which Origen eulogized the study of philosophy, and describes the strange fascination he exercised over him and his brother, rendering it impossible for them to leave him, and kindling love in their hearts first for those discourses so 'unspeakably winning, hallowed, and passing lovely,' and afterwards for the speaker himself, whose mild and persuasive manner attracted them no less forcibly. They remained with him five years, and not only received instruction in divinity, but travelled the entire round of philosophy, logic, natural science, geometry, astronomy, and ethics—the last taught them, says the same authority, not by words only, but by example.\* During this interval Origen repaired to Jerusalem, that he might examine the localities connected with the history of our Lord. In the meanwhile Demetrius died. Heraclas succeeded to the see, and Dionysius to the school. Twenty years of peace had greatly increased the number and influence of the Christians when the persecution broke out, under Maximinus, in the year 235. Its main fury was directed against such as were most eminent in the Christian world. Athenodorus and Theodorus took their departure for Alexandria, and Origen withdrew to Cappadocia. Even there he owed his safety to the kindness of the pious and learned Juliana, who secured him an asylum in her house for two years. He here enjoyed the use of the library bequeathed to his protectress by Symmachus; and during this period of concealment he was engaged in the compilation of his celebrated Hexapla, a work which would have been alone sufficient to immortalize the name of Origen. Ambrosius, together with Protocetus, a presbyter of Cæsarea, had been thrown into prison, and Origen, full of sympathy for their sufferings, wrote from Cappadocia his *Exhortatio ad Martyrium* to strengthen and console them. After the murder of Maximinus, Origen made a se-

\* Circa an. 306, corpus suum evirare Origenes ausus est. Euseb. H. E. vi. 8.

\* Greg. Thau Paneg. Orat. in Ori., §6—9.

cond journey to Athens, visiting Ambrosius on the way, who was now residing with his family at Nicomedia. During his stay at Athens, the commentary on Ezekiel was finished, and five books of that on the Canticles.\*

Origen returned to Cæsarea about the year 239. Here his pupil Theodorus joined him; and after pronouncing a public oration in praise of his master, departed for Cappadocia, where he was ordained bishop of Neocæsarea. In the next year, Origen was invited to attend a synod held at Bostra concerning the opinions of Beryllus, the bishop there, who had fallen into errors similar to those afterwards more fully developed by Sabellius. Beryllus was convinced by the arguments of Origen, and returned to the orthodox belief. Though now more than sixty years of age, Origen still labored with all the ardor of youth, as his work against Celsus, his twelve commentaries on the prophets, those on Matthew, and a multitude of epistles abundantly testify.† He wrote a letter to the Emperor Philip, and another to his consort. Both, however, are lost, and the occasion on which they were written is unknown. It was now for the first time that Origen suffered those extemporaneous homilies, which he delivered in the church, to be taken down by notaries. While his fame was loudly bruited in some quarters, voices were lifted up as loudly against him in others. He complains that some of his works had been interpolated so as to give a handle to the designs of his enemies; and that others, unrevised, and intended only for the eyes of a few, had been incautiously given to the world by his friends. A last journey to Arabia was undertaken for the purpose of attending a council which had been summoned to oppose a party there, who held that the soul died with the body, and that both were resuscitated at the resurrection. Origen, we are told, was again successful in inducing his antagonists to abandon their errors.

It is sometimes said that the most auspicious preliminary to a hearty friendship is a hearty fight. The notion holds good of English schoolboys, but not, we fear, of religious controversialists. The blows which combatants of this latter class give and take are not mere fisticuffs. The poisoned Damascus blade of controversy in-

flicts wounds far too serious to admit of being removed by schoolboy remedies in such cases. The venom must be sucked out of the wound as out of Sir Kenneth's. The lips of charity alone can perform this delicate operation, and Origen appears to have possessed the charity necessary to that office. Hence the fact, that so many whom he defeated as disputants, became his fast friends after the war of words had closed. It is unusual for the controversialist to acknowledge defeat, but far more so that he should cherish sentiments of regard towards his conqueror. The admirers of Origen's learning compared him to a sun. The similitude holds yet further. Like that luminary, he must have been the centre of a double force—the centripetal as well as the centrifugal. While he repelled the heresy, he attracted the heretic, who, once within the circle of his influence, seemed to move ever after in a friendly orbit about him. Not a few in our own day, who look back upon the worthies of these primitive ages as a race of well-meaning Orsons, stalwart enough, but lamentably uncouth—or a race of antiquated duennas, very respectable, but very tiresome withal, might take instruction in the meekness of the Christian, and the courtesy of the scholar, from the barefooted presbyter of Cæsarea. Controversy, as commonly conducted, reminds us of the quarrel between Copelius and Spalanzani, in Hoffman's tale of the Sandman, concerning their respective share in an automaton they had constructed in imitation of a beautiful female. The strife waxed hot; they uttered horrible imprecations; they ended by tearing the exquisite structure limb from limb, and belaboring each other with the fragments of their workmanship. And thus fares it with poor Truth. Each combatant calls heaven to witness that she is his alone; and, in the struggle, she is torn in pieces, the rivals having each for his weapon only a bit of her. The more protracted the conflict, the more complete, of course, the dismemberment. It is clear, that the course of Origen, as a controversialist, was generally the reverse of that pursued by Hoffman's combatants.

The danger from which Origen had been so often saved was now at last about to overtake him. The Emperor Philip was slain. It generally happened, that the successor of a prince who had persecuted the Christians was disposed to favour them; while the sovereign whose predecessor had

\* Eus. H. E. vi. 32.

† Huet. Origenian, lib. i. c. 3, § xii.

treated them with mildness, became a persecutor. Could a Christian have lived only in the alternate reigns, he might have enjoyed comparative safety. This rule was not reversed at the present crisis. Philip had shown himself by no means hostile to Christianity. Decius, distinguished himself from his predecessor by commencing a violent persecution. Origen was at once marked out as its victim. The aged man was cast into a dungeon at Tyre, and cruelly tortured in the stocks for many days together. His life was spared, only that his sufferings might be prolonged to the utmost. Decius did not live to complete the second year of his reign; and, with the accession of Gallus and his son, the persecution closed, and Origen was released. After his liberation, he received a kind letter from Dionysius, bishop of Alexandria, full of such consolation as he himself had offered during a previous persecution to Ambrosius and Theoctetus. The fact is worthy of observation, as it refutes those who would have us believe that Dionysius trod in the steps of Demetrius, and became a violent opponent of Origen. Many of the faithful friends of Origen, who had stood by his side in every time of need, were now removed. Alexander had perished in a prison at Jerusalem, Ambrosius was no more, earthly ties were dissolving, earthly expectations were reaching their close; the letters he penned at this time were such as a good man would write who felt that he must soon enter upon the unknown future; the frame of adamant at length gave way; two or three years of languishing completed the work of the torturer; and, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, Origen breathed his last. His remains were interred in the church of the holy sepulchre at Tyre.\*

The works of Origen are of two kinds—those which have for their object the elucidation of the sacred writings, and separate treatises on various subjects. The former, and more numerous class, includes homi-

lies, commentaries, and scholia. The scholia are entirely lost to us, together with a great part of the commentaries and homilies. Such portions as have been preserved exist for the most part only in the Latin translation of Rufinus. Unfortunately, this translator was one of an order to whom the 'nec verbum verbo curabis reddere' was an injunction wholly superfluous. We are completely at his mercy. In the prologue to his version of Origen's commentary on the Romans, he coolly assures us that he has abridged it by above one-half. He piques himself on having supplied many deficiencies in the homilies, which, he says, were delivered by Origen, 'with a view rather to edification than to a full explanation of the text,' and on completely discussing many points upon which Origen had merely touched. Thus, in the absence of the original Greek, we know not whether Origen speaks, or whether we are listening to the voice of his too officious admirer. The translations of Rufinus contain allusions to matters of discipline subsequent to the time of Origen, and many words and phrases which either bore a different signification, or were not introduced in his day. Some have concluded, for this reason, that nearly all these versions are spurious; but this opinion cannot be sustained by sound criticism. In a treatise, 'De Adulteratione Librorum Origenis,' Rufinus gives an extract from a letter written by Origen to his friends at Alexandria, in which he complains of the conduct of a heretic who had procured the minutes of a public disputation in which Origen had taken part, and making additions and erasures as suited his purpose, triumphantly put it in circulation. Another, with a similar view, wrote a pretended account of a disputation which had never taken place at all. Such practices were not uncommon. The gross corruption of the sacred writings by the Marcionites has been fully exposed by Tertullian, whose own writings suffered much from the hands of such men. According to a story told by Rufinus, the excommunication of Hilary was procured by a similar artifice. The writings of men whose name had become an authority were falsified to a great extent during their lifetime, but still more after their decease. The notorious prevalence of this description of fraud is the only admissible defence of those corrections to which Rufinus has confessedly resorted in many places where he found, in the writings of Origen, opinions at vari-

\* We are not aware that any particulars are known concerning the personal appearance of Origen. The argument of Tillemont, to prove that he could not have been a tall man, is too ingenious to be omitted:—'Eusebe parlant des ceps de bois, où il fut mis sous Dece, dit qu'il y fut étendu jusqu'au quatrième trou: et nous voyons que plusieurs martyrs ont esté étendus jusqu'au cinquième.' Origen himself observed that Ambrosius gave him no time to rest his little body (σωμάτιον).—*Tillemont. Hist. Ecc. tom. iii. p. 548.*



ance with the orthodox faith. In the prologue to his translation of the *περὶ ἀρχῶν*, he states, that expressions in that work concerning the Trinity, contrary to the orthodox opinions on that subject elsewhere maintained by Origen, he has either omitted as interpolations, or reduced within the received rule of faith; and adds, that where his author was obscure, he made additions from his other compositions, 'introducing nothing of his own, but only restoring to Origen what belonged to him.' Jerome denies that these additions were taken from the writings of Origen; and accuses this translator of making arbitrary alterations, and introducing matter from the scholia of Didymus.\*

By far the larger proportion of the writings of Origen have been lost, together with the catalogues of them by Eusebius and Jerome. Epiphanius and Rufinus state that he wrote six thousand volumes, a number utterly incredible, did we not remember that the separate homilies and the parts of the larger treatises, were each reckoned as a volume. We shall enter on a brief review of the principal fragments and versions which have survived. There are now extant seventeen of the homilies on Genesis in the Latin of Rufinus. We have no reason to suppose them spurious. The only objection to their authenticity is the fact that Jerome, in one of his letters, describes Origen as speaking of Melchisedek in the first of these homilies, while, on reference, no such mention is to be found. But we are also aware, from the same source, that Origen wrote two books of *mystical* homilies, and Huet, who believes that the homilies we possess were not a part of them, supposes that they are the homilies to which Jerome alludes. Even if we adopt the opinion that what we have belonged to the mystical homilies, we know that there existed several different collections of the homilies on Genesis, a fact which furnishes another explanation of the difficulty. We possess thirteen homilies on Exodus, and sixteen on Leviticus, in the Latin of Rufinus. Their genuineness has not been disproved. It is true that, in the Philocalia, there is a Greek fragment from the second homily on Leviticus, to which there is nothing corresponding in the second Latin homily; but it must not be forgotten that the homilies were arranged in different collections by various translators, contain-

ing some a larger and others a smaller number of homilies. In some collection, now lost, the fragment preserved in the Philocalia may have been the second. Jerome has given the homilies he has translated an entirely different arrangement from that observed in the Greek MSS. Rufinus has translated twenty-eight homilies on Numbers, which he has mixed up with his translation of the Scholia of Origen on that book. It has been thought suspicious that we should find the distinction between *excudere* and *excidere*, marked out as it is in the second homily; but, for this piece of information, we are of course indebted to the munificence of the translator. In forming an estimate of the relative value of the versions we possess, according to the reason we have to believe that they contain more or less the real opinions of Origen, it is of importance to bear in mind that, in the translations of the twenty-six homilies on Joshua, the nine on Judges, and the nine on Psalms, xxxvi., xxxvii., and xxxviii., Rufinus assures us that his great aim has been to give a faithful rendering, and that he has taken no pains to supply what appeared deficient. A part of the twentieth homily on Joshua, which we have compared with a fragment of the original, preserved in the Philocalia, is by no means a close rendering, but it gives correctly Origen's general scope. We have a similar profession of fidelity, on the part of Jerome, in behalf of his version of two homilies on Canticles, and of fourteen homilies on Ezekiel. The same writer has translated fourteen out of the forty-five homilies which Origen composed on Jeremiah. Of these nineteen have been preserved in the Greek, and, on comparison with the original, we find this version by Jerome much more accurate than those of Rufinus. The homily *De Engastrimytho* has come down to us in the Greek of a MS. in the Vatican. Its genuineness is attested by the quotation of Eustathius, the opponent of Origen in the controversy concerning the raising of Samuel. The commentaries in Latin on the book of Job are deservedly rejected as supposititious. Origen was the first who wrote commentaries on all the Psalms. Doubts are raised by Erasmus, both as to the author and the translator of the nine homilies on the three Psalms just mentioned, and Perkins has rejected the two on the thirty-eighth Psalm; but their authenticity has been defended, and as it appears to us,

\* Hieron. lib. i. adv. Rufinum.

satisfactorily, by Genebrard and Huet.\* Numerous Greek fragments have been preserved, containing expositions of the Psalms, some of them certainly Origen's; but the authorship of many, though assigned in the catenæ to Origen, is justly open to question. In addition to Jerome's translation of two homilies on Canticles, which we have good reason to regard as comparatively trustworthy, the Latin of Rufinus presents us with the Prologue, the three first tomi of the commentaries on this book, and a part of the fourth. The internal evidence in their favor is strong. Erasmus would reject them, however, on the ground of the translations given to the words *ἐξως* and *ἀγάπη*, and contends that they must be the work of some Latin author. Pearson has replied to his objection. For a full account of the question we must refer our readers to the Origeniana of Huet, lib. iii. c. iii. sec. 3, § 7. Nine of the homilies on Isaiah are found in the Latin of some anonymous translator.

We now pass to the New Testament. A portion of the commentaries on Matthew, from the tenth to the seventeenth tomos inclusive, has come down to us in the original, accompanied by the Latin version of some old translator who has performed his task infamously. His translation extends nearly to the end of the book: but we lose the Greek in the midst of the twenty-second chapter. The seven homilies on Matthew are rejected by the best authorities. Jerome translated thirty-nine homilies on Luke, which still remain.—Rufinus charges him with many omissions and alterations, and the fact, that this translation was so far open to censure, furnishes an answer to some verbal objections which have been brought against the version by those who deny that it is a translation from Origen.† Of the commentaries on John we are in possession of nine tomi in the Greek. A translation by Rufinus, of fifteen tomi of the commentaries on Romans, compressed, as he confesses, within half the length of the original, together with a few Greek fragments collected from various quarters, is all that remains to us of the commentaries on the Epistles. The Philocalia is a valuable series of selections from the works of Origen, made by Basil and Gregory Nazianzen.

Among the works of Origen which are

not exegetical in their character, the most famous is his reply to the *Ἀληθὴς Λόγος* of Celsus. None of his writings have suffered less from the alterations introduced by friends or enemies. Here we have Origen as he is; and in no part of his works has he displayed a greater amount of learning, both sacred and profane. His treatise holds deservedly the first place among the Apologies for Christianity. The work is valuable, not merely as thus trustworthy, but as presenting us with the opinions held by the writer in the later years of his life. Of the *περὶ ἀρχῶν*, and of the little reliance that can be placed on our version of it, we have already spoken. The small fragments of the Greek yet extant, only serve to show how ill the translation supplies the loss of the original. The whole of the treatise on Prayer and of the *Exhortatio ad Martyrium* has fortunately been preserved in the Greek. We possess only a few fragments of the two books on the Resurrection, and of the *Stromata*; and some of these are of questionable authenticity. The *Dialogue De Recta in Deum Fide*, or, as it is sometimes called, *Contra Marcionistas*, and the *Philosophoumena*, are beyond doubt spurious. Of his letters, which were collected by Eusebius, scarcely any thing remains. The fragments admitted by De la Rue into his edition are well attested. A number of other works, ascribed to Origen, have been so generally rejected as not to require mention.

Our readers must pardon thus much of dry detail. The importance of such an investigation cannot be too highly estimated as a preliminary to the formation of correct views concerning the opinions of Origen. Possessed of data wherewith to discover the genuine footmark, we may now track the course of our author. We have examined the title-deeds, and ascertained the rightful boundaries of the estate. It remains to determine its value by a survey of the arable and pasture land, the mines or the timber which it contains.

But this part of our labors is not without its difficulties. On many subjects the opinions of Origen resemble the moving statues of Dædalus, now here, now there; they are not to be fixed on a pedestal and identified by a name. It would be easy to force an appearance of consistency by culling one set of passages for the purpose, and keeping the rest out of sight, imitating in our criticism the time-honored custom of the Abyssinians, who imprison all the princes of the

\* Huet. Origenian. iii. c. ii. sect. 3, § 6.

† Dupin, i. p. 103.

blood-royal except the reigning one. As it is, however, we find statements so irreconcilable, so devoid, not only of harmony but even of any analogy among themselves, as to make us almost desirous of calling in the aid of those naturalists whose shrewdness in the detection of similitude amidst apparent diversity has been such as to discover a close analogy between pigs and humming-birds.\* The distinction between the esoteric and the exoteric system of Origen should be borne in mind, as some explanation of these inconsistencies. The great truths of the Gospel he taught plainly to the many; but very different was the exposition of such truth with which he favored the initiated and the scientific few. The elaborate treatise and the commentary abound accordingly in philosophical speculation, and in hazardous attempts to explain the inexplicable. It was from works of this character principally that his enemies derived matter for their charges against him, while his partisans have resorted in his defence to his exoterical writings. Those who have assailed him have too often forgotten the diffidence with which he put forth his opinions on more abstruse and difficult points, delivering them commonly as so much hypothesis, as views which he desired others, after examination to adopt or reject as they pleased, and which he himself was ready at any time to abandon for such as should be found more in accordance with truth.†

In the opinion entertained by Origen concerning the connexion between philosophy and religion, we see the basis of his entire system. Philosophy, when elevated above the grosser forms of error, with which it had been long connected, might be advantageously admitted to a union with Christianity. The doctrines of the Christian religion, though incomparably more sublime and excellent than any philosophy, might, nevertheless, be explained by its aid; and in philosophy, accordingly, we should always seek for the reason of these doctrines. Such was the instruction which Origen had received from Clement. When a disciple of Ammonius, he had listened to a dogma more directly opposed to the spirit of Christianity—the compatibility of a purified polytheism with the worship of

the God of the Christians. The heathen divinities, according to this teacher, were the vicegerents of the Supreme, and to do them reverence was at once to please God and to secure the powerful services of those subordinates in behalf of the worshipper. The beautiful visions of Plato were also present to the mind of Origen. The gods travelling round the world in their winged chariots, nourished by the contemplation of the real intangible Existence; feeding on pure knowledge, and gazing on things above the heavens, which even the eye of the poet never saw. In these dreams he beheld the human soul struggling to follow the immortals in their course, but weighed down by sin and by forgetfulness, losing its wings, its divinest part, and sinking lower and lower till it alights in some earthly body, and commences its terrestrial life. On earth, the abstract ideas of the soul are but the recollections of its ante-natal state; and the devout researches of philosophers' yearnings after the lost happiness. All that was venerable in antiquity was in favor of fancies like these, and when we remember the cast of Origen's mind, our wonder should be, not that he erred, but that he did not err yet more than we find him doing in his endeavor to lay the treasures of these wise men at the feet of the 'child Jesus.' Turning from the pages of the philosopher, he looked forth upon his fellow-creatures. He saw some sinking under the burthen of life, others surfeited with the profusion of its enjoyments; wealth and beauty lavished on one—indigence and helplessness the lot of another. Without previous merit or demerit, some born to claim honor, to extort submission, to be courted like a deity for a smile, and to see that their frown was to those about them as the bitterness of death,—others, to an obscurity from which there was no escape, and to sufferings which there was none to relieve. He saw these things, and while he sorrowed, he longed to justify the ways of God to men. The gloomy fate of *Æschylus*, and the predestination of the Stoics, were repugnant to a heart of such a temperament. How was the difficulty to be solved? Philosophy had indicated a way. From the point assumed in the answer to this question he viewed the wide range of things human and divine. This answer involved his two great doctrines—the pre-existence of the soul, and the inalienable freedom of the human will. The mode in which he formed his system will now be readily perceived.

\* The Quinary system. See *Swainson*.

† The statement of his opinions concerning the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Nature of the Soul, are severally prefaced by modest cautions to this effect. V. *De Prim.* i, 6, ii, 6, 8.



He believed that the Divine Being created, in ages far past, multitudes of minds, all equal in dignity, and with bodies of an ethereal rarity—for God alone is incorporeal. These minds possessed, and always must possess, an equal power of choosing good and evil. The freedom thus granted was abused by nearly all in a greater or less degree. The mind, thus cooled in its love to the Supreme, became a *soul* (*ψυχή*, which he derived from *ψύχος*, cold,) and was inclosed in a material body of a greater or less density, according to the measure of its offence. To form bodies for some of these souls whose sin had been less deep, the stars were created. Each soul inhabits a star, whose brightness or dimness bears an exact proportion to the moral position of the spirit which animates it. The belief that the heavenly bodies were animated natures may appear strange to some of our readers, but in the time of Origen that faith was almost universal. It had been handed down from superstition to philosophy, and from one philosopher to another, from time immemorial. Thales, who gave to every thing a soul, did not deny it to these luminaries; Pythagoras had called them gods; Plato also declared them divine; and Philo and Clement regarded them as pure and rational existences. Those souls whose sin had been of a more heinous description were sent to inhabit the successive generations of mankind, and our health and sickness, beauty and deformity, prosperity and adversity on earth, are proportioned to the degree of this supposed failure in a past state of probation. Thus did Origen account for these diversities of condition, and attempt to retain the justice of God unpugned.

In accordance with his views concerning the freedom of the will, he regarded the angels as the appointed helpers of good men, in their efforts to become fitted for a better state; while evil spirits, those who in a former condition had sinned more than man, sought to hinder him in the use of these means of improvement. But neither the good nor the evil could exert over him any power of compulsion. By the use or the abuse of this liberty, all souls, whether those of angels, men, or dæmons, may progress through a succession of stages, and become more holy or more depraved. Thus Satan himself might become virtuous, had he the desire. 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.' This passage Origen understood with reference to Satan, believ-

ing that his enmity to God would be destroyed, and he himself at last be restored to the favor he had forfeited. Probably it was not because, like Sir William Brown, 'he could never bring himself heartily to hate the devil,' that Origen embraced this opinion:—his system required that the lost should possess at least the power of amendment. As these exiles might return to heaven, so those already there might, by subsequent sin, forfeit for a space their blessedness. Such spirits would again be imprisoned in earthly bodies. For them a new world, or worlds, would be created. An endless succession of worlds had preceded our own, and an endless succession would follow it. In this belief Origen took his position, as it were, half-way between the philosophy of Ammonius and the statements of Scripture. The former maintained the eternity of matter, the latter, on the contrary, described the creation of our globe; and this doctrine of a series of creations might be reconciled with either. On this subject he approached the cosmology of the Stoics.

Our earth, as Origen viewed it, was a spot made awful by the constant presence of what is unearthly. Nothing was mean, or of a trivial import. The most obscure event was always the decline or the dawning of something momentous. The seen was lost in the unseen. By a vast theory, as by the lever of a spiritual Archimedes, the world seemed to have been moved to the very threshold of the infinite. The angel, the dæmon, and the man were ever in closest intercourse. Did the Christian faint beneath the heat and burthen of the day, a cloud of heavenly witnesses hung over him, and sought with their wings to shelter him under the scorching noon of his afflictions. To the guardian angels of the good—the 'little children' of the gospel—it was alone permitted to behold the face of our Father who is in heaven. Did the wicked man return from the error of his ways, his emancipated guardian ascended nearer to the Deity; and as his charge grew to the stature of the man in Christ Jesus, presented himself, radiant with joy, at the throne of God—an earnest of one more soul redeemed by the blood of Christ. Thus the good man and his angelic guide were united by the strongest ties, and lived in the constant interchange of service. That flower of the field, the life of man, was the prize for which mighty agents of good and evil entered the arena of our world. Each day of each mortal's history

was the strife renewed. Love aided man to win a new jewel for his future crown, hatred sought to make him forge another link of his fetters. The enemy of man sent the worm to the root beneath, his friend sent the dew and the sunshine from above. Did a night's tempest spread terror, and strew the earth with the pride of some mountain forest—a dæmon, exulting in the power granted him for a while, had passed that way in his flight, his heart full of the wantonness of evil. Did morning break, and earth, in the fresh sunlight and singing of birds, seem to forget the past—good angels were at hand, smiling, as they saw the children go forth to gather in the fallen branches, that would be fuel for their hearths through the winter, and rejoicing to behold an emblem of the joy, which, under the eye of their Father, they had so often caused to spring out of sorrow. As Origen gazed on the stars, shining with the intense brilliancy peculiar to the nightly firmament of the orientals, he felt that their strange sympathy with man was no mere poet's fiction. They, like man, were clothed in material bodies. Like him they longed to be unclothed, and to rise to a higher life. But they had seen their Lord, the Creator of all things, assume humanity—they had beheld him suffer, were sharers in the blessings that followed, and so they patiently fulfilled their course till the time of release should come.\* The stars were the letters of flame, the hieroglyphics, wherein was prophecy concerning the rise and fall of nations written out upon the heavens as on a scroll.† But the record could not be deciphered by man. It had no influence on the freedom of his will. It was the written language of the angels. On mountain summits, which seemed to the eye of mortals all solitude, sat those sons of God, reading the history of the future. A futile and presumptuous science, called Astrology, had arisen from a few words and broken sentences of this celestial language which fallen spirits had communicated to bad men. Thus, man was never alone. Empires, provinces, cities, and families, had their guardian angels. It was the office of some to watch over the succession of animal life, of others, to superintend the ripening of the seed and the budding of the flower. Every locality, every art, every science, was held in charge by those who

watched it unseen. As Origen traversed the scenes once hallowed by the presence of our Lord, he longed for the removal of that veil of flesh which hid from his view the angels who still walked there in holy converse, pointing out to each other place after place, where the miracle had been wrought, the tears had fallen, and the blood been shed. All these spirits would at last give in the account of their watch to God, and be promoted to a higher rank, or removed to a lower, according to their vigilance in this service. At the final restoration, the most malignant of the enemies of God would exchange enmity for penitence. All suffering was designed to heal rather than to punish. When it had done its purgatorial work, and cleansed away the love of sin, the lamentations of the lost would be at an end, and over the new heavens and the new earth all creation would rejoice. Some would again sin, and must pass through new trials. The rise and fall of immortal souls, the creation and dissolution of other worlds, their places of abode, would continue for ever. But if the happiness of none was secured beyond possibility of change, neither was the suffering of any to be prolonged without end.

The people of Nuremberg were wont to hang a small bell under their tables, which was sounded when an expression escaped the lips of any guest which transgressed the limits of propriety—and would that, amid these high festivals of his imagination, this great man could have been recalled by some warning sound within the boundaries of truth and soberness. His toilsome research was on many subjects so much labor to supply fuel to enthusiasm. He appeals to Scripture, quotes the very passage that seems to destroy his position, and enrols it in the train of his argument, as his fancy, like a hawk which breaks loose from the fist of the falconer, soars away, carrying her trappings along with her. To his theory, as to the music of Orpheus, the whole universe must move in harmony. Reason was the knight-errant of speculation, and was sent to the ends of the world in search of adventures, to return and lay the trophies at the feet of that fair visionary. He seems at times to have said with Faust, when following the ignis-fatuus—

“The limits of the sphere of dream,  
The bounds of true and false are past,  
Lead us on, thou wandering gleam!  
Lead us onward, far and fast.”

\* Ambros. Ep. xxxviii., ad Horontianum.

† Ori. Com. in Gen. tom. iii. num. 5-9.

The opinions of Origen with regard to the sufferings of Christ and the extent of his atonement became the subject of much controversy. He believed that the atonement was the source of blessing both to good and evil angels, as well as to man. He was falsely charged with maintaining that Christ would again suffer in some form for sin. It is easy to see that this accusation is founded on an unwarrantable extension of a part of his system. It is Origenism caricatured. He thought, also, that the blood of every righteous man had power to expiate a part of human guilt, and that this was especially the case if prayer in our behalf was offered by the sufferer that his death might be made efficacious to this end. While the blood of the saints derived its efficacy principally from such intercession, that of Christ atoned for sin solely by the merit of the sufferer. He fancied that, as the offering of a lamb under the Jewish dispensation was typical of the sacrifice of Christ, so the other victims represented that of the saints.

We have seen that Origen looked on the body with the eye of a Platonist, as a mere prison-house to the soul. This belief in the evil of matter induced him to resort to the most complicated of hypotheses, in order to explain the doctrine of the incarnation. He regarded philosophy as the means placed in his hands, wherewith he must labor to elucidate this among other mysteries. His belief was, that the most perfect of the created minds was united to the eternal Word, and was thus the medium whereby it became possible for the Son of God to assume a mortal body. It could never, he thought, be the desire of the Son of God to become united to a form of flesh. This mind of Christ it was which, first longing to become united with the Son of God, was afterwards prompted by love for us to become incarnate. The Son of God was in the body of Christ, but the movements of the human body were directed by the volition of Christ's soul alone. To nearer contact with materiality the Son of God would never have condescended. Into such absurdities was Origen carried, by seeking to accommodate every thing to what he thought an undeniable principle—the essential evil of matter. It cannot, of course, occasion wonder, that statements such as these, however carefully worded, however prefaced by expression of the hesitation with which he advanced his conclusions, should be misunderstood and misrep-

resented in a thousand ways, both by friends and adversaries. He was made the subject of the most contradictory imputations. Some declared him a Humanitarian, others were quite as certain that he favored the views of the Docetæ. According to many he maintained the existence of two Christs. That he was no believer in what was afterwards called Arianism, the important place assigned him by Athanasius among the authorities who supported his great doctrines, is alone sufficient proof. Priestley has rightly observed, that though Origen was thought to favor the Arian principles, he did it only in words, not in ideas.

Though a firm believer in the Unity of God, his language on the subject of the Trinity is such as might appear, in isolated passages, to separate the Father and the Son into two distinct beings. This is accounted for by the fact, that the opponents he was called to combat on this point were mostly those who had espoused the heresy of Nœtus. He held the notion of the emanation of the Son; and in an Alexandrian we should have been surprised to find it otherwise, but he expressly asserts his co-eternity and co-equality with the Father. In his reply to the argument founded by Celsus on the worship paid to Christ, he says, "We worship, therefore, as we have now shown, one God, Father and Son, and our argument remains as impregnable as before. We do not regard with an excessive veneration one who has but lately appeared, as though he had no existence before. We believe his own word, when he tells us, 'Before Abraham was, I am,' and when he says, 'I am the truth.' We are none of us so stupid as to think that the essence of Truth had no existence before the time of Christ's appearance." \* In his Commentaries on Matthew, he remarks on the brevity of all time, "as compared with the duration of God, of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit." † In his eighth homily on Jeremiah, he says, "If the soul have not God the Father, if it have not the Son, saying, 'I and my Father will come to him, and will make our abode with him,' if it have not the Holy Spirit, it is desolate." In his commentary on the seventeenth chapter of Matthew, speaking of the transfiguration, he says, "for the bright cloud of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, over-

\* Contra Cels, lib. viii. num. 12. "Ἐν ὧν ὁ Θεός, κ. τ. λ.

† Com. in Mat. tom. xvi. 31.



shadows the true disciples of Jesus."\* The following passage, while it clearly establishes Origen's belief in the divinity of Christ, affords also an example of his fanciful mode of interpretation. He is speaking of the wise men who came from the east, "bringing gifts," he says, "which they presented to one compounded of God and mortal man, as symbols, if I may use the term, gold as to a king, myrrh as to one who was to die, and incense as to God. These things they offered when they had discovered the place of his birth; but since the incarnate Saviour of the race of men, who was above the angels who give their assistance to man, was God, an angel rewarded the piety of the magi in thus worshipping Jesus, by warning them not to return to Herod, but to go back to their own country by another way."† He calls Christ, in one place, "second God," and asserts the superiority of the Father as the *source* of power; but expressions like these are no proof that his views on this subject were other than Trinitarian. His language is not to be tested by the forms of speech which came into use after the Council of Nice. In his day nothing had been decided respecting the use of terms on this topic. The words *Hypostasis* and *Ousia* had not yet given rise to their memorable contest.

On the allegorical system of interpretation of which Origen was so distinguished a patron we need say little, as we have recently called the attention of our readers to that subject. While, however, it is true that Origen erred in this respect, as so many had done before him, it is not less true that his division of the sense of Scripture into verbal, moral, and mystical, assigned to grammatical interpretation a separate and important place. The comprehensiveness and the vigor of his mind embraced both modes of interpretation, and gave a strong impulse to each among various of his successors. While eager to reach what he called the *soul* which dwelt within Scripture, he was scarcely less solicitous concerning the *body*. That careful treatment of the letter of Scripture which had been displayed by the compiler of the Hexapla, was afterwards closely imitated by Pamphilus, and many others of his admirers. It is partly to the exertions of Origen we must attribute the rise of that school of interpre-

tation so much more trustworthy than his own, which subsequently flourished at Antioch. If his speculations were often productive of mischief without intention of his, it must not be forgotten that his labors in this respect and in others were indirectly the source of great benefit. A flower in the hand of the poet suggests at once some fanciful analogy. If the dewdrops are clustered within it, he sees in them the jewels of some fairy, which she left behind her when startled by morning from her slumber in the cup. If the plant be withered, he fancies that, in the odor which still remains, the soul of the flower yet lingers fondly about the lifeless body. The botanist, on the contrary, subjects every part to the closest inspection. He numbers the pistils and stamens, he examines the conformation of the corolla, the structure of the leaves, and assigns to the specimen its place. Origen, on the spot dearest to him—the garden of Scripture, was both the poet and the botanist. If his interpretations were exuberant in fancy, none had subjected the text to a scrutiny more rigorous. To the word of God he constantly refers. He quotes its authority on every occasion. His error was one of reverence rather than of presumption; his very anxiety to do it honor, to lose no part of its precious lessons, led him often astray. He resembled a faithful servant, who striving to obey, not merely the spoken commands, but the slightest look of his master, sometimes gives to his glances a meaning they were never intended to convey.

It was our intention to have touched on the opinions of Origen with regard to a few less important topics, but our limits forbid. His doctrine on other subjects is so perfectly consistent with his views of the leading points to which we have adverted, that the reader will conjecture its complexion without difficulty. It remains to give a brief account of the fate of these speculations.

Towards the close of the third century, we find the question concerning the orthodoxy of Origen dissolving the union of the three friends—John bishop of Jerusalem, Rufinus, and Jerome. The latter, dreading any imputation on his orthodoxy, became the bitter opponent of his once favorite author, and aided by Epiphanius, took the field against Rufinus and John. Rufinus, repairing to Rome, translated the '*De Principiis*,' and introduced the writings of Origen among the Italian churches. In the

\* Tom. xii. in Mat. num. 42. Φωτεινὴ γὰρ Πατρὸς, Υἱοῦ, καὶ τοῦ ἁγίου Πνεύματος νεφέλη ἐπισκιάζει τοὺς γνησίους Ἰησοῦ μαθητάς.

† Ori. c. Celsum. lib. i. § 60.

year 400, however, Anastasius bishop of Rome, departing from the milder policy of his predecessor, Siricius, condemned the writings of Origen as heretical. In this step he followed the example of Theophilus, under whose influence a similar sentence had been passed by the Alexandrian synod the preceding year. The monks of Egypt were divided into two parties. Many of the Origenists held opinions which the departed Origen would never have sanctioned. The attack and defence were maintained with immoderate zeal. Theophilus strained every nerve to crush the Origenists. Those who refused to acquiesce in his condemnation of their master were sent into banishment; many fled to Constantinople, and there besought the intervention of Chrysostom. This bishop was then in favor with the empress. Theophilus was cited to appear. But the upright and pious Chrysostom was no match for the wily machinations of his rival. Chrysostom had not feared to rebuke the vices of that most licentious of courts. Theophilus saw his advantage, and rallied about him the courtiers who were hostile to the bishop. He contrived to exchange the position of the accused for that of the accuser. Chrysostom, though summoned by an imperial legate, refused to appear before the bar of a synod convened by Theophilus, and composed of his enemies. He was excommunicated, and banished to Bithynia. An earthquake, and the outbreak of the people in favor of their beloved prelate, produced a temporary re-action; he returned in triumph, but his adversaries gave him no rest. Eudoxia again became his enemy. A second banishment was the result, and he died a few years afterwards in exile. In all this it is evident that the original cause of the dispute had been lost sight of early in the contest. In the hands of Theophilus it became a personal quarrel, and was protracted until the complete overthrow of his rival had left the field open to his ambition.

The controversy respecting Origen was revived in the sixth century. The monks of Syria and Palestine, together with several bishops, labored zealously in defence of his doctrines. Nonnus, Leontius, Domitian, and Theodore, were distinguished by their activity in the cause. Some of the more violent of the Origenist party assembled in arms, for the purpose of pulling down the monasteries of their opponents. A system of reprisals was commenced. The matter was at length brought before Justi-

nian, who, in a letter to Menas, the patriarch of Constantinople, declared Origen a heretic, and commanded the suppression of his works. The circumstances connected with the condemnation of the memorable three chapters were favorable for a while to Origenism. At the fifth œcumenical council, however, summoned by Justinian in the year 553, the bishops of the East finally condemned these chapters, and also, as is commonly believed, the tenets of Origen. The controversy was now at a close. The name and the writings of Origen have been regarded with detestation by the Greek church down to the present day. Among the Latins, his doctrines were defended by some and attacked by others. His works were first printed by Merlin, early in the sixteenth century. Erasmus was a great admirer of Origen; he wrote his life, and translated some of the Commentaries on Matthew into Latin. Luther's opinion concerning him is well known: 'Origenem jamdudum diris devovi.' That of Beza was scarcely more favorable. Genebrard published a corrected edition of his works, containing several which had not previously been made public, and in his *Collectanea* has spared no labor in defending his author from the various imputations cast upon him. That mystical tendency which forms so prominent a feature in the doctrines of Origen, has been revived in more than one connexion in modern times.

Of the merits of Origen we must judge in the spirit of charity. His labors entitle him to no less at our hands. Of this victim of unmeasured censure—this idol of indiscriminate praise, we can now form a dispassionate estimate. The uproar of the contests which ensued upon his death has died away. Those funeral games are ended. We are not, like his contemporaries, applauding now Jerome, and now Rufinus, as they strain and turn in their grapple of hatred. Let not the evil which was no part of his design be laid to his charge. Let his love to the Most Holy, whom he wished to serve, be present with us when we think on the multitude of his errors. His whole life he offered up as a sacrifice to his Maker—calumny alone would snatch the offering from the altar. 'I shall know after death,' said he, 'whether those stars are indeed animated.' We believe that he now does know—in heaven. As we judge of him, so should we be concerned to judge of others. It is good to evince fairness to-

wards the dead; it is better, because often more difficult, to cherish a like spirit as regards the living. Would that we saw less among ourselves of that temper which is blind to great excellence because of small faults: which makes one point of difference of more account than many of union: and would deny the conqueror his laurels because his victory was not gained according to a certain pet system of tactics. The wise do not expect to find a union of opposite qualities in the same person. The same caution which would have disposed Origen to stop short on the brink of the errors into which he plunged, would also have taught him to regard the Hexapla as a task too gigantic for one mind, and the refutation of Celsus as a labor which so old a man might well leave to others retaining more of the vigor of youth. The very ardor which led him wrong was indispensable to his going so far as he did aright. The Christian army which employed this giant to do battle in their van had no great cause for complaint if their hero was not always subject to the strictest rules of discipline. The utility and the inconveniences of such an ally were not to be separated. Yet nothing is more common than to hear distinguished men blamed for the want of qualities which are hardly compatible with the stronger forms of excellence which gave them their distinction.

We have seen, in the course of this inquiry, somewhat of the evil which follows from assigning to human reason undue authority in matters of religion. Christianity was not sent into the world to go the round of the high courts of our philosophy, and thankfully to accept the place which might be allotted to her in a verdict from that quarter. It is not an imperfect system which the later wisdom of the world has been left to correct and mature—no temporary edifice which a future age might pull down, and reconstruct in adaptation to new principles of taste. If we may credit some of our sophists, it descended from heaven like some of the deified stones of antiquity, in a shapelessness which the superstition of a ruder age only could have consented to worship; and it has been reserved to them to give it symmetry and soul, so as to render it worthy of the homage of a more enlightened race. Christianity has not fallen so low as to be thankful for such services. The transcendentalist bestows upon it his lip-homage, but it is given as to

a sovereign whose power has been secured for the most part by usurpation. For ages men have lived under the influence of its sublime fictions, and thought them real. Reason is now to deliver them from the thralldom of its fascinations, and disclosing the objects of their veneration in its true qualities, to show them how simple is the fare which men have mistaken for angels' food. Our philosopher invites us to his Canaan, but has first dried up the milk and honey which flowed there. Nor will any man be attracted towards the promised land of these speculators by the bright light resting upon it. They provide not a little against attack by taking care not to be understood. The force of the enemy advances with the more formidable appearance from coming upon you in a fog. When the Duke of Anjou was besieging a castle on the coast of Italy, a potent necromancer promised 'to make the ayre so thicke, that they within shal thynke that there is a great bridge on the see;—and whan they within the castell se this bridge, they will be so afraide, that they shall yelde them to your mercy.' German metaphysics can perform its feats of this kind upon occasion. Favored as they are by obscurity, these heroes fight like the soldiers of Vespasian, who were indebted for the victory in a night engagement with the Vitellians to the long shadows which the rising moon threw before them. It has been a common policy with powerful nations, when entertaining designs on the liberty of a neighbor, to pretend that the weaker state stands in need of their assistance, and then to exact subserviency as the price of protection. This has been too much the course pursued by the philosophy of the schools towards the religion of the Scriptures. Sound philosophy and sound theology are one, and the best means of protecting Christianity against the mischiefs of a false philosophy is to demonstrate its just relation to the true.

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From the Metropolitan.

### THE ENTRANCE INTO LIFE OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY A. R. E.

I WAS about entering my twenty-first year, when my mother, coming into my chamber one morning, embraced me with tears, and said,



"My dear, I have just sold all we possessed in order to pay our debts."

"Well, my mother!"

"Well, my poor child, our debts paid, there remain two hundred and fifty-three francs."

"Per annum?"

My mother smiled sadly.

"For all our means?" continued I.

"For all."

"Very well, mother; I will this evening take the fifty-three francs and set out for Paris."

"What will you do there, my poor boy?"

"I will see the friends of my father—Sebastiani and the Duke of Belluna, the Minister of War. My father, who was an older general than them all, and who commanded four armies, has seen them nearly all under his orders. We have a letter from Belluna, in which he says that it is to my father he owes his favor with Buonaparte; a letter from Sebastiani, in which he thanks him for having permission for his joining the army of Egypt; letters of Jourdan, and Bernadotte also. Very well; I will go even to Sweden, if necessary, and having found the king, will appeal to his souvenir as a soldier."

"And what shall I do during that time?"

"You are right—but be easy; I shall have no need to go further than Paris. I set out this evening."

"Do what you will," said my mother, embracing me a second time; "it is perhaps an inspiration of God," and she left me.

I leaped out of bed, more proud than saddened by the news I had just heard, for I was about to be good for something, and to return to my mother—not the cares she had lavished on me, for that was impossible, but to spare her those daily torments which narrow means always drag after them, and to support her aged years by my labor. I was now a man; because the existence of a woman was about to depend on me. A thousand projects, a thousand hopes, passed through my mind; besides, it was impossible that I should not obtain all I asked for when I said to those men on whom my future hung, "That which I demand is for my mother; for the widow of your old companion in arms; for my mother—my good mother."

Born at Villers Coterets, a little town of about two thousand inhabitants, it may be easily guessed that it did not possess any great resources for education. A good and

worthy abbé, loved and respected by everybody, had given me lessons in Latin for five or six years; as for arithmetic, three schoolmasters in succession had given up all hope of driving the first four rules of arithmetic into my head. Instead of this I possessed a rustic education—that is to say, I rode every horse that came in my way, would go thirty miles to a ball, fenced pretty well, played tennis like Saint George, and rarely missed a hare or a partridge at thirty paces. All my preparations made—an affair of no great length—I went to all my acquaintance, to announce my departure to Paris.

In the café adjoining the diligence office there was an old friend of my father, and he had besides this friendship some gratitude to our family; for when he was wounded one day out shooting, he caused himself to be carried to our house, and the attentions he had received from my mother and sister remained on his memory. Of great influence from his fortune and probity, he had carried by assault the election of General Foy, his schoolfellow. He offered me a letter for the honorable deputy. I accepted it, embraced him, and went to say adieu to the worthy abbé, who approved of my design, embraced me, with tears in his eyes, and when I asked him for advice, he opened the Bible, and pointed with his finger to these words—"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

That evening I left and arrived in Paris, where I put up in a modest hotel in the Rue Saint Germain Auxerrois. Convinced that society was calumniated, that the world was a garden of golden flowers, of which all the gates were about to open before me, and that I had only, like Ali Baba, to pronounce the word sesame to cleave rocks, that same evening I wrote to the Minister of War, asking for an audience, and detailing my right to this favor in the name of my father, through delicacy passing over in silence the service that had been rendered, but which a letter of the marshal, that I had at all hazards brought with me, incontestably proved. I then went to bed, and dreamt dreams of the thousand and one nights. The next morning I bought an almanac containing twenty-five thousand addresses, and then I set out on my travels.

My first visit was to Marshal Jourdan. He had very vague remembrances that there ever had existed a General Alexander Dumas, but he had never heard that he had a son. In spite of all I could say I left him

at the end of ten minutes, appearing very little persuaded of my existence.

I next went to General Sebastiani. He was in his office: four or five secretaries were writing to his dictation. Each of them had on his desk, besides his pen, paper, and penknives, a gold snuff-box, which he presented, open, to the general, when he stopped before him. The general delicately introduced his forefinger and thumb, voluptuously tasted the Spanish snuff, and recommenced walking about the room, now lengthways, now across. My visit was short, for whatever respect I might have for the general, I felt little inclination to become a snuff-box holder.

I returned to my hotel a little disappointed—my golden dreams were tarnished. I took up my almanac, and was turning over the leaves at hazard, when I saw a name I had so often heard pronounced by my mother with so much praise that I trembled with joy; it was that of General Verdier, who had served in Egypt under my father. I drove to the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, No. 4—it was there he lived.

"General Verdier," I asked at the lodge.

"The fourth story; the little door on the left."

I made the porter repeat it—yes, I had heard properly. "Parbleu!" said I to myself, while I was mounting the stairs; "this, at all events, does not resemble the footmen of Marshal Jourdan, or the Swiss of the Hotel Sebastiani. General Verdier; the fourth floor; the door on the left. This man ought to remember my father."

I reached the top of the stairs. A modest green cord hung by the door. I rang—waiting this third proof in order to know how much I might depend upon mankind. The door opened; a man of about sixty appeared. He had on a cap bordered with fur, an old-fashioned waistcoat and trousers falling about his shoes; in one hand he held a palette charged with colors, and in the other a brush. I thought I had made a mistake, and looked at the other doors.

"What do you want, sir?" said he.

"To present my respects to General Verdier; but perhaps I am mistaken."

"No, no, you are not mistaken, it is here."

I entered into an atelier.

"With your permission, sir?" said the man in the cap to me, setting to work at a battle-piece, in the painting of which I had interrupted him.

"Certainly, if you will have the kind-

ness to tell me where I shall find the general."

The painter turned round.

"What! parbleu; 'tis I," said he.

"You?"

I fixed my eyes upon him with a look so full of astonishment that he began to laugh.

"General," said I to him, "I am the son of your old comrade in arms in Egypt—of Alexander Dumas."

He looked steadily at me, and after a moment's silence, said,

"'Tis true; you are the picture of him."

Two tears started into his eyes, and throwing down his brush, he extended a hand, which I had a greater desire to kiss than to grasp.

"What brings you to Paris, my poor boy?" said he; "for if I recollect rightly, you are living with your mother in I don't know what village."

"True, general; but my mother is growing old, and we are poor."

"Two songs of which I know the air," murmured he.

"I am therefore come to Paris in the hope of obtaining some small situation in order to support her in my turn, as she has supported me until now."

"Very proper; but a place is a thing not easily got now-a-days."

"But, general, I have reckoned on your protection."

"Hum!"

I repeated.

"My protection!" He smiled bitterly. "My poor child, if you wish to take lessons in painting, my protection can go so far as to give you some, and yet you'll be no great painter if you do not excel your master. My protection! there is not any body in the world besides yourself who would think of asking me for it."

"And why?"

"Is it not because those rascals have cashiered me under the pretext of I know not what conspiracy? so that, as you perceive, I paint pictures; do you wish to do so too?"

"Thank you, general, I do not know how to draw a stroke, and the apprenticeship would be too long."

"What do you wish, my friend; this is all I can offer you. Ah! there's the half of my purse; I didn't remember it, for it is hardly worth the trouble."

He opened the drawer of a small cabinet, in which there were, I well recollect,

two pieces of gold, and forty francs in silver.

"I thank you, general, I am almost as rich as yourself." Tears were in my eyes. "I thank you, but you will give me some advice as to the proceedings I ought to take."

"Oh! as much of that as you like. Let us see what are your designs; what have you done?"

"I have written to Marshal the Duke of Belluna."

The general, while painting a Cossack's face, made a grimace which might be translated into, "If you have nothing else to depend upon, my poor fellow."

"I have also," added I, replying to his thought, "an introduction to General Foy, the deputy of our department."

"Ah, ah, this is another affair; very well, my child, don't wait for the answer of the minister, but carry your letter to the general and be easy, for he will receive you well. Now then, will you dine with me? and we will chat about your father."

"With much pleasure, general."

"Come back at six o'clock."

I took leave of General Verdier.

On the morrow I presented myself at the honorable deputy's. He turned round, hearing the door of his sanctuary open, and, with his natural vivacity, fixed his piercing eyes on me.

"M. Alexander Dumas?" said he.

"Yes, general."

"Are you the son of him who commanded the army of the Alps?"

"Yes, general."

"He was a brave man. Can I be of any assistance to you? I shall be most happy to do all in my power."

"I thank you for the interest you take. I have to give you a letter from M. Danré."

"Let us see what my good friend says."

He began to read.

"He recommends you to me most particularly; he loves you, then, well."

"As a son."

"Very well, let us see what we can make of you."

"Whatever you like, general."

"But I must first know what you are fit for."

"Oh, nothing very great."

"Let us see what you know—a little mathematics?"

"No, general."

"You have at least some idea of algebra—of geometry—of physics?"

He paused between each word, and at each word I felt the perspiration rolling off my forehead.

"No, general," said I, stammering.

He perceived my embarrassment.

"You have studied the law?"

"No, general."

"You know Latin and Greek?"

"A little."

"Do you speak any living language?"

"Italian pretty well, German pretty badly."

"I will then place you in Laffitte's office. You understand accounts?"

"Not the least in the world. Oh! general," said I, "my education has been neglected; but I will make it up, I give you my word of honor."

"But in the mean time, my friend, have you any thing to support you?"

"Oh! I have nothing," answered I, overwhelmed by the feeling of my incapacity.

"Give me your address," said he, "I will reflect upon what I can do for you."

I wrote.

"We are saved, you have an excellent hand."

Yes, indeed, I had that certificate of incapacity—a good hand—a good hand. I let my head fall between my two hands. General Foy continued, without perceiving what passed through my mind,

"Listen! I dine to-day with the Duke of Orleans; I will speak to him about you. Write out a petition."

I obeyed. He folded it up, after having written a few lines on the margin, put it in his pocket, and, extending his hand in token of friendship, asked me to breakfast with him on the following morning.

When I returned to my hotel I found a letter from the minister, who, not having time to receive me personally, asked me to explain by writing the subject of my demand. I replied that the audience I had asked for had no other object than to give him the original of a letter of thanks he had written to my father—his general; but that, not being able to see him, I contented myself with sending him the copy of it.

The next day I went to the house of General Foy, my only hope.

"Well," said he, with a smiling face, "you are to enter the secretary's office of the Duke of Orleans as supernumerary, with a salary of 1200 francs; it is no great matter, but it is for you to work."



"It's a fortune, and when shall I be installed?"

"To-day, if you wish."

"Do you permit me to announce this good news to my mother?"

"Yes, place yourself there."

I wrote to her to sell all that she had, to come to join me. When I had finished I turned toward the general; he was looking at me with an expression of inexpressible kindness, that reminded me that I had not even thanked him. I leaped on his neck and kissed him. He began to laugh.

From the British Quarterly Review.

#### MISS BARRETT'S POEMS.

*Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. In two vols. 12mo. Edward Moxon. London, 1844.*

THE present, we are told, is an unpoetical age; and truly, when we give heed to the sounds that most frequently enter our wearied ears, and consider the chief pursuits and engagements of that aggregate humanity, which is rushing past us in breathless chase of what it holds to be the chief good, we are half inclined to believe the affirmation, and despairingly enunciate that this is the age of *sense*, as opposed to intellect, of understanding, rather than reason—an age in which, with rude hands, we analyze and dissect what we once worshipped, heedless of our impotence to re-unite, and re-animate with a vivifying spirit, whose subtle nature has eluded our coarse search, the sundered fragments of the good, the strong, and the beautiful;—that it is an age of share-markets, and steam-whistles, and of travelling swifter than the wind; as though it were the great end of existence to annihilate space, while the time thus redeemed is not always employed, so far as we see, to any nobler purpose than it was some thirty years ago in a heavy stage. Life is so much all hurry and hot haste, that our 'well of English'—deep, clear, and profound as are its crystal waters, being inadequate rightly to designate it, we are forced to ransack the new vocabulary of our Transatlantic brethren, expressly constructed for this high-pressure state of things; and it cannot be denied that the feverish excitements, vivid anxieties, and ceaseless turmoil that prevail are exceedingly unfavorable to the development of the poetic faculty. *A priori*, one would say that steam-engines and

poetry must flourish in inverse proportions. Nor, perchance, would the conclusion be invalidated, even by a desperate attempt to extract sentiment out of a railway—such as we have seen—nor by Miss Barrett's pressing locomotives into the service under the high sounding alias of 'resonant steam eagles'—for which the thanks of all railway proprietors, more particularly in rural, picturesque districts, are her undoubted due.

And yet, with so much in its support, we can but yield a half assent to this assertion of the hard, prosaic character of the time, while our memory lingers over strains that, but a few short years ago, were wont to awake all the finer impulses of our nature, and which now, amidst the stern realities of more mature life, distil a yet richer influence,—are more lovely and more soothing. For, paradoxical as it may appear, those pleasures which have their source in the imagination, have not always the strongest attraction in our more imaginative days, but are often most prized, most eagerly sought, when the flights of fancy have been tamed by the cares and sorrows which wait, in accumulating groups, on all who are treading that path whose termination is lost amidst the shadows of the future, and when all our own

'bright hopes and hues of day,  
Have faded into twilight gray.'

eagerly do we seek to escape out of ourselves into the ideal world which the poet opens to us,—to exchange our gloomy horizon for his sunshine, the heavy vapors with which we are surrounded, for his pure, calm-breathing atmosphere! And contrast heightens the charm. While all the enjoyment that arises from appreciation of artistic skill, and a contemplation of sublime truth—and to teach *this* is one of the sublimest uses of poetry—is necessarily foreign to our light-hearted youth. Of course we speak not here of those dull beings who, getting older and worse, can only enjoy their newspaper, or the latest accounts from the stock exchange,—whose prime object, that for which they sleep, eat, talk, work, live, and die, is, to keep doubling their capital, and who to attain that would willingly sell themselves to the Evil One—with the full intention of over-reaching him in the bargain, and than whom none would be more likely so to do—we speak not of these, but of people with *souls*, acutely, quiveringly sensible to all the impressions which can be made on that ethereal princi-

ple, with its mysterious tunic—thro' whose medium perchance these impressions are transmitted—to enwrap the vivifying flame—and, if those old Greeks are to be believed, to enable it to play the ghost when separated from its material case—and who, thus exposed to greater suffering, from all its ordinary sources, have some amends for this exquisite susceptibility in the still greater capacity of enjoyment than their neighbors which it bestows on them. There are doubtless many of these who will join us in saying that what little liking for the world we set out with, it has 'pleased Heaven to decrease on further acquaintance;' and to them we appeal for the truth of our assertion, that so much the more bounding is our love for nature, so much the more earnest our love for that transcript of pure-souled nature—be it material or intellectual—poetry. Not your dark, gloomy, turbid, *subjective* verse, whose only value, if value it has, must be to display the morbid anatomy of the human heart, if haply any be skilled to cure the deadly evil which it demonstrates—but the poetry that refines, instructs, mollifies and elevates the spirit; winning it to juster views of that which belongs to its particular existence, or the existences bound up with its own; and tranquillizing it by a store of soothing images from this beautiful earth, which, surpassingly beautiful in itself, yet owes an added beauty to the artist, who with accomplished and reverent hand—for, who portrays nature, must be a worshipper—transfers its goodness to the glowing canvas. While, with holier aim, other masters of the lyre embody the kindly affections and charities of life, till, with 'gazing fed,' the cold heart shadows forth some faint impress of their graceful lineaments; or, with trembling hands awaken deep tones, that in mystic grandeur tell of verities awful in their being, and thrice awful in their revelation, whether on Sinai's storm-crowned head, or amidst the darkness that enshrouded Calvary.

And has this been denied us in this 'unpoetic' age? Let Wordsworth, and Southey, and Coleridge, and James Montgomery, let Hemans, and Pollock, and Bowles, and Delta, and 'V.'—who ever she may be, and who, if she had written but that one thrilling poem, 'the Grave,' would at once have established her rank as one of the eldest born of Parnassus—let all these answer that question for themselves, and others who may well be content with

such representatives. Refreshed by such a muster roll, for whose sake we can even forgive miles of railways, boring their impudent way through the rugged hill-side, and *sharing* through the plain, we may surely take heart of grace, and boldly pronounce it a libel on the age thus to designate it. But we verily fear that if we—we mean such as delight in all the bustle and hurry of the day that we have been finding fault with—if we have not killed our poets, we have at least frozen or silenced most of them, for we miss many of the old well-known names which were wont to gladden us. On Southey's teeming verse, less fascinating, however, to us than his manly English prose, and Coleridge's music-breathing rhythm—a dance of sweet sounds, the portals of the tomb have closed; and Hemans is no more—the beauty of whose verse was still surpassed by the beauty of her character; whose poetry, dreamy and indistinct at times in its tone, might be compared to a luxuriant valley covered with silver mist, through which glitters so enchantingly spire and turret, and graceful foliage, that you long for the breeze of morning to sweep away the dewy curtain; while for the *woman*—she was like the fresh rivulet of the vale that, as it winds along, half seen, half hidden by the clustering boughs that droop over its waters, makes the glade musical with its gentle, yet withal mournful voice,—the sweeter that it is mournful!

But in estimating the claims of our rising aspirants for the bay, we must bear in mind the increased difficulty of securing a poetical reputation *now*, as compared with the last century; when a few copies of milk and water verses—strong of the water—were enough to set up a man for life, and procure him a place among the 'British poets' after his death. No such chance in these days, when writing verses, and often very good ones too, is what almost any person of taste and education may accomplish. The practice of the mechanical part of the art is widely spread, so that the true poet, rare as ever, does not stand out as he once did, but may be overlooked, among the 'mob of gentlemen,' ay, and gentlewomen too, 'that write with ease.' Literature is more extensively diffused, if it be not so profound, and literary pursuits more common; so that he who will distinguish himself, must be as much in advance of the present average of intellect and cultivation, as the poetasters of the last generation were

above the average dulness of their day. The poet must now raise himself, not above the dead level of worse than mediocrity, but above many whose pretensions will be so like his own, that it will at times require some discrimination to say which is the sterling metal, which the counterfeit.

With regard to the position that should be assigned to the lady whose claims are immediately before us, we will own that it is not without hesitation that we have been able to determine what should be her award—a place among our poets, or not. Her volumes, we may remark, have been subject to very extensive criticism; and this almost universal attention, whatever may have been the verdict given, could not but be flattering to any writer—censure, in the opinion of many, being better than neglect—as at least affording evidence that the work is not of a negative character. Had mere literary notoriety, or even applause, been the object of Miss Barrett's solicitude, she must have had it to her heart's content. But she has higher claims and views than these, and it gives us pleasure to do full justice to the purity and elevation of her motives and sentiments, and her ardent desire to benefit and raise her fellow-creatures; and that, by means alone equal to the task,—a high-minded, intellectual appreciation of Christian and eternal verities.

Her learning—and of this we must forgive some needless display—has been offered on that altar which only can give value to our costliest sacrifices, and it is always delightful to meet this union of the strong mind and lowly heart. Her philosophy is the only one that in this day is entitled to the name—a *religious* one; and we can deeply sympathize with her strong conviction of what the admirable master of Rugby called 'the religious duty of work'—a sentiment finely expressed in one of her sonnets—and her heart-felt apprehension of the responsibilities resting on those who seek to sway mankind through the subtle influence of verse. But all this would not much avail, unless we went further, and conceded her also poetic genius, which, after some demur, arising from causes which we shall presently touch upon, we do right willingly; though our judgment is in all probability not chiefly founded on such of her pieces as she will most prize. Some of her shorter poems appear to us more uniform in their excellence than those of greater pretensions; and her sonnets, with few ex-

ceptions, are eminently beautiful. We would instance one which, to our minds, is almost perfect: it refers to a preceding one, on the words, 'Christ turned, and *looked* upon Peter.'

I think that look of Christ might seem to say:—  
 'Thou, Peter! art thou then a common stone,  
 Which I at last must break my heart upon,  
 For all God's charge to His high angels, may  
 Guard my foot better? Did I yesterday  
 Wash thy feet, my beloved, that they should  
     run  
 Quick to deny me 'neath the morning sun,—  
 And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray?—  
 The cock crows coldly. Go, and manifest  
 A late contrition, but no bootless fear!  
 For when thy deadly need is bitterest,  
 Thou shalt not be denied, as I am here—  
 My voice, to God and angels, shall attest,—  
*Because I know this man, let him be clear.*'

The pathetic antithesis of the thought is here clothed in language worthy of it,—plain, powerful, melting; and, if we were Miss Barrett, we should be prouder of this one sonnet than of the whole of the "Drama." There is a finish, a perfection about it, worthy of Wordsworth himself. It breathes tenderness, humanity,—yea, more!

But we alluded to the difficulty we had felt in assigning to Miss Barrett her rank as a writer; and *this* arose from the faults with which her volumes abound, so serious as almost to repel one from the compositions which they disfigure. And it is with real pain that we say, surely never was gold so disguised and overlaid with tinsel as hers,—never was real merit made to look so like what Carlyle would call a 'sham.' She possesses genius, a cultivated mind, a truth-loving heart, quick powers of observation, and luxuriance of fancy and expression; but that luxuriance too often verges—to say the least—on extravagance. Her thoughts, fine in themselves, are not clearly conceived, and are expressed in a wilderness of words in which it is sometimes difficult to pick up one distinct, intelligible idea. Her genius is erratic, and runs away with her; in short, what avails truth to nature, and poetic power, when the writer thinks proper to be unintelligible? Not that we would sweepingly assert this of all her productions; some are plain enough, in others we *think* we have a good guess at her meaning, as for instance, when she speaks of grinding 'down men's bones to a pale unanimity!' (A Rhapsody of Life's Progress.) It seems to us that the idea which Miss Barrett had in her head was the same which, to our prosaic mind, would



have found its liveliest illustration in the verdict of a starved-out jury, whose 'unanimity' they themselves, with faltering lips, announce, and whose 'paleness' manifests itself to all beholders! This, we presume, is the idea—a coerced agreement—only on a larger scale, the starved jurors standing for mankind generally; but we cannot congratulate her on a felicitous expression of it. If her meaning be clear to herself, why should her readers be left in doubt? But this is the point, we fear it is not always so; but that she permits herself to think confusedly, and the natural result is, a confused, unintelligible way of expressing herself. And the case is rendered more hopeless by her attributing it, not as one would have expected, to her own feeble grasp of her subject, and defective power of expression, but—hear it, ye old, plain-speaking poets!—to her thoughts being too sublime and grand to be spoken out in clear, connected phrase; nay, so great, so overpowering does she consider them that she seriously—or at least, *poetically*, thinks that if she were to do so, the effect would be most disastrous—fatal! Of course, with an apprehension of such consequences, no one could expect her to write otherwise than as she does. Our only chance is, in persuading her of her mistake, and this we can only hope to do by reminding her that thoughts quite as fine as any she thinks, or can think, have, from old Homer downwards, been poured fourth in *intelligible* song; and we believe there is not a single case on record of its ever having proved prejudicial either to the health or comfort of the patient. It does not follow that to write even of things incomprehensible, we must write incomprehensibly. Let her turn to Milton, and see if he ever uses jargon to express sublimity. Nay, what can be more distinctly expressed than that line of his, which is one of the finest descriptions of the shadowy and indistinct in our language—

‘What seemed its head,  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on?’

It would not suit our limits, and it would be an ungenial task, to give as many instances of this fault as the volumes before us would furnish; but one or two may be permitted, and we would especially animadvert upon the Song of the Morning Star to Lucifer, in the drama of the Exile, as one that absolutely outherods Herod, as a specimen of almost unadulterated nonsense.—

There is a melancholy cadence in its opening that prepossessed us.

‘Mine orb’d image sinks,  
Back from thee, back from thee,  
As thou art fallen, methinks,  
Back from me.’

But who shall express the unmitigated dismay with which we read on as follows:—

‘I loved thee with the fiery love of stars,  
*Who love by burning*, and by loving move  
Too near the throned Jehovah, not to love.  
Ai, ai, Heosphoros!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Mine orb’d heats drop cold,  
Down from thee, down from thee;  
As fell thy grace of old,  
Down from me, down from me.  
Ai, ai.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thou, with calm, floating pinions both ways  
spread,  
Erect, irradiated,  
*Didst sting my wheel of glory*,  
*On, on, before thee*,  
*Along the God-light, by a quickening touch!*—  
Around, around the firmamental ocean—  
Ha, ha!  
I swam expanding with delirious fire,  
Around, around, around in blind desire  
To be drawn upward to the Infinite—  
Ha, ha!  
*Until the motion flinging out the motion*  
*To a keen whirl of passion and avidity,*—  
To a blind whirl of rapture and delight,—  
I wound in girant orbits smooth and white,  
With that intense rapidity!  
Around, around,  
*I wound and interwound*,  
*While all the cyclic heavens about me spun!*  
*Stars, planets, suns, and moons, dilated broad,*  
*Then flashed together into a single sun,*  
*And wound, and wound in one;*  
*And as they wound, I wound—around, around,*  
*In a great fire, I almost took for God.*  
Ha, ha, Heosphoros!’

Enough, and more than enough. But would it not disturb the equanimity of the most humane critic, to read such nonsense as this, with its strange burden—*burden*, indeed!—of Ai, ai, Heosphoros? We had ‘lever,’ as Chaucer says, she had stuck to her own tongue, and lamented over Lucifer in straight-forward English. What are ladies and country gentlemen to do? And is not the star entitled to damages against the slanderous poet who could lay such unmeaning wordiness to its charge, as if it were actually dizzy with this thrice absurd tee-totum velocity with which it spins, and that almost makes us dizzy to read of,—and all for love? Poetry should at least be *sense*. Miss Barrett, we are sorry to say, does not always seem to think so, as there

are too many passages in her poems which renew an oft-recurring trouble of our school days, when our vexed and puzzled spirit found vent in an exclamation most apposite to our present difficulty, we 'can't make sense of it!' For instance, a nightingale, representing the birds of Eden, says

'I build my song of high, pure notes,—  
Till I strike the arch of the Infinite;  
And I bridge abysmal agonies,  
With strong clear calms of harmonies!'

Wonderful bird! but still more wonderful reader, if he chance to make out what this means. What it is for human beings to 'lie still on the knee of a *mild mystery*!' as Miss Barrett tells us we do: while steam engines—real or metaphorical, we can't say which—rush on 'neath the *heat of a thought sitting still in our eyes*!' is to us a matter still more inexplicable,—it *sounds* as though coke were superfluous! But till this strange style, which appears to be a pet sin, be exchanged for a purer, chaster one—the noble simplicity of the great masters—vainly, or nearly so, will she attempt to impart her own feeling of the beautiful and true to her readers: and, what we verily believe will more concern her—vainly will she look for the *effect* of just, ennobling sentiments, dimly visible through a mist of words. After reading some of Miss Barrett's poems, we were struck with the transparent diction, even of some of our poetical writers that we had previously thought most wanting in perspicuity and precision. Her redundancy of compound epithets also we would remark, as being exceedingly disagreeable generally, as well as rather unmeaning in this particular case: *e. g.*, 'God-breath,' 'heaven-life,' 'child-mouth,' 'soul-wings,' 'fire-hearts,' &c. They require to be sparingly used, and with great judgment, or they detract from the simplicity of diction essential to true poetry. Abundant they may well be in the old, rich, fusible language, whence, we doubt not, Miss Barrett has acquired her love for them; but they do not so well suit our stiffly cast vernacular. Style will not bear transplanting; and your good Greek may be very bad English.

Will she give us leave, while we are at this ungracious task of fault-finding, to say that her rhymes are distracting to any one with an ear? And this is really inexcusable, rhyming being one of the very lowest elements of the art,—any body can tell whether rhymes be legitimate or not, and

we look for them as a thing of course; considering it no great merit that they are exact, but a great demerit if they are not so. What would have become of her, if she were as fastidious as ourselves, who, when suffering from a rhyming fit, have actually demurred to such a combination as *sun*, and *upon*? And though we are ready to admit this was hyper-fastidious; yet we would not *often* sanction such. There is a sort of hit or miss, slap-dash air, about Miss B.'s rhymes that would make one laugh, where it not so provoking to meet, either such carelessness, or obtuseness, as they evince. Long and long should we have mused, yea, possibly have bitten our pen to pieces (for this is sometimes resorted to by people in a brown study) in search of something better, before we had admitted 'creature,' as a rhyme to 'nature.' We remember once, when moving heaven and earth for a rhyme to '*angel*,' an impish sister at our side (by way of utter mockery of our distress, we presume) suggested *playbill*; and we can but admire to find our lady poet solacing herself in sober sadness with rhymes no better than this, which provoked such a burst of laughter as greatly relieved our worried spirit. It is certainly much easier to run on in this slipshod way; but it is that kind of easy writing which is terribly hard reading.—'Poems,' and 'flowings' we cannot recognize as rhymes, nor yet such a triplet as 'coming,' 'women,' and 'foemen'! They are as bad as a discord in music,—which is precisely their nature. 'Passion' and 'relation'—'rewarding' and 'garden'—'took,' 'struck,' and 'woke'—'clenching' and 'branching'—with others like them, are simply execrable. Truly Miss Barrett is unrivalled and unrivalable in this item of her art—neither ear nor eye can endure it.

One word as to the theory respecting poetry and the poet, which Miss Barrett enunciates in her preface, and works out in the *Vision of Poets*; and of which a line that she quotes may stand as exponent,—'we learn in suffering what we teach in song.' This sentiment we never admired. It unduly lowers our estimate of the poetic faculty. Suffering, is of imperfection, and knowledge derived from such a source must necessarily partake of the same character. Had the poet only to do with the realities of this fallen world, such knowledge might be his highest inspiration; but we ascribe to him a loftier range,—an *a priori* knowledge drawn from a more sublime source

than our groaning humanity,—a genuine inspiration—a knowledge differing less in kind than in degree from that which pure spirits drink in—acquired from a converse with the *ideal* world, and for the obtaining of which we must borrow a formula from the acute, metaphysical Augustine. In his, 'to love is to know,' we find the indication of our system; which, unless we are greatly deceived, will be found to have the sanction of all true poets, ancient or modern. Is not this Wordsworth's theory? And will he not, alike in theory and practice, bear us out, when we say that the essence of the poetic mind is, such a knowledge of the true, the beautiful, the good, as can alone spring from an understanding love of them? Worthy is the fruit of suffering, rightly understood, but there is yet the stain of earth upon it. Thence do we learn the resignation that has finally overtopped impatience, the wisdom that has wrestled with folly, and *at length* overcome it; and much knowledge of our own weak, wavering hearts; but are these the poet's *peculiar* endowment? Is this, the anointing for his high office, difficulty to learn his lesson from every man's schoolmaster,—experience, and then having learned more than his fellows, to utter it in song? Nay, nay,—the deep truths concerning man's nature, and destiny, and hopes—the sublime philosophy of the poet—are not taught by suffering; neither does the possession of the poetic power, faculty, mind—call it what you will—necessarily imply or produce it. In other words, we must absolutely deny this asserted 'necessary relation of genius to suffering;' that is, we deny that the appreciating love of beauty,—moral, intellectual, natural,—that attuning of the spirit to the harmony of nature whence comes glorious music, that accordance of the whole intellectual being, with the fair works of the divinity, that moulding of the spirit to truth, eternal and immutable, which is of the essence of the poetic mind, should depend mainly or necessarily on suffering. Much *gladness* has the heart of the true poet!

The Drama of Exile, and the Vision of Poets are the two most considerable poems in the collection before us; and with respect to the former—spite of the preface which deprecates such comparison—we must be permitted to say that it is scarcely possible for any one to tread ground, consecrated by, and *to*, Milton, without provoking—if not comparisons, yet such recollections as must be very unfavorable to the

intruder; and the result of our perusal of this Drama was an increased conviction that Adam and Eve were no longer an open subject. The seal of the master poet has been placed upon his perfect work, and woe to the profane hand that breaks it. There is a twofold danger in attempting it; how can he whose mind is steeped in Milton's ineffable grace, sweetness, delicacy, and tenderness,—his music, and strong, masculine sense, and overshadowed with his grandeur, avoid, on this one theme, some copying of his master; which, rude and trembling as may be the lines, and crude the colors, shall yet tell of his original,—his exquisite outline, and divine tints? A general opinion like this, of course implies no particular condemnation of the Drama, which evinces considerable power, both as to conception of character, and handling of the subject; marred, however, by those peculiar defects on which we have expressed ourselves the more strongly as we are persuaded there is not the slightest necessity for their existence, but that it is entirely in the writer's power to rise superior to them. The idea of the Drama is good,—'the new and strange experience of the fallen humanity as it went forth from Paradise into the wilderness,'—and susceptible of much poetical treatment, of which, however, in the main we prefer her conception to her execution. We do not like the form into which she has cast it, as its varying rhythm serves but to develop those eccentricities of idea which had been restrained by the calm sobriety of blank verse. Those scenes in which the latter only is used are freest from her very offensive peculiarities of style. The purpose of the Drama is worked out by means of a kind of incantation scene, in which 'phantasms' and 'earth spirits' combine to make Adam and Eve, who have just left the garden of Eden, feel the full weight of woe they have brought both upon themselves, and nature, animate and inanimate; the dramatic part being relieved by choruses of angels and 'Eden spirits.' It opens with a spirited dialogue between Gabriel and Lucifer, in which—as in Milton—the angel *almost* comes off second best, spite of his metaphysics, which Lucifer treats with the contempt which, to say truth, they deserve. The character of Lucifer is well conceived, though there is on the whole rather more of the Mephistophiles vein about him than seems quite consistent with the gloomy grandeur of the newly fallen *prince*-angel; still both the thought and language are



vigorous and appropriate, marking well that stubbornness of will and purpose in re-affirming his first offence, which distinguish him from his miserable victims to whom mercy was extended.

'*Lucifer*. I chose this ruin: I elected it  
Of my will, not of service What I do,  
I do volitient, not obedient,  
And overtop thy crown with my despair.  
My sorrow crowns me. Get thee back to heaven;—

And spare to read us backward any more  
Of your spent hallelujahs.

'*Gabriel*. Spirit of scorn!  
I might say of unreason! I might say,  
That who despairs, acts; that who acts, connives  
With God's relations set in time and space;  
That who elects, assumes a something good  
Which God made possible; that who lives, obeys  
The law of a Life-maker.

'*Lucifer*. Let it pass!  
No more, thou Gabriel! What if I stand up  
And strike my bow against the crystalline  
Roofing the creatures—shall I say for that,  
My stature is too high for me to stand,—  
Henceforward I must sit?

There is no answering this, and we are half pleased to see the angel's *conceit* so well put down! Adam and Eve seem to us rather commonplace.

Absurd as is the introduction of the 'Earth-zodiac,' the *shadow* of which is brought on the stage for no earthly reason that we can see, some of its signs are described in lines which we must give, for their life-like painting:

— and then a crab  
Puts coldly out its gradual shadow-claws,  
Like a slow blot that spreads, till all the ground,  
Crawled over by it, seems to crawl itself;  
— and a scorpion writhes  
Its tail in ghastly slime, and stings the dark!  
This way a goat leaps, with wild blank of  
beard;  
And here, *fantastic fishes dusky float,*  
Using the calm for waters, *while their fins*  
*Throb out slow rhythms along the shallow air!*

We do not know that the slow gliding of fishes was ever better delineated. Miss Barrett is a close observer of nature, and her studies from it are accurate and expressive; though occasionally it strikes us she gives a little too much attention to minute details, instead of seizing the leading features of the landscape. And childishness is sometimes mistaken for simplicity, as in the song of the Flower-Spirits to Adam and Eve.

— 'We pluck at your raiment,  
We stroke down your hair.'—

The lament of her impersonations of organic and inorganic matter—who are introduced upbraiding the exiles with the blight fallen on them through their sin—contains some fine description of their primal state:

'I bounded with my panthers; I rejoiced  
In my young tumbling lions, rolled together!  
My stag the river at his fetlocks poised,  
Then dipped his antlers *through the golden weather,*  
In the same ripple which the *alligator*  
Left in his joyous troubling of the *water*.'

[Alligator and water!]

'O my wild wood-dogs, with your listening eyes!  
My horses—my ground-eagles for swift-fleeing!  
My birds with viewless wings of harmonies—  
My calm cold fishes of a silver being—  
How happy were ye, living and possessing,  
O fair half-souls, capacious of full blessing.'

This is vigorous, sinewy writing; and there is a music in it to our ears like that of rough sea waves leaping upon the resonant beach. But, alas! further on, after scolding our parents at no allowance, upon Eve's request—

'Do not any more  
Taunt us, or mock us,—let us die alone,'

they reply in the following unexceptionable jargon, in which we have taken the liberty of marking the rhymes, for Miss Barrett's benefit—

'Agreed, allowed!  
We gather out our natures like a cloud  
And thus fulfil their lightnings: thus and thus!  
*First Spirit* As the east wind blows bleakly in  
the *Norland*,—  
As the snow wind beats blindly from the *moor-*  
*land*,—  
As the simoom drives wild across the *desert*,—  
As the thunder roars deep in the *unmeasured*,—  
As the torrent tears the ocean-world to *atoms*,—  
As the whirlpool grinds fathoms below *fathoms*,  
Thus—and thus!

How, and what?—for we really cannot make it out.

The varied extracts that we have given may convey some idea of the singularly varied merits of this drama—the very good and very bad style which distinguishes it. It closes with a chorus of exultation over the redemption that is to be wrought out for man, and which is indicated to the exiles by a vision of Christ.

The 'Vision of Poets' is a singular and highly-imaginative poem, designed to illustrate her theory of the poet, and has some



'rich in virtues,' and such unmarketable commodities, to make the experiment of storming at the first noble lady that he may honor with his preference for the chance of a similar result! Of the Cry of the Children it is needless for us to speak, save to add our tribute of praise to that which it has so deservedly earned. Its thrilling energy of thought is clothed in nervous language. A Rhapsody of Life's Progress, had it not appeared under a lady's name, might have been conjectured to have been written under the influence of opium!

We have in our anxiety to do Miss Barrett justice, bestowed more thought on her volumes than we fear she will give us credit for, seeing we have deemed it right to speak very strongly in condemnation of certain of her peculiarities, which give such a character and coloring to her productions as cannot but militate against her literary reputation.

There is little in the praise which has been bestowed on Miss Barrett's poems in which we cannot heartily join, and we might have contented ourselves with citing agreeable passages and iterating that praise; but we have pursued a course more likely, we hope, to be profitable to this highly-gifted lady, and to the minds of the living and unborn on whom she has the power to confer benefit—and benefit of the highest order.

We ask no greater chasteness of thought and style than some of her own fine poems exhibit; but we would venture, in all goodwill and kindly estimation, to entreat her to exercise a greater severity of self-criticism, and to study better models than she appears to have done; to pay *some* attention to her rhymes, and adopt a more harmonious versification; for unimportant as she will consider these in comparison of that of which they are but the accessories, they are not less essential than a well-tuned instrument to the finest musical composition, or its fit setting to a jewel; to expurgate two-thirds of her compound epithets; to chasten her imagination, to the entire exclusion of fantastic images and phrases; we would say to her—

'Hold in thy fancy with the silken rein  
Of judgment, lest the wild career'ing steeds  
Thee and the chariot of thy sense o'erturn'—

an accident which is often happening to her; never to admit into composition an idea which does not stand out clearly in her own mind, however high and mysterious may be its subject; and lastly, which we would principally rely on in her remedial course,

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never to write a line that would not be translatable into good intelligible prose. *Then* may we hope to see her occupy that position as a writer to which her abilities entitle her, but which she is scarcely likely to gain so long as bad taste, confused thinking, an imagination absolutely rampant in its unbridleness, and slovenly composition, can be appreciated either by critics or the public. She has that in her which 'rings well to the striker;' and one would fain remove the rubbish which obscures the clear, distinct tone she *might* give out. Nor have we the slightest apprehension that the fears which she expresses of its doing her some bodily injury would be realized, if, taking our advice in good part, she should in future give us her finest thoughts in such explicit phrase, as even stupid people like ourselves might understand! We will guarantee her safety, if she will only try.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

#### THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

MISS HARRINGTON knew very little of the environs of Rome. She had on one occasion driven far enough to indulge herself with a ramble among the arches of the magnificent aqueduct, but this had been her only distant excursion, and this she knew had not led her in a direction which it was at all likely Mr. Edward Roberts would follow on the present occasion; she therefore felt no particular eagerness to look out of the window in order to ascertain in what direction she was going, but listened patiently to the voice of common sense, which told her that go which way they would, they must seek the habitation of man, both for the purpose of changing horses and obtaining food.

Whenever this should happen, Bertha knew that she had one great advantage over her companion, namely, that she spoke Italian with great facility, it having been made one of her earliest studies, while she greatly doubted if he could make himself understood.

Another advantage of which she was likewise fully sensible, was that the enterprise she had before her was of much easier accomplishment than his, inasmuch as there was less difficulty in getting back to Rome,



when only one stage from it, than in reaching Gretna Green from the same spot.

Notwithstanding her courageous patience, however, the stage did appear a very long one, and at one moment the lady so nearly raised herself sufficiently to look out of the window, that the gentleman made a corresponding movement on his side to get the cloak ready to throw over her if she did.

"Time and the hour," however, brought them to the place where the horses were to be changed, and Bertha very stoutly made up her mind that she would not go any further. When the carriage stopped, therefore, she sat very particularly still, and once again began reading her letter. Edward looked at her, and at the window next her, and perceiving that both were just as they ought to be, set himself to perform the unavoidable business of paying the postillions. Had he been more in the habit of running away with ladies without consulting them upon the subject, he would probably have paid them before he set out, or it might have occurred to him that a courier would have been a very useful appendage; as it was, however, he was under the painful necessity of paying the boys himself, and thankful was he, as he let down the window for the purpose, that his companion seemed so little disposed to be troublesome.

Bertha was right in supposing that Mr. Edward Roberts was no great proficient in speaking the Italian language, but she was wrong if she thought that he could not do it all. Had this been the case he probably would not have ventured upon attempting to carry through his enterprise without the assistance of a servant. But having only a scanty stock of money, and a very great opinion of his own cleverness, he learned by heart the rate of posting, the usual amount for the *buono mano*, and the value of the current coin, and thought that with the aid of his own peculiar sharp-wittedness, it would do very well.

When the boys drew near the window, Edward again sent a furtive glance into the corner, but Bertha was sitting in the most languid and quiescent attitude possible.

Edward then rehearsed the amount of their claim as distinctly as he could, and one of the lads uttered a few words in reply, to which Edward replied, "*Non so.*"

"He is asking you for more money," said Bertha, without moving an inch, and in too quiet a tone to be at all alarming.

"I have given them the right sum," re-

plied Edward, seeming to forget in the anxiety concerning this financial transaction, the rather peculiar circumstances under which he was travelling.

"Tell him that he must give you a crown more," said Bertha, in Italian to the post-boy, and giving him at the same time a good humored little nod, which, while it propitiated the boy, was still further calculated by its air of smiling indifference to lull the suspicions of Edward.

Upon this hint the two post-boys began to be gaily clamorous, and when the disconcerted young man attempted to draw up the glass, the foremost of them put his hand upon it to prevent him.

"You must give it him," said Bertha, in the same easy tone, and then without changing her voice or her attitude, she said to the boys, much in the tone she might have used if remonstrating with them. "*Ecco amici!* He is a mean wretch who is running off with me against my will because I am very rich. Save me from him, and you shall have fifty Napoleons each."

"How? what?" they both exclaimed in the same breath with true Italian vivacity.

"They are getting into a passion," said Bertha, addressing Edward but still keeping herself immovably still in her corner, and then added in Italian, "come round and open the door on my side, I will be in your arms in an instant, and fifty Napoleons shall be yours!"

The first set of horses were taken off the carriage, and the second were not yet put on. The two lads passed under the pole in an instant, in another the door on Bertha's side was opened, and Bertha according to promise, was in the arms of her deliverers.

Edward sprang out after her, but she clung with all her strength to the lad who had caught her, while his companion very manfully kept Edward at a distance.

"Is there no one who speaks French here?" he exclaimed, in the language he named, and which he gabbled very fluently. "Is there nobody can understand me while I explain to them that this unhappy young lady is my sister and is insane? She has made her escape from her keepers, and I am now conveying her back to her wretched mother."

"Take me to the police," cried Bertha, firmly, "let them send for a physician to decide whether I am mad or not."

"It will be barbarous if you detain her," said Edward, in French, addressing himself

to the most decent-looking person in the crowd that was already assembling round them, and who was the only one there who appeared to understand him. 'Think of the misery of her poor mother,' he added, in a piteous voice, and again making an effort to seize her.

The man to whom she clung, resisted this attempt by giving Edward a pretty sharp blow on his head, upon which the decent-looking stranger interfered, saying in Italian that let which would be right, and which wrong, it was not fitting to beat a strange gentleman about in that way, and that he feared mischief might come of it; adding that the safest course would be not to interfere at all, but to let the gentleman take care of the lady, as he was doubtless the fit person to do so.

The frightened post-boy disengaged himself from Bertha's arms, and slunk away, for the speaker was one of the greatest men in the country, and steward moreover to a cardinal.

In another moment Bertha would have been in the undisputed power of the young villain who had carried her off, but in the instant that intervened between her being thrown off by the post-boy, and seized in the grasp of Edward, she espied an old man just emerging from a by-path into the high road, whose dress proclaimed him to be a priest.

With the speed of lightning she darted towards him, and dropping on her knees at his feet, she exclaimed, "Save me, my father, save me from the villany of that young man, who is carrying me off by force, in order to marry me against my will, and get possession of my fortune."

The venerable priest extended his hand to raise her, and then looked round him upon the crowd, who had already followed Bertha, as if for explanation of the words she had spoken.

"What does all this mean?" said the good man. "Where does this young lady come from?"

"From a mad-house, father," replied the man, to whom Edward had again and again repeated the same story. "This young gentleman is her brother, and only wants to take her back to her friends. Their mother, he says, will be in a desperate fright till she gets her back again, and it is likely enough she will."

"Reverend father, I am not mad," said Bertha, with the same admirable composure and presence of mind, which she had shown

from the very first moment that she discovered her situation; "but even if that young man's story were true, it would not be proper for me to be dragged thus across the country without the decent care of a female attendant, and in the charge of a person so ignorant as not to be able to make himself understood by the post-boys that drive him."

"There is reason in that, at any rate, Father Mark," said one of the standers by, "nor does there seem to be any thing like madness in the manner in which the young lady says it."

"I do assure you I am not mad," said Bertha, in reply, and looking at the person who had spoken with a sort of friendly smile. "But if that is not true, I can tell you what is," she continued, in the same quiet tone, "my father is a very rich man, and I am his only child."

As all this was spoken in Italian, Edward understood not a word of it, and quite at a loss to guess what was going on, he could only repeat in French,

"Don't believe one single word of what she says: she is raving mad, quite raving mad, as I am ready to swear before a magistrate. Take care that you don't believe her, for she is telling you nothing but lies."

"Do you understand Italian, young man?" said the priest, speaking in that language.

Edward stared at him but did not answer.

"Why do you not answer me?" said the priest in French, and in a tone that seemed to express displeasure at his silence.

"Do not be angry with me for that, good sir," replied Edward, with very much humility. "I did not answer, because I did not understand you."

"You mean to say that you do not understand Italian?" said Father Mark.

"No, sir, I do not understand a word of it," replied the confused Edward.

"Then if you do not know what this young lady says, how can you be sure that she is telling lies?" said the old man.

"Because she is the greatest liar that ever lived," replied Edward, coloring.

"Then she is a sad, wicked girl, young man," replied the priest, "and should be both punished and admonished. But, perhaps it may be a family failing, and as you are so very nearly related to her, it may not be quite safe to believe all you say. I am the curate of this parish, young gentleman, and as your sister, as you call her, has put herself under my protection, I will

assist you, if you please, in taking her back to her friends. Here, boys, bring out your horses, we will all go on together."

Embarrassed greatly beyond the power of even attempting to extricate himself, Edward stood as still as if the old man's words had been a spell to fix him on the spot, and the nearest approach he made towards recovering himself, was the putting his hand to his forehead, to assist him in the act of deciding what he was to do next.

The idea of proceeding with his elopement, encumbered with the presence of a venerable priest, whom he was aware it would be difficult to persuade that he would do well to unite him in holy matrimony to the lady whom he had just offered to swear was his sister, was not to be dwelt upon for a moment. No! not even though he were to declare that they were both Roman Catholics, could he see any hope of turning this threatened companion to profit. Besides, the unfortunate youth, all bewildered as he was, felt convinced that if he persisted in going on, they should certainly not proceed a great many miles towards Scotland without some very troublesome remonstrances on the part of the old gentleman. Must he then abandon his enterprise? The figure of his princely creditor seemed to rise before him as he stood, and his excited fancy caused him to start, much as he might have done, had the kicking he so confidently anticipated, been already applied.

The horses approached—they were fastened to the carriage—the postboys mounted—and a civil horseboy let down the steps of the vehicle for Bertha to mount. She immediately prepared to do so, merely saying to the priest as a preliminary, "You have promised, holy father, to come with me."

"I have, my daughter, and I will keep my word," said the good man, who though old and a priest, had something of drollery in his look and manner, as he said to the disconsolate Edward, "Now, then, young gentleman, be pleased to tell us, in your best French, which way the boys are to drive, in order to reach the residence of the distressed lady, your mother, with as little delay as possible."

"Let them drive ahead," said the heir of the Robertses, and then stepping into the carriage, because he felt it to be utterly impossible at that moment to dispose of his person in any other manner, he began letting down and drawing up the window with great violence.

Notwithstanding the strange, and by no means agreeable position in which she found herself, it was positively not without some difficulty that Bertha prevented herself from laughing; and when Father Mark, turning towards her, gravely inquired what orders the young gentleman had given, she could not resist the temptation of translating his words literally, adding, however, with becoming sedateness, that if the reverend father would have the kindness to take her instructions instead, she would recommend that they should immediately return to Rome.

"Be it so, my daughter," said Father Mark. "I believe that with all your madness, you will be the safer guide. To what part of Rome would you go, young lady? Is it true that you have a mother in Italy?"

This question effectually restored the gravity of poor Bertha, and for a moment, she too was at a loss as to what orders she should give. At length, however, she remembered, like a rational little creature as she was, that she had nothing to trust to, that could enable her to escape from what was still a very embarrassing situation, but her own common sense and prompt decision, and she therefore turned to the good father, with something in her look and voice, that spoke more plainly of her bereavement, than she had then leisure to do in words, and said,

"No, father, no; but I am not friendless. Here is the address of a relation, into whose hands I beg you will consign me," and as she spoke, she drew from her pocket the letter of Vincent, which contained the name of the hotel at which he was lodged.

"That is a much frequented hotel, young lady," said the priest, on hearing this address. "Have you been living there?"

"No," replied Bertha, coloring deeply as she remembered that all she knew of the place whither she desired to be taken, was that three young men of her acquaintance were lodging there.

"Then, wherefore, my child, should you wish to go to so very public a house of reception?" inquired Father Mark. "Why not return to the friends from whom you say this young man has violently withdrawn you?"

"Because they are *his* friends, and not *mine*," returned Bertha eagerly; "because his mother assisted in this wicked act, and that I know I should not be safe in her hands."

The good man began to feel the weight



of the responsibility he was bringing upon himself. The story seemed alarmingly improbable, and he hesitated.

Bertha saw it, and would have trembled, like all previous heroines under similar circumstances, had she not been sustained by the strong matter-of-fact sort of persuasion, that young Mr. Edward Roberts would find it quite impossible to convert her into Mrs. Edward Roberts against her will. She looked at Father Mark's vexed and harassed expression of countenance, nevertheless, with some anxiety, and said,

"If your kindness, holy father, will induce you to go back with me to Rome, the friend to whose care I wish you to consign me, will easily satisfy you as to his right to undertake the charge."

"It is a gentleman, then, my child, to whom you wish to go?" returned the old man, knitting his reverend brows. "Tell me what relation does he bear to you?"

"He is my cousin, father," replied Bertha, blushing violently.

"And of what age?" said the priest.

"I don't know," replied Bertha, without looking at him.

The two post-boys looked at each other and laughed. An extremely respectable-looking, middle-aged female, who, seeing the priest in the crowd, had ventured to join it, shook her head very expressively, and walked away, and other women, less decorous in their appearance and behaviour, whispered together and tittered.

"It is impossible, daughter, quite impossible," said Father Mark, making a step or two backwards, "that I should take charge of a young lady upon the high road in this way, and then take her to a public hotel, and place her in the hands of a cousin, who, for any thing I know, may be as young as herself, merely because she tells me that she should like to go to him. Upon my word," he added, looking round to the good people who had been so much more amused than edified by Bertha's proposal, "upon my word, though I am very sorry to say it, I think your proposal does look a little as if you were not in your right mind."

He was immediately answered by a buzz, made up of such words as "*sì, sì, sicuro*," and the like, all indicating the inclination of the parishioners, who were gathered round him, to agree with him in this opinion.

Edward, meanwhile, was not altogether idle. For the first minute or two after he had re-entered the carriage, he resigned

himself to his position in hopeless despair of mending it, but the length of the discussion which followed suggested itself the idea that Miss Bertha might not have every thing her own way yet, and having noted the retreating movement of the priest, he sprang from the carriage again, and with great vehemence and volubility, repeated the statement he had before given, earnestly conjuring the puzzled old man to believe him, and adding, with a very ominous shake of the head, "That he knew not what he might bring upon himself by such unwarrantable interference."

"You are the strangest boy and girl that ever I chanced to meet with," said the priest. "Sure enough, it is likely a man, though he were ten times a curate, may get into a scrape if he meddles with what does not concern him, and worse still if he ventures to pass judgment upon matters that he does not understand. The young man talks of taking you to his mother, young lady, and whether she be his mother or yours, or, as he is ready to swear, the mother of both, it sounds at any rate like a more decent proposal than your own, which, truth to say, seems nothing better than desiring to be taken to a public hotel, and given over to the protection of a young cousin. For had he been an old one, you would have been sure to have said so."

"Let them go as they come, Father Mark," said the best dressed man of the whole circle that had gathered round them. "No blame, you know, can follow that, for they are but heretics after all. But the blessed saints only know what may come of your taking away a beautiful young lady from one gentleman and handing her over to another."

"By Saint Antonio, signor, I am afraid you say true," returned the alarmed father. "If they were true, faithful, and believing servants of his Holiness," and here he crossed himself, "it would be quite a different matter. But as it is, I should be in great danger of doing more wrong than right by interfering."

And having thus spoken, he deliberately turned round and began to walk away.

"Stay, father!" cried Bertha, stepping rapidly but not vehemently after him, "as I have failed to make you understand the propriety of my being conveyed to the only relation I have in Rome, let me ask you if you are happy enough to know the holy Father Maurizio, of the Santa Consolazione?"

"Do I know him, my daughter?" returned Father Mark, suddenly turning back. "Instead of answering your question, let me ask you the same, do *you* know him?"

"Yes, father, I do. It is to the convent of the Santa Consolazione that I now implore you to take me," said Bertha, solemnly, "and he will thank you for the service, better than I can do it myself."

"You are known to the holy Father Maurizio, of the Santa Consolazione?" cried Father Mark, again. "That makes all the difference in the world, my daughter."

"Young man," he added, approaching Edward, who had placed himself at the side of Bertha, and seemed ready to seize upon her, "young man, if you will take my advice you will return to Rome by the public diligence, which will change horses here in about half an hour; and I will undertake to place this young lady in such protection as none of her friends can object to."

And so saying, he courteously presented his hand to the well-pleased Bertha, who, gratefully accepting it, mounted the carriage, and had the extreme satisfaction of seeing the venerable priest follow her, and settle himself in the place which the blooming Edward had occupied before. In another moment the door was closed upon them, the whips cracked, and they set off full gallop for Rome.

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The distance between the little village where the foregoing scenes took place, and the gates of Rome was not great, but long before it had been passed over by Bertha and her reverend companion, the most perfect and pleasant good intelligence was established between them.

Father Mark was a kind-hearted old man, and by no means deficient in intelligence; but it is difficult to find within half-a-dozen leagues of the Vatican any ecclesiastic of Father Mark's rank, whose first thoughts and movements upon any sudden emergency are not actuated by the same species of feeling which produced the often-quoted exclamation, "*What would Mrs. Grundy say to this?*"

The happy thought, however, which caused Bertha to name the well-known and highly-reverenced Father Maurice, as the person under whose care she desired to place herself, had furnished in her case the

most satisfactory reply; it was quite impossible to doubt that Mrs. Grundy and all her household would be sure to approve whatever was done in so venerable a name, and the good Father Mark's spirits being soothed by it into a state of perfect tranquillity, he became equally able and willing to appreciate the truth of poor Bertha's painful narrative, and the good sense and presence of mind which had enabled her to exchange the protection of Mr. Edward Roberts for that of so respectable an individual as himself.

Having thus satisfactorily rescued her from all the pains and perils incident to such an adventure as that of which our gallant young Englishman had made her the heroine, we may leave her for a while in order to follow our more legitimate heroine, Mrs. Roberts, on her return to Rome after she had performed her part of it.

Had Luigi Mondorlo, Miss Harrington's valet-de-place, been of the party, the sudden transferring of that young lady's person from her own carriage to that of the bold Edward, would probably not have been so easily achieved; for in all the evil which this sagacious Italian had invented and propagated respecting her, there was not the slightest shade of ill will; on the contrary, he thought her one of the most charming *signorinas* he had ever seen in his life, and the fact of such transmission being against her will, which was made manifest by the melodramatic circumstance of the muffling mantle, would have been fully sufficient to have roused the Roman spirit of Luigi to attempt her rescue.

But with her coachman it was quite a different affair: with him she had literally never exchanged a single word. He was a taciturn personage, of no very prepossessing appearance, who had constantly received his orders from the lps, and his wages from the hands of Luigi, and who took little more part in the scene which followed when his carriage was met by that of Edward than an automaton might have done.

He evidently thought it was some gallant adventure, in which he had no concern, and it was only when Mrs. Roberts, very unnecessarily, displayed a piece of gold between her fingers, as she made a sign to him that he was to come down from his box, and close the carriage-door upon her, a ceremony which none of poor Bertha's already departed *cortège* had thought it necessary to perform, it was only then that

he began to feel the slightest interest in the affair.

And even then, though he promptly obeyed the signal, performed the service required, and received his reward, he mounted his box again, and drove the lady back to her lodgings with precisely the same degree of indifference that he had driven her from them.

His month's wages had been paid him in advance; he had already received an intimation from Luigi that his services would not be required when that term was over, and therefore the young lady's driving off with the young gentleman, either with or without her consent, was a circumstance much too unimportant to arouse any feeling whatever.

He was not in love with the young lady, and he was therefore not jealous of the young gentleman, so what *could* he find to interest him in the adventure?

The Roman people of the present day are marvellously little given to meddling with matters which do not concern them.

Mrs. Roberts looked radiantly triumphant as she mounted the stairs to her drawing-room. She had been a little anxious about getting home before her daughters, because, proud as she was of her own share in the transaction, as well as of the glorious success which had attended it, she did not quite like that any body should know that it was *she*, who, in the first instance, had run off with the young lady. But all anxiety on this score was removed, the moment she perceived that it was a female who opened the door for her. Had the young ladies returned, the man-servant would have returned with them, and as next to attending the carriage, his most strenuously enjoined duty was to make himself visible the moment the door of their dwelling was unclosed, she instantly felt herself relieved from the only uneasy feeling that interfered with her perfect contentment. Her first act on entering her drawing-room was to throw herself into an arm-chair, clasp her hands, and piously exclaim, "Thank God, that's done!"

And then she got up, and looked in the glass to see that her curls were not deranged in consequence of the slight flick she had received from the corner of the cloak as it had been thrown over Bertha by the spirited hand of her dear son. But she found herself looking exceedingly well, and quite as a lady ought to do who was mother-in-law to an heiress. And then,

feeling rather thirsty, she unlocked the cupboard, and presented herself with a small tumbler full of Oviotto, after taking which she felt greatly refreshed, and immediately set about doing all that was proper and right under the circumstances.

In the first place she went to the door of Bertha's room, and knocked at it repeatedly, quite loudly enough for the solitary maid-servant to hear her. She might, perhaps, have thought it judicious to address some inquiries to this grim-looking performer of all work, could she have managed to make herself understood in the same admirable manner that she had done in Paris, but this being beyond her power, she contented herself with making her reiterated knockings at the door of Bertha, audible to the whole house, and then she sought her dozing husband in the little room allotted to him, where she pretty well knew she should find him engaged in sleeping away the last tedious hour before dinner.

Nor was she disappointed; there he was, poor man, seated upon one rush-bottomed chair, with his heels on another, a silk pocket-handkerchief over his head, to keep off the attacks of the flies, his large fingers, with very dirty nails, interlaced upon his stomach, and though not quite asleep, as near to it as he could possibly contrive to get, his whole appearance being as little in accordance with the flashy finery of his race, as it is well possible to imagine.

"Roberts! Roberts!" vociferated his gayer half; "for Heaven's sake, don't lay up snoozing there any longer, when there are such strange things going on in the house! Get up, I tell you, this very minute. What do you think has happened, my dear?"

"Happened!" replied the poor nervous gentleman, pulling the handkerchief off his head, and dropping his heels upon the ground, "happened, wife? There is nobody come for money, is there?"

Mrs. Roberts laughed aloud.

"Are you not grown into a perfect curmudgeon, Roberts?" said she, "you are for ever living in a fright about money, when you know very well, let things go as much against us as they will, I have always taken care that nothing really bad should come of it.

"Then nothing particular *has* happened?" he returned. "Thank God!"

"Yes, you stupid man, but there has though, and something that I have long told you would happen, though nobody but a fairy could say exactly *when*. Your son,



Mr. Roberts, has eloped with the daughter of Sir Christopher Harrington."

"The deuce he has!" exclaimed the old gentleman, looking one-third frightened, and two-thirds pleased. "Well, I am sure I can't help it. Boys and girls will be making love if they are thrown together. Her family and friends chose to send her amongst us. It was no doing of mine. I couldn't help Edward being so handsome, you know."

"No, my dear," replied his wife, "of course you couldn't; but it will make a great noise, you may be sure of that. However, it can't do us any thing but good any way. I always observe that it turns out to the advantage of girls, when any accident calls all eyes upon them. Every body is wanting to dance with them, and to talk to them. It is just the sort of thing to get them on."

"God grant it, my dear," replied the affectionate father. "I am sure—"

But before he could finish the sentence his two daughters entered the room, so gaily attired, and looking, as he thought, so very much like ladies of high fashion, that his long-depressed spirits became suddenly elevated, and he exclaimed,

"Well, my dear Sarah, I should not wonder after all, if every thing turned out just as you have said."

"There would be a great deal more cause to wonder, Mr. Roberts, if it did not prove so," she replied. "I know myself, sir, though sometimes, I am sorry to say, it is plain enough that you do not know me. However we will not begin quarrelling about that now."

And then, with a very becoming degree of gravity, she informed her daughters of the event which had taken place.

"Eloped, has she?" said Agatha, with an expressive sneer. "I always suspected that there was something at the bottom of all her pretended disdain. Edward is a very handsome fellow, and as peculiarly elegant and fashionable, as she is the reverse. I dare say the reason of her constant ill-humor was that she was always jealous of him. I am not at all surprised at this termination of the affair."

"What a fellow Edward is, mamma!" exclaimed Maria, with an air of great exultation. "He always said, you know, that he could marry her whenever he pleased, and I am sure he has proved that his words were true."

Altogether, the Roberts family might

fairly be said to have reconciled themselves to the event before their dinner was ended; and the three ladies were sitting in full talk together during the easy hour which always preceded the solemn business of the evening toilet, when the drawing-door was thrown open, and "Mr. Vincent" announced.

The party with which he had been associated when last they had met, was still, notwithstanding all that had passed since, too interesting for either of the young ladies to behold him without a visible start, and a change of complexion which showed plainly enough that Baden-Baden and its Balceny House were not forgotten.

Nor was Mrs. Roberts herself unmoved by the unexpected appearance of Mr. Vincent. His relationship to the young lady of whom she had just disposed in a manner so little likely to be approved by her family, did certainly for a moment or two make her feel rather uncomfortable, and she rose up, and sat down again in a style which plainly showed that she did not feel quite at her ease.

It was Agatha, as might, indeed, have been reasonably expected, who was the first to recover her composure sufficiently to address their visitor.

"How do, Mr. Vincent?" said she, in her latest lisp, and with her newest finish of pretty negligence. "Where are your two friends fled to? Have you actually lost them altogether?"

"No, Miss Roberts," he replied, "they are still with me. We are all at the same hotel. They will both, I am sure, take an early opportunity of paying their compliments to you; but to two such ardent spirits, the first entering Rome has something so overpowering in it that every other feeling seems suspended till the first salaams have been made to its marble magnates. Had I not been peculiarly anxious, from accidental causes, to inquire for the health and welfare of my young cousin, Miss Harrington, I, too, might at this moment perhaps be standing to gaze at the effects of this fine moonlight night on the Coliseum. Permit me to beg, Mrs. Roberts, that she may be told I am here."

During the whole of this speech Mrs. Roberts had been very sensibly telling herself that it was no good to get frightened, and that there was nothing for it but to put a bold face upon the matter; she therefore endeavored to look exceedingly facetious as she replied, "As to sending a message to

your cousin Bertha, Mr. Vincent, it is not quite so easily done as said. I wash my hands of the whole business. Those who sent her into a family where there was so captivating a man as Edward, must answer for the mischief, if mischief it is; but the fact is, Mr. Vincent, that your cousin eloped with my son this very morning."

Mr. Vincent changed color, but replied with a very respectable degree of composure and self-command, "I am happy, Mrs. Roberts, to have it in my power to assure you that an event which, if it *could* have taken place, you would have such serious reason to deplore, has not occurred. I have myself seen my cousin, Miss Harrington, driving very composedly about the streets of Rome this morning, but I lost sight of her carriage before I could overtake it. Pray tell me what can have suggested to you the idea of an elopement?"

"Why, where is she, sir? The thing is obvious," replied Mrs. Roberts, with rather a scornful smile. "We have seen plainly enough, all of us, how the thing was likely to end. The young lady has been passionately in love with my son for months, and I am sure I don't know how we were to prevent it. For a great while she managed to deceive us all completely, but since we have been in Rome, she has been less cautious, and it was impossible not to see what was going on."

Poor Vincent began to be dreadfully terrified. The vehemence of his cousin's love for Mr. Roberts, junior, did not indeed alarm him much; but the more audaciously Mrs. Roberts lied on this point, the more strongly he suspected that some most atrocious villany had been practised against the unfortunate and unprotected Bertha. For one short moment a feeling of indignant rage had nearly overpowered him, and had the proclaimer of Bertha's passionate love for Mr. Edward, been a male instead of a female, it is probable that not all his philosophy would have sufficed to prevent his forgetting the decorum befitting a gentleman. Even as it was, however, he was instantly conscious that the species of emotion which had rushed through his whole frame while listening to Mrs. Roberts's statement, must be as useless to poor Bertha as degrading to himself, and by a strong effort he succeeded in assuming an aspect of very dignified composure as he said, "In what manner, ma'am were you made acquainted with this elopement. It must have taken place after I saw Miss Harrington leave St. Peter's this morning."

Mrs. Roberts would have been very much less embarrassed had the cousin of her intended daughter-in-law given way to the rage he had so powerfully struggled to subdue. She would vastly have preferred a box on the ear to the temperate question which he had now asked. In fact, it was a question by no means easy for her to answer.

In what manner had she become acquainted with the elopement?

If her own dear girls, if even poor dear drowsy Mr. Roberts himself, had asked the same question, she would have felt a good deal at a loss how to answer it. She did not mean to tell any body that in the first instance it was she herself who had eloped with the young lady; and if she had made an exception in favor of any one, it certainly would not have been Mr. Vincent. In short, that happened to her now which had never happened to her before. She remained silent because she could not find a word to say.

Mr. Vincent repeated his question, and then Mrs. Roberts took out her pocket-handkerchief, and having wept behind its shelter for a minute or two, she said, "I do think, Mr. Vincent, that you are treating me in a most impertinent and extraordinary manner! What right, sir, have you to come here bullying me because a young lady has thought proper to fall in love with my son, and run away with him? All I know is, that I have seen a great deal going on that I would not have suffered for a single instant in my own girls, but Irish young ladies, I suppose, are brought up differently. However, as to my knowing about it, all I know is, that the young lady went out early this morning, and is not yet returned—I know also that Edward is nowhere to be found, and what can I, or any body else think, who has seen them together as I have done, but that they have eloped."

Mr. Vincent looked at her steadfastly for a moment, and then replied, "I, too, have seen them together, Mrs. Roberts; and I tell you plainly and sincerely, madam, that I do not believe my cousin has eloped with your son. That it may be his purpose, and yours also, that she should become his wife, is highly probable, and it must be my object to prevent you from succeeding in this."

Mrs. Roberts now found herself precisely in the position of a sharply-hunted animal, whose only resource is to turn and stand at

bay ; and her spirit was not of a quality to shrink from doing so.

"What excessive nonsense you are talking, Mr. Vincent," said she, in a tone of the very coolest defiance. "I really had conceived a much higher idea of your understanding than it appears to deserve. I should be excessively sorry to be guilty of the very least rudeness, to any one connected with our dear Bertha, who, notwithstanding this little imprudence, I shall receive with all the affection of a mother—but I really must take the freedom of telling you that I think your language exceedingly impertinent, and that the sooner you go out of my house the better I shall be pleased."

"It may be so, madam," replied Vincent, very quietly, "but I cannot release you from the annoyance of my presence till you have been pleased to communicate all you know respecting the movements of your son."

"Indeed, sir, I must say you are very troublesome," replied Mrs. Roberts, looking very proud and very scornful. "The connexion between our families can in no degree excuse it. Agatha, my dear, though this gentleman has degraded himself by being a tutor till he has quite forgotten what good manners are, I will not, for our dear Bertha's sake, actually turn him out of doors. But really you and Maria must immediately go and dress. The dear princess will never forgive us if we are too late ; so go, dear loves, and get dressed, and I will follow the example as soon as Mr. Vincent will have the kindness to release me."

"Good gracious, mamma !" cried Maria, with much feeling, "there is nothing in the world who that would vex me so much as our quarrelling with any of dear Bertha's relations. Why, my dear Mr. Vincent, should you think it necessary to quarrel with us because Edward and Bertha have fallen in love with each other ? Is it not being very absurd ?

Vincent paused as if considering how he should reply. He was becoming more seriously alarmed every moment ; and this amiable and conciliatory speech from the fair Maria was very far from lessening this painful feeling. It showed a sort of harmonious accord in the projects of the family that made him feel a sensation that almost approached to terror as he remembered how completely Bertha had been in their power. The having seen her but a few hours before was now his best source of hope ; for

let them have done what they would, it was impossible she could be at any great distance, and it was evident that his only chance of finding her lay in extracting all the information possible from those whom he doubted not knew all the circumstances connected with her disappearance. It was, therefore, with great civility that he assured Miss Maria of his not feeling the least wish to quarrel, but that he was very desirous of learning every particular relative to the unexpected circumstance to which she alluded.

But this restraint upon his feelings availed him little. Miss Maria had not the power of affording him any information, and her mother had not the will. So far, indeed, was she from uttering any thing calculated to throw light upon the mystery, she seemed to take peculiar pleasure in exaggerating every falsehood she thought most likely to torment him. She very shrewdly suspected the real state of poor Vincent's carefully concealed feelings towards his cousin, and ceased not to reduplicate her assurances that *nothing* could have turned "poor dear Bertha" from her passionate attachment to Edward. "In fact," she said, "nothing but *that* would ever have put the notion of marrying her into dear Edward's head."

It was just as she pronounced these words, and at the very moment when the patience of Vincent was about to give way before his vehement indignation, that the door of the room was suddenly opened, and the pale face of the discomfited Edward made visible.

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It is by no means improbable that the sight of Mr. Vincent might have caused a retrograde movement on the part of the young adventurer, had the powerfully excited feelings of his athletic parent permitted it ; but any such measure was rendered impossible by her springing towards him with out-stretched arms, and seizing upon his two shoulders with a very effective gripe, as she exclaimed, "Boy, what brings you back again ?"

If ever a human being did or could look like a whipped cur, the unlucky Edward Roberts certainly displayed the resemblance at that moment : nor did the manner in which he was greeted by his devoted mother in any degree tend to lessen it. In the extremity of her astonishment and dis-



appointment she seemed totally to overlook the presence of the stranger, and began her agonized interrogatories very much as if they had been alone.

The poor boy literally trembled from head to foot, yet, nevertheless, he endeavored to bully his mother, bidding her mind her own business, and not meddle with what she did not understand.

"Not understand it, you villain!" she exclaimed, "not understand it? Who should understand it," she continued, shaking him violently, "if I don't?"

"For Heaven's sake, ma'am, let us be alone, if you please, before you attack my brother in this way," said Agatha. "If their carriage has broken down, or any thing of that sort has happened, it is no good for you to fly at him about it. Come with me, Edward, and tell me where you have left your young wife, and all about it."

This presence of mind on the part of Agatha produced an immediate and powerful effect on her mother and brother. The former relaxed her hold, and began to laugh at her own nervous vehemence, while the latter made a very manly struggle to overcome his dismay, and replied to his sister by saying lightly, nay, almost gaily, "Oh! you need not be uneasy about Bertha, my dear Agatha, I can satisfy you about her by a single word."

"But you must first satisfy me if you please," said Vincent, seizing the youth by his arm as he was about to repass the door. "I quit you not till you tell me where you have concealed my cousin, Miss Harrington. Speak, sir, this instant,—where is she?"

"If you were to claw me ten times more like a bear than you do," replied Edward, "I could not content you. I know not where she is. Gone forever I hope. Take your hand off, Mr. Vincent. It is cowardly to hold me because you think you are stronger than I am."

"Speak but as truly concerning my cousin," returned Vincent, removing his hand, "and you shall receive no further injury from me. Where have you taken her? Where have you left her?"

"It was she who left me," returned young Roberts, knitting his brows, and trying to look fierce.

"Mr. Roberts," said Vincent, "I am willing to believe that you have only committed a folly from which you were ready to desist as soon as you found that you had misunderstood the feelings of Miss Harrington.

Tell me where she is, and I pledge my word that neither you nor your family shall ever be troubled on the subject more."

"And I would tell you, sir, as soon as look at you, if I had the means to know," replied Edward, "but, as I hope to be saved, I no more know where she is than you do."

Of the truth of this assertion Vincent entertained not the slightest doubt. There are many persons who have a sort of instinct for knowing when truth is spoken to them, and he was one of them. He immediately acknowledged this conviction by saying, "I have no doubt, sir, that you are telling the truth. Yet there must be circumstances concerning Miss Harrington's manner of leaving you which it would be important for me to know. Do not force me to insist upon your communicating these, but as a matter of courtesy tell me at once all you know about her."

Vincent had touched the right cord. The unlucky youth felt himself so bothered and bruised by all his recent adventures, that the civility with which Mr. Vincent now addressed him soothed him into a much more amiable tone of mind than he had been in for some days past, and he replied, courteously enough, "Upon my honor and word, Mr. Vincent, I have not the very least idea in the world where she is. It is no good going over the whole thing again from the beginning. I suppose I must have been mistaken in fancying that she liked me so much as I thought she did. Or it might be, you know, that when we were fairly off, she might have felt frightened about her father. But at any rate it is quite certain that after we had got one stage out of Rome she took it into her head that she had rather not go any further; but of course, you know, I was too much in love with her to turn round and drive her back again the moment she asked me, and so I told her. And then she told me that whether I liked it or not, she *would* go back; and while we were arguing the point, which was just as we were stopping to change horses, she put her head out of the carriage window and called to an old priest who was passing, and began jabbering away in Italian with him, a great deal faster than I could understand, but I found at last that she had begged him to take care of her back to Rome, and back to Rome she came; but where he has taken her I have no more notion than you have."

Here Mr. Edward Roberts ceased, and

Mr. Vincent began to ponder his words. There was a good deal of what he had uttered that he did not believe, having pretty good reason to know, for instance, that it was quite impossible the young gentleman should ever have been deceived for an instant as to the real amount of Miss Harrington's affection for him; but he had nevertheless very perfect faith in his assurance of ignorance as to her present situation: and though this uncertainty rendered him very wretched, he derived considerable consolation from believing that the individual to whom she had intrusted herself was respectable, both from his age and profession. Again and again he made the now docile Edward recapitulate his statement; nor did he leave him, and his very gloomy looking mother and sisters, till he had convinced himself that no further information could possibly be obtained from them. And then he went back to his hotel in miserable uncertainty of what was best to be done for the recovery of the precious being whom he now felt he ought never to have lost sight of.

Before he reached his hotel he made up his mind that he would set off post for the village at which young Roberts had told him they had changed horses, thinking it possible that he might there learn something of the priest who had been her companion; but before horses could be put to Lord Lynberry's carriage, which he had no scruple of borrowing during the absence of its owner, he remembered that it was possible Bertha might have received his letter, containing his address, before her constrained departure from Rome, and if so, he felt persuaded, as he remembered all the proofs she had so innocently and frankly given of unbounded reliance upon him, that it was to him that she would have desired her reverend protector to restore her.

If these conjectures were well founded, the leaving Rome would be leaving her; yet the remaining there in this lingering sort of uncertainty was more than he could bear, and after enduring a few more tormenting minutes of vacillation between the to go or not to go, he ordered the carriage to be put back, while he returned to the domicile of the Robertses, in order to ascertain, if possible, whether Bertha had received his letter or not.

He was rather startled, upon again entering their drawing-room, to perceive that though the party which occupied it was the same which he had left there about an hour

before, their condition appeared to have undergone a very violent change. In one corner of the room Miss Maria was kneeling upon the floor in an agony of tears. On the sofa Miss Agatha was lying as if exhausted by great exertion, while the mother and son were standing near the middle of the room, having a table between them, and with an aspect and gestures which, joined to the raised tones he had caught as he approached, left no doubt on his mind of the disagreeable fact that they were in the act of quarrelling violently.

Under less pressing circumstances he would certainly have left the room without giving them time to perceive that he was in it; but this was no moment for ceremony; and hastily approaching Mrs. Roberts, without looking to the right or the left upon her disconsolate daughters, he said, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Roberts, nor will I detain you a moment if you can answer me this one question. Did my cousin Bertha receive a letter by the post before she left Rome?"

"No—yes—I don't know," replied the unfortunate Mrs. Roberts, whose red face and distended eyes indicated too much agitation to render it worth while to question her further: but Vincent was desperate, and appeared inclined to persevere in his inquiry, when Edward, who certainly desired no witness to what was going on between himself and his family, rendered any such perseverance needless by saying shortly and distinctly, "Yes, Mr. Vincent, she did. She had the letter in her hand all the time we were together, and I don't believe she left off reading for a moment, so I can speak to that fact with certainty."

This prompt reply produced the desired effect. Mr. Vincent paused not to give another glance at the family group, but instantly left the room, and returned to his hotel, relieved at least from the misery of not knowing what line of conduct to decide upon. He not only decided upon remaining in Rome, but went to bed with a sort of feeling at his heart which made him very considerably less miserable than he had been before he entered the stormy drawing-room of the Robertses.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LESSING.

1. *Lessingiana von Dr. Gottlieb Mohnike*.  
Leipsig: 1844.
2. *Lessing's Werke*. 10 Bände. Leipsig:  
1841.
3. *The Literature of Germany, from the  
Earliest Period to the Present Time,  
historically developed*. By Franz Thimm.  
London: 1844.

THE study of German Literature in England is comparatively recent. At first only the worst specimens were imported; but they 'created a sensation,' (to use the stereotyped phrase,) and created also a rash, but not very unnatural contempt for the whole. This was succeeded by an extravagant admiration on the part of a few; and as these few were influential, the feeling at last extended to the public. German became the fashionable foreign language; its literature was almost universally welcomed as a valuable and fruitful importation. Translations became numerous; criticisms still more. In most sober minds this enthusiasm has now cooled down; in some it has ceased altogether; familiarity has ended the wonder. We confess it is not without satisfaction that we see this reaction. The good that is to be gained from the study of German literature we are very far from gainsaying; but we are persuaded that this good is more than outweighed by the evils attending an indiscriminate admiration of that study. It is one thing to visit a country, another to make it a home. It is one thing to cultivate an acquaintance with a foreign literature, another to adopt it as a model. In the first case, we enlarge our views by obliterating prejudices; in the second, we narrow our minds to the prejudices of others; and thus lose our own nationality without attaining the strength of that we imitate. What Burke says of moral masquerades, applies equally to literary imitations:—"Those who quit their proper characters to assume what does not belong to them, are for the greater part ignorant both of the character they leave and the character they assume." Deplorably ignorant of the English character, and of the inexhaustible energy and wealth of English literature, must they be who could suppose that either could gain by the adoption of any foreign standard, least of all a German. If, as scholars and archæ-

ologists, we may study the works of the worthy Teutones with advantage; as thinkers, and as writers, we do so with peril. Their literature is of yesterday; and although its brief career has been prolific beyond example, it has not yet attained a tithe of the richness of our own, and will probably never attain its vigor.

The parent vice of German literature is want of distinct purpose; and, as consequences of this, want of masculine character and chastened style. It is this want of definite purpose—or call it want of culture—which generates their idle speculation, trivial research, spurious enthusiasm, and endless book-making. Where is the German who can write an ordinary-sized book? He knows not how the thing is to be accomplished; sees no advantage in accomplishing it. He writes to be read; and is certain that German readers will find time for any quantity; nay, justly suspects they would despise a small quantity. What we fashion into an essay, he develops into a system. Collaterals are of equal importance with principals; the verification of a citation as valuable as the resolution of a problem!\* It is really a sad spectacle to contemplate the singular waste of learned industry daily exemplified in Germany. Menzel says that there are ten millions of volumes yearly printed in that country; and the number of living authors (in 1828) he reckoned at fifty thousand. If we reflect on this prodigious activity, and ask what have been the results, we are amazed at the poverty of that literature, apparently so rich. Let any one run over a catalogue of German publications, and he will be struck with their universal tendency towards whatever is most remote from human interest,—indeed, from human comprehension. When Kant, their most practical philosopher, demonstrated that all human knowledge was necessarily limited to phenomena, the professors, in an uproar, declared, as they do to this day, that he had departed from the true aim of philosophy; which, they said, was *the knowledge of the absolute*. This naïve *petitio principii* exemplifies the tendency of the German mind; and it is curious to mark the triumph with which

\* We had lately occasion to consult an edition of Aristotle's little treatise *De Anima*, by F. A. Trendelenburg. The treatise occupies 109 pages a third of them devoted to *variorum* readings; the preface has 70 pages, and the commentary 450!



Hegel proclaims that all Europe has left to Germany the sole cultivation of metaphysics: 'We have the exalted vocation,' he says, 'of guarding the holy fire, as the Eumolpids were the sole guardians of the Eleusian Mysteries in Athens.'\*

We have said that a want of definite purpose is the cause of the emptiness of German literature. This is shown by the excellence the Germans exhibit in those departments of intellectual activity, wherein only distinct purpose and proper culture can bestow any success. As chemists, anatomists, physiologists, and astronomers, they are certainly on an equality with France and England: in *belles lettres*, political economy, and morals, they are as certainly behind. When, therefore, we see this prodigious activity and manifest inferiority, we cannot but attribute it to a want of proper culture; and are reminded of Plato's admirable saying, that ignorance itself is not so great an evil as misdirected learning.†

Such, broadly stated, appear to us the radical defects of German literature. In Gottlob Ephraim Lessing, there is no trace of them. If he has one characteristic which separates him from his successors, it is that of distinct purpose; the prominent peculiarity of his works, as contrasted with those of his countrymen, is their direct and practical tendency. His mind is of a quality eminently British. Of all Germans, he is the least German; yet he created German literature, and is the idol of his country. He has the qualities Englishmen most admire, because the history of our nation shows that with such qualities we have achieved our greatness. His mind is both clear and strong, free from *schwärmerei*, (a word untranslatable, because the thing itself is un-English,) free from cant and affectation of all kinds. He valued books, but he valued action more. Few men have been so erudite, no man held erudition more cheaply. Nothing in his writings betrays that he ever thought of pandering either to morbid sensibility or irrational enthusiasm. Of how many German authors can this be said? If there be any German writer, communion with whom may be beneficial to Englishmen,

that writer is Lessing;—not simply because he is one of the greatest of Germans, but because his greatness is of that kind which Englishmen best appreciate. He belongs, moreover, to that class of authors whose value consists in what they suggest or inspire more than in what they teach. The influence such men exercise is indirect, but effective; and, consequently, the admiration they inspire is not always borne out by their works. If, therefore, in the course of this article, we use language which may appear too laudatory to those acquainted only with some of Lessing's works, our justification is, that our admiration is founded on an estimate of the entire man; and that we look at his works with reference to the time at which they were produced, and to the spirit pervading them.

Gottlob Ephraim Lessing was born at Cammenz in Pomerania, on the 22d July, 1729. His father, a learned and pious clergyman, was a great admirer of artists and literary men, and very anxious to assemble them round him. The education of young Lessing early received a literary tinge. His progress in the classics gave great promise of future excellence; in consequence of which he was sent to the University of Leipsig to study theology. It there became evident that the impetuous roystering youth was ill fitted for the sober studies and the grave deportment of a theological student. He was oftener seen with players and demireps than with grave professors. Arm-in-arm with his friend Mylius, whose disordered dress was significant of his loose, disreputable life, did Lessing recklessly parade the streets of Leipsig. He tells us that he arrived at Leipsig fully persuaded that books were the most important things in the world; but he soon found they were only a fraction, and a small fraction, of what he had to study. He went out into the world to study it. He there became aware of his rustic manners, and grew ashamed of his provincial awkwardness. He learned fencing, riding, and dancing; perfected himself in French; began Italian and English. In a few months he had changed from a rustic boy into an accomplished cavalier. How much of this was due to the actresses, who doated on him, we cannot say. He relinquished theology, and devoted himself to medicine; but growing tired of that also, he obeyed his natural calling, and took to literature and philosophy. His passion for

\* Hegel—*Vorlesungen über die Geschichte der Phil.* i. p. 4.

† 'Οὐδαμῶς γὰρ δεῖνόν οὐδέ σφοδρὸν ἀπειρία τῶν πάντων οὐδέ μέγιστον κακόν, ἀλλ' ἡ πολυπειρία καὶ πολυμαθία μετὰ κακῆς ἀγωγῆς γίγνεται πολὺ τούτων μείζων ρημία.'—*De Legibus*, vii. p. 62, ed. Bekker.

the stage, which began early with the study of Plautus, was inflamed by his passion for Madame Neuberin, the principal actress of the Leipsig theatre. He gave himself up to the fascinations of the stage. He was the life and soul of the green-room; tutored the actors, recommended plays, and wrote some himself. Gay, confident, good-humored, and instructed, he was an universal favorite with the actors; for he added great animal spirits and brilliant wit to extensive information and classical taste. He liked the reckless, improvident, but exciting life of the players; he was charmed by the ease of their manners, and the sort of *prestige* attached to their art. His father heard of his way of life, and of his having written plays. He was shocked and irritated, wrote angrily to him, abused the stage 'in good set terms,' and endeavored to prove that a playwright could not be a Christian. Their correspondence is curious, as showing the obstinate bigotry of the father, and the courteous obstinacy of the son. The father refusing to support his son, unless he resumed his theological studies; the son sorry to be compelled to dispute his father's wishes and judgment, but resolved to shift for himself rather than relinquish the objects of his ambition.

This was the starting-point of his career. He undertook to earn for himself a subsistence by his pen; at all times a precarious undertaking, in those times a hopeless one. But he had the true spirit of independence: he was no slave to his desires. Poverty was an evil, but it was endurable; it was even preferable to a luxurious hypocrisy. He says, gaily enough, in one of his letters, 'I have made such arrangements with booksellers as will enable me to live comfortably through the winter in Berlin. I call comfort that which another would call penury. But what does it matter to me whether I have plenty or not, so that I live? As to my meals, I have no sort of anxiety about them. I can procure a hearty meal for 1 groschen 6 pfennige,' (three-halfpence.) This was no bravado. He gained his livelihood by translating, and by occasionally writing articles for periodical publications, the payment for which was miserable. It was a hard struggle for him even to gain bread; but he did gain it, and was light-hearted.

His whole life was a combat,—at one time against poverty—at another, against pedantry and folly. He had to fight for

bread, and to fight for truth. The object of his life was to create a National Literature; and he created it. But he could only have achieved this by indomitable courage and activity, joined to many and rare abilities. He was made for a great polemic. The restless activity which urged him into all departments of literature, was accompanied by a rare acuteness in detecting every symptom of weakness, and every means of cure. He was aggressive, impetuous, but not destructive; for he never destroyed without at the same time erecting something better in the place of that which he demolished. His wit was inexhaustible—his erudition unfailing—his logic unfaltering—his style excellent. No polemic, except perhaps our Bentley, ever rivalled Lessing; and Bentley's field was extremely narrow in comparison; for Lessing carried his triumphant arms into the domains of philosophy, religion, the drama, and art in general, no less than into antiquity. All species of polemical warfare were welcome to him; for he succeeded in all. He was never at a loss for weapons, nor for skill to use them. He was the first German who gave to German literature its national tendencies and physiognomy. Klopstock had made it English. Wieland had made it French. Lessing made it German. With a daring hand, this iconoclast smote down the foreign idols from their pedestals, and with a rarer talent, pointed out the way by which national idols might be formed.

The quality that most strikes the reader of Lessing, after his polemical tendency, is clearness. His intellect impresses you as being essentially clear, strong, direct. There is nothing mystical, vapory, or affected about him. His clearness is seen in his taste, no less than in his diction. He had no tolerance for obscure, shadowy grandeur. When all Germany was mad about Ossian, whom they ranked higher even than Homer, Lessing continued to proclaim the inexhaustible wealth of Homer, and had nothing but contempt for Ossian. He first saw the greatness of Shakspeare. He preferred Sophocles to Æschylus and Euripides; Racine to Corneille. But although he scouted mysticism, and very properly appealed to Greek simplicity, he was not so simple as to suppose that every kind of simplicity was either Greek or admirable. His distinction was characteristic. 'It is the property of Greek simplicity,' says he, 'to be

free from *superfluities*; but it is assuredly no property of it to be in want of any *necessary* part.'

It was owing to this clearness that he fell into none of his countrymen's mistakes of confounding the means with the end. Thus his very erudition was practical, and all turned to practical purposes; immense as it was, it was all fruitful. His mind was a storehouse of knowledge, wherein each subject had its fit compartment; not a lumber-room, wherein all things were huddled together, without method and without purpose. His was not the erudition of foot-notes, that cheapest of all displays, in which a man quotes every book he reads, though far from having read every book he quotes. Lessing was one of the few Germans who did not read for reading's sake. In consequence of which he never opened a book without finding something others had overlooked. As Glauber found a valuable salt in that which had been always thrown away, so did Lessing extract matter from the dullest book he took up.

The clearness of Lessing's mind is best seen in his style. To us it is very significant that German authors should have had so excellent a model, and nevertheless have written so heavily. Lessing's excellence has always been admitted, but it has not been imitated. The result has been, that (allowing for one or two great writers) German literature is, in respect of style, the most objectionable of any in Europe. With a model like Lessing, whose sentences are brief, pregnant, colloquial, and direct—admitting of no doubt as to meaning, yet eschewing all superfluous words—the Germans, with a few exceptions, produce nothing but long lumbering sentences; the copiousness serving to darken, not to illustrate. Lessing's style we, on the whole, regard as the finest that has been written in Germany. It is superior, we think, to Göthe's in being more colloquial, more vivacious, and more impetuous. There is that in Göthe's prose which betrays the care bestowed on it; though very beautiful, transparent, and harmonious, it wants somewhat of the freshness, and a great deal of the impetuosity of Lessing's. Schiller, again, writes with considerable power, and with care; but he wants precision and vivacity.

As a poet, Lessing has very slight pretensions; yet it is but justice to add, that no one ever held those pretensions more cheaply than he did himself. There is a

passage in his *Dramaturgie* more truly modest, more honestly self-criticising, than any thing of the sort in any other author we have met with. 'I am neither a dramatist nor a poet,' said he. 'It is true that people often do me the honor to account me the latter. But this is simply because they do not know me. From the few dramatic attempts that I have made, so flattering a conclusion must not be drawn. It is not every one who takes a brush, and daubs colors on a canvass, that can be called a painter. The earliest of those, my attempts, were written at that period of my life when facility is so readily mistaken for genius. And whatever is tolerable in my later attempt is, I am perfectly certain, owing entirely to my critical judgment. I do not feel within me the living fountains bubbling upwards by their own force, and by their own force gushing out in pure, fresh, and sparkling streams: I am forced to pump out every thing. I should be so poor, so cold, and so short-sighted! had I not fortunately learned modestly to borrow the treasures of others, to warm myself by the fire of others, and to strengthen my eyesight by using the critical glasses of art. I am therefore always vexed and ashamed when I hear or read any thing against criticism. It is said to stifle genius; and I flattered myself to have obtained something from it which comes very near genius. I am one of the lame, and cannot consent to hear crutches vilified.' This confession is to be received with some qualification. True, he was not a poet. He wanted the finer, subtler feelings, and the keen sensibility of the poetical temperament—qualities which cause that strange inter-penetration of thought and emotion justly considered the primary condition of all genuine poetry. He knew this well, and said so. He knew that in literature, many, as Plato says, bear the Thyrsus, but few are inspired by the God—'ναρθηκοφόροι μὲν πολλοί, βακχοὶ δὲ τι παῖδες'; and he was not one of the few. In as far, then, as the poet is necessary to the dramatist, Lessing was not a dramatist. In as far as knowledge of life, character, and passion, joined to a knowledge of the drama as an art, could make him a dramatist, he was one. If he did not attain that exalted station to which his young ambition once aspired—if he did not become the German Molière—if he could not rank himself beside the great Dramatists—he unquestionably deserves a place beside those second only to the great poets. He was the



first to give the Germans a national drama. His plays became national idols; and have survived nearly a century of changes without much diminution of favor. They owe their success to sterling character, and admirable construction; which, after all, are primary requisites of the acting drama. Of fancy there is none; of imagination but little; and that little not of the high poetical kind. His plays are all, except *Nathan der Weise*, written in prose—inimitable prose. *Nathan* is written in blank verse; but is not the more poetical on that account.

Amongst the *Gedichte* which occupy the first volume of his works, few, except the epigrams, are now read, and few deserve to be read. Perhaps the best of all is that which is strangely enough printed amongst the epigrams, beginning *Ein rundes, tolles, nettes Ding*, which has great vivacity and concision. Of the hundred and sixty epigrams there collected, not more than half are good; a few are perfect. Martial is his great model, and many of his epigrams are but translations from the Roman poet. These are admirably rendered. For example—

‘Bellus homo et magnus vis idem, Cotta, videri;  
Sed quis bellus homo est, ille pusillus homo est.’

Thus translated—

‘Gross willst du und auch artig seyn?  
Marull was artig ist, ist klein.’

One of the wittiest and neatest of Lessing's epigrams is the impromptu epitaph of a man in a gibbet:

‘Hier ruht er, wenn der Wind nicht weht.’  
(He rests in peace, when the wind doth cease.)

This is his only monostich; and it is not published in his works. We are indebted to Dr. Mohnike for its republication. (*Lessingiana*, p. 133.)\* Our readers will be glad to have a few specimens of Lessing's talent in epigram; and for those who do not read German, we shall venture to subjoin versions of our own, claiming for them every indulgence.

\* The rarity of monostichs is owing to the difficulty of compressing into one line all the circumstances necessary for the explanation of the joke, and the joke itself. Martial has about half a dozen, all admirable. Here are two:—

‘Omnia, Castor, emis: sic fiet, ut omnia vendas.  
And

‘Pauper videri vult Cinna, et est pauper.’

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## I.

‘Ein einzig böses Weib lebt höchstens in der Welt:  
Nur schlimm, dass jeder seins für dieses einz'ge halt.’

‘There is but one bad woman!’—With a groan  
Each man assents, and thinks that one his own.

## II.

‘Es hat der Schuster Franz zum Dichter sich entzückt  
Was er als Schuster that, das thut er noch; er flickt.’

John Smith forsakes his awl and last,  
For literary squabbles.  
Styles himself Poet; but his trade  
Remains the same; he cobbles!

## III.

‘Nur Neues liebest du? nur Neues willst du machen?  
Du bist, mein guter Wesp, sehr neu in alten Sachen.’

You only care for novelty in what you write, I'm told!  
You only are, my worthy friend, very new in what is old.

## IV.

‘Verse, wie sie Bassus schreibt,  
Werden unvergänglich bleiben;  
Weil dergleichen Zeug zu schreiben  
Stets ein Stümper übrig bleibt.’

That poems such as thine can die,  
My credence quite surpasses.  
There ne'er can be a lack of men  
To ‘write themselves down asses.’

## V.

‘Kaum seh ich den Donner die Himmel umziehen,  
So flieh ich zum Keller hinein.  
Was meint ihr? ich suchte den Donner zu fliehen?

Ihr irrt euch; ich suche den Wein.’  
As soon as the thunder-clouds darken the sky  
Or summer sun ceases to shine,  
I fly—lock myself in the cellar—secure—  
‘From the thunder?’—No; with the wine!

The critical reader, desirous of information, should not omit to consult Lessing's investigation as to the nature of the Epigram; and his remarks on Martial, Catullus, and the Anthology. It is one of those Essays which exhaust a subject—equally admirable for acuteness, judgment, and scholarship. He modestly entitles it ‘Desultory Remarks;’ but the desultory remarks of such a writer are sometimes more coherent and instructive than the elaborate treatises of others.

His Dramas should always be read with reference to the epoch at which they were produced. We do not say they are deficient

in intrinsic excellence; but thinking that they do not quite equal their reputation, we are disposed to attribute some of their reputation to their having been the first efforts of a national drama. They have an interest as *Mémoires pour servir*. Thus *Der Freigeist*, one of the earliest, as a comedy, is heavy, ill-conceived, and feebly executed; but it is a curious indication of the spirit of the times. The hero, a freethinker, is a man of many virtues. The leaven amidst these good qualities, is his uncompromising antipathy to Priests. He rejects the friendship and kindness of Theophan; insults him, and suspects him, only because he is a Priest. How truly is a large portion of the eighteenth century reflected in this antipathy! The bigotry which philosophy opposed to the bigotry it reprobated—the fierce intolerance it displayed against the intolerance of others—the indiscriminating odium with which it covered all men bearing the name of Priest—are well represented by the ‘Freethinker,’ as they were in reality by our own Shelley;—one of the kindest of men, and one of the most sympathizing, but also one of the most indiscriminating priest-haters. This prejudice is not yet quite extinct. It was perhaps never more ably discriminated than in that pregnant passage of Burke, where, after speaking of the savage exultation with which the *philosophers* had ransacked the annals of history for instances of priestly oppression and fanatical persecution, he adds—‘After destroying all other genealogies and family distinctions, these writers invent a sort of pedigree of crime. It is not very just to chastise men for the offences of their natural ancestors; but to take the fiction of ancestry in a corporate succession, as a ground for punishing men who have no relation to guilty acts except in names and general descriptions, is a sort of refinement in injustice, belonging to the philosophy of this enlightened century.—In the conception of *Der Freigeist*, there is a token of Lessing’s manly impartiality. Although a freethinker himself, he exposed the intolerance of freethinkers. He had no party spirit,—no sectarian prejudices. No one was ever so passionate in the search after truth, who was also so tolerant of the opinions of others.

If we have thus had occasion to notice Lessing’s exemption from the intolerance of the age, we have next also to note a similar exemption from its sentimentality. *Miss*

*Sara Sampson* is a domestic tragedy of the Kotzebue school—a school to which Göthe and Schiller, in their early pieces *Stella* and *Kabale und Liebe*, gave the sanction of their names. It has a subject so tempting for sentimentality, that Lessing’s having escaped that temptation is really wonderful. It is not a good play; but it exhibits the developed skill of a dramatist in comparison with *Der Freigeist*. The plot is improbable, but admirably conducted, and exhibits some very interesting situations. There is little skill shown in the delineation of character. Marwood is a mere fury. Sara, though *naïve*, is somewhat commonplace. On the whole, it was a great play for the period; and elicited universal applause. It contains some expressions which fall oddly upon English ears,—such as ‘*grausame Lady!*’ and ‘*grossmüthige Miss!*’

*Philotas* was his next attempt. It is a tragedy (if it can be so called) in one act. Aridæus, a Grecian King, has taken prisoner Philotas, the son of his rival; his own son being also a prisoner in the rival’s camp. He proposed to Philotas an interchange. Philotas, remarking his absorbing love, and concluding that it would cause him to make any sacrifices for the sake of recovering his son, resolves to immolate himself for his country. He sends a message to his father, bidding him extort the object in dispute between the two countries, as the ransom of the son of Aridæus. He then kills himself to prevent his father’s exchanging the prince for him. The character of the impetuous Philotas, half-boy, half-hero, is finely, even delicately sketched. The other characters are commonplace. A great fault was committed in writing this play in prose, which is incompatible with so ideal a subject, and such exalted motives.

*Minna von Barnhelm* succeeded. Of all German comedies, this has our preference. In no other have we seen such pure dramatic presentation of character, and that character so unmistakeably German. Major Tellheim is said to be a portrait of Lessing’s admirable friend Kleist. It is handled with great skill; and although criticism might perhaps object to the Major’s extreme sensitiveness, we have no doubt that even this was true to the life. The play is very amusing, except towards the close, where there is a little too much delay in bringing about a *dénouement* perfectly foreseen. Otherwise it is very animated. The dialogue is excellent—direct, rapid, and sparkling. The great charm of

the piece is its German individuality. There you see the German character, not in what is most elevated, nor in what is fantastic and cloudy, but in its real strength; its simplicity, honesty, warmth of feeling, and unaffected expression of feeling. Written whilst Lessing was with the army at Breslau, it breathes a generous spirit of admiration; and urges pointedly the justice of rewarding the brave defenders of 'Fatherland.' Its effect on the army was electrical; its effect on all Germany was, and continues to be, immense.

*Emilia Galotti* is generally ranked higher than *Minna*, but with very little justice. It is, doubtless, a remarkable production, full of purpose and interest, and always successful on the stage. The plot is constructed with skill; the characters selected and contrasted with fine discrimination, and drawn with clear sharp outlines. But, in spite of these merits, there is something in the play which is not genial; there is a want of that indefinable charm which *Minna* possesses—a charm that makes all the difference between creative and constructive genius. *Minna von Barnhelm* is a genuine comedy; we cannot call *Emilia Galotti* a genuine tragedy. The free spirit of mirth, the easy evolution of character, the adequacy of motive, current through the one, have no counterparts in the other. It is not that *Emilia* is deficient in strongly conceived character, or true and sufficient motive; it is that the want of a passionate fusion of the various elements into a poetical whole, causes the impression to be marred. The play is critical, not poetical. Moreover, there is a radical error in the conception, which surprises us in so great a critic. He has selected the story of *Virginius*; but he has placed it in modern times, and made the scene a petty Italian Princedom. The story is essentially a Roman story: to transplant it to another land, is to make it no longer probable. That *Virginius* should slay his daughter to preserve her from slavery, is intelligible, being a Roman; but that Odoardo should slay his daughter, and that, too, at her own bidding, to save her from the peril of dishonor, seems neither credible nor within the range of our sympathy. No Christian daughter could bid her father do so. She might kill herself; she would never bid her father stain his hands with her blood. In one word, the *dénouement* of *Emilia Galotti* does not, to us, seem justified by modern feelings.

In making these objections, we are far

from meaning to imply that *Emilia Galotti* is an indifferent play; it is only not a great one. Judging it according to the tragedies which figure on the German stage, it may, however, be called great; so admirably are the characters presented. The weak, vacillating prince, eager to profit by the villainies of Marinelli, but not daring to face the consequences—prone to crime, but always throwing the blame of it on others—utterly unprincipled—destitute even of the energy to be consistently base—signing a death-warrant with the same levity as a *billet-doux*—may be pronounced so far one of the best creations of the drama. Almost as good, in its way, is the handling of that curious figure the Countess Orsina, with her mixture of frivolity and intensity, of voluptuousness and fiery passion. She is the prototype of Schiller's Julia, Princess Von Eboli, and Lady Milford; but Schiller has fallen many degrees short of his model. Marinelli, the supple courtier and smooth-faced villain, is drawn with effect. Odoardo is a more ambitious, but less successful sketch.

Frederick Schlegel, in a very offensive critique in the *Charakteristiken*, abuses other critics for not having viewed Lessing 'in his totality;' and, if we remember rightly, only furnishes a few fragmentary remarks himself. He there examines *Emilia Galotti*, and insists on ranking it as the finest production of its author. The result of his examination may be thus summed up: Lessing confessed that he was not a poet; that he owed all to criticism; but, as his criticism was narrow and imperfect, (*i. e.* was not founded on 'romantic principles,') so were his plays necessarily indifferent. The conceit of this Essay is most offensive. It is an indirect eulogy on the 'New School,' as it was called,—the school, namely, which, disdaining Lessing's clear and positive knowledge of art as cold and ungenial, launched into those extravagances which it christened *Romanticism*. Lessing had no tendencies *that way*; he was therefore pronounced an indifferent critic by the Romanticists. It is very true, he did not entertain any of their celebrated 'principles;' he loved the light, and shunned the twilight. The bats pronounced the eagle blind! He, the clearest of thinkers, whose constant aim was to define the boundaries of each art, who demanded precision as a primary condition of all literature, could never have fallen into the rash generalizations and misty ambiguities of the romantic school. In general, it is very unfair to



judge of a man's criticism by his own productions; but it is surely fair to judge of the comparative value of two opposite systems of criticism, when shown in two similar attempts; and we may therefore compare the *Emilia Galotti* of Lessing with the *Alarcos* of Schlegel. Lessing's play has defects, but it has great and positive merits: hence it keeps possession of the stage. Schlegel's play is utterly without character—ambitious and vague—a 'forcible feeble'—which has long since ceased to excite any curiosity whatever.

*Nathan der Weise* is a work which still excites the deepest admiration in Germany; in fact, if you mention Lessing to a German, the chances are, that he will at once refer to *Nathan* for a proof of his genius, as he would to the *Faust* of Göthe for a proof of his. *Nathan* has not been a favorite elsewhere; and this difference in judgment would show that the work had some charm peculiarly national. In the dearth of great poems, *Nathan* is doubtless ranked high; for, as the Spaniards say *en regno del ciegos el tuerto es Rey* (in the land of the blind the one-eyed is King.) Perhaps also the nature of the subject, the fine and weighty *propos* scattered through it, the grand and beautiful spirit of tolerance which pervades it, may cause the Germans to forgive its want of poetry. It is undoubtedly a charming work; but not a fine poem. Its conception is philosophical, its execution epigrammatic and polemical. A. W. Schlegel, who always speaks of Lessing with quiet malice, says of *Nathan* that it "is curious, as being the only drama not written for the stage; and therefore, being uninfluenced by his critical principles, is more conformable to the genuine rules of Art." What those genuine rules are, we should be happy to learn: he does not explain; and how Lessing could have written any drama without being influenced by his critical principles, we are at a loss to conceive. We notice the passage as a specimen of what Boileau calls

. . . . . médire avec art,  
C'est avec respect enfoncer le poignard.

Lessing had avowed himself no poet, and made his critical principles the stronghold of his fame. Whereupon one of the Schlegels asserts that his plays have no poetry; another asserts that he only wrote well, when writing uninfluenced by his critical principles. One told him that he was lame;

the other told him, that nevertheless he walked better without crutches.

*Nathan der Weise* is not a great poem; it is nevertheless a very remarkable work, imbued with deep and generous feeling, and full of profound thought. It is a work that exercises a strong influence on the reader;—a work which, though polemical, is nevertheless so tolerant—because indeed it only contends for tolerance, and contends generously—that all classes, however diversified their opinions, must unite in admiration of it. The leading design is to inculcate tolerance of the opinions of others: not by destroying the groundwork of all belief—(which is too often the method of those who preach tolerance)—but by showing that all creeds, if sincere, and accompanied by benevolence, are to be honored; because although each cannot be the true creed, yet each will, in that way, fulfil the object of all religion. This is the moral of that beautiful story of the three rings, which Lessing has taken from Boccaccio: this moral is further developed by the whole piece. The *dénouement*—where Recha and the Templar are discovered to be brother and sister, Saladin their uncle, and Nathan their spiritual father, the three families united into one family—is a type of the three religions, Christianity, Judaism, and Mahometanism, harmoniously united;—of unity of purpose, not excluding diversity of character.

This tolerance doubtless springs from a profound skepticism; but a skepticism which has nothing sneering or disparaging in it;—skepticism as to the possibility of man's ever attaining absolute truth; not skepticism as to the virtue of the endeavor. Truth can only be sought, not found; indeed, in a memorable passage, Lessing declares that if the choice were offered him, he should prefer the search after truth to the attainment of truth;\*—thus, according to him, the *aims* of action are but the fitting *stimulants* to action, and not otherwise very desirable. In the search of truth he spent his life. In *Nathan* he teaches us to do the same. Believe sincerely and act uprightly, then no creed will be foolishness. Such was his belief. Connected with this idea, there is another equally needful to be adverted to—we mean the independence of morality on religion. In many passages

\* Plato, in his dialogue of the *Rivals*—if it be his—seems to have entertained a similar idea. See p. 134.

has Lessing enforced this; in none more openly than in the following:—

‘Go; but remember  
How easier far devout enthusiasm is  
Than a good action; and how willingly  
Our indolence takes up with pious rapture,  
Though at the time unconscious of its end,  
Only to save the toil of useful deeds.’\*

The character of Nathan himself, is by critics considered a masterpiece. He certainly rivets attention, and retains our sympathies. He is a fine philosophical figure, whose wisdom and tolerance endow him with a dignity which strongly impresses the reader. But it seems to us that there is a fundamental error in the conception. Nathan is meant for a Jew, he is always called a Jew, but he is only a Jew in name. His sentiments and his religion are not those of a Jew; it was therefore worse than superfluous to give him the name. For let us distinctly understand Lessing's object. Tolerance was to be taught. Christian intolerance was to be shamed by contrast with Judaic tolerance. The force of the contrast was artistically conceived, but it was in a great degree obliterated by the conception of Nathan's character; because, by that conception, he was exalted from out the sphere of Judaism, into that of Philosophy. If Nathan has none of the bigotry of his race, he cannot be a perfect type of that race. If he can regard Christianity with forbearance, he is no longer a Jew; and if he is no longer a Jew, the lesson meant to be conveyed is rendered inept. All know that Philosophy can be tolerant. Lessing is constantly applauded for having chosen a representative of the most exclusive and fiercely bigoted of all races, as the exemplar of tolerance; but this is surely either inconsistent or erroneous. Nathan is an exemplar of tolerance; but assuredly his tolerance is not that of a Jew. He would be denounced on all sides by his race; he would be hated by them as a heretic. The very qualities which make him fit to teach intolerant Christians a lesson, are those which separate him from the Jews. That which is great in Nathan, is not Jewish; it has grown up in his large soul in spite of Judaism. We are quite aware that Lessing is said to have copied his Nathan from Spinoza and Moses Mendelssohn, but we are also aware that, in respect of mental characteristics, no two men could with less propriety be styled Jews. Les-

sing's contrast, therefore, is not a new one; it is the old antagonism of Philosophy and bigotry.

It is curious to turn from the calm and far-reaching tolerance of *Nathan der Weise* to the impetuous onset upon existing tastes in the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*—the work which, of all critical works ever published, perhaps achieved the most instantaneous victory. It is difficult to appreciate the ‘sensation’ this work caused, now that its fundamental ideas have been long popularized in all shapes. But on a slight examination of the state of public opinion at the time that Lessing wrote, the importance of his views will only appear equalled by their audacity. The German stage willingly, servilely, submitted to the yoke of France. Voltaire was not only the favorite of Frederick, he was the Dictator of literature. His tragedies were thought perfect. *Zaire* was ‘dictated by love itself.’ *Semiramis* was the consummation of tragic taste—the highest flight of dramatic imagination. Voltaire's reign was undisputed. But at length a critic, with as much wit as audacity, and more sound judgment than wit or courage, raised his potent voice. With an eye to see, and courage to proclaim what he saw, Lessing undertook to examine the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French stage. Great was the astonishment of the ‘prince of wits,’ the ‘great master of ridicule,’ to find himself the object of ridicule as sharp and cutting as his own. Great was the astonishment of the public. ‘It is pleasant to introduce Herr Voltaire to the reader,’ said his critic: ‘there is always something to be learned from him, if not from what he says, then from what he should have said. I know of no writer from whom one could better ascertain whether one has reached the first stage of wisdom—*falsa intelligere*—as from Voltaire; but also of no writer from whom one could gain so little assistance in attaining the second stage, *vera cognoscere*.’ In this strain did he banter the great Poet; but the bantering was the smallest part of his polemics. Perhaps no man, except the late admirable and excellent Sydney Smith, ever bantered so much, who did not confine himself merely to banter. With him it was nothing but the pleasantry of argument; never did it stand in place of argument. The grand tragedy of *Semiramis* did not escape his searching criticism; he stripped it of its tinsel of mock grandeur, and exposed it to the de-

\* *Nathan the Wise*; translated by W. Taylor.

risation of all Germany. Voltaire had imitated Shakspeare in this play; at least he said so. Lessing took him at his word,—contrasted Shakspeare's ghost with that of Voltaire; demonstrated the perfect artistic propriety of the one, and the absurdity of the other; and thus not only shattered the credit of Voltaire, but turned the eyes of his countrymen towards Shakspeare—a boon they are thankful for. In the same spirit he contrasted *Othello* with *Zaire*; and the *Merope* of Maffei with the *Merope* of Voltaire. The victory was triumphant. Lessing hit hard blows, and they fell where his antagonist was weakest. How different from the attack of Voltaire upon Shakspeare! Lessing's criticism was not only witty, but destructive. Voltaire's might indeed excite a laugh, but would not stand an examination. Lessing did not confine himself to Voltaire; Corneille was also his object. *Rodogune*, which was then held to be the masterpiece of its author, was mercilessly handled. By rigid logic, and cutting ridicule, did Lessing show his countrymen that *Rodogune* was not only many degrees from a masterpiece, but was a most pernicious model. From that day the reign of French taste ended. The *Dramaturgie* has long fulfilled its object, and almost outlived its interest. To the English reader there can be no interest in wading through critiques on German plays, and German actors no longer known; nor can there be much attraction in witnessing the assault upon a tragic system which no living Englishman would pronounce a model. For our own parts we think Lessing unjustly severe on the French poets; and not at all willing to admit their peculiar merits. The critic, however, cannot glance over the *Dramaturgie* without profit; and scholars no less than critics will do well to read his discussion of Aristotle's definition of Tragedy.

Perhaps the characteristics of Lessing's mind are nowhere more distinctly visible than in his treatise on the *Laokoon*. The clearness and the directness of the style, are qualities so rare in such works, that one is apt to think lightly of its ideas; a journey so easily performed does not seem difficult; ideas, so easily grasped, seem obvious. But, on closing the book, if you compare the state of your opinions on art with those entertained previous to the perusal, you will be able to estimate its value. We have heard very eminent men

declare, that it taught them more about art than all the other works they had read upon the subject put together. It is a book essentially instructive. The admirable analytical sagacity with which the boundaries of each art are distinguished, opens a vast field of criticism. The clear and piercing glance thrown upon the fog and vapor of critical prejudice, has the aid of keen wit and apposite learning in the demolition of grave absurdities. The book is made up of digressions; and yet these digressions are so well planned as to form constituent parts. He tacks away from the port, only to fill his sails with wind. He gains the summit of a mountain by winding round it, where direct ascent would be impracticable.

There is another little treatise which may be read in conjunction with the *Laokoon*, entitled *Wie die Alten den Tod gebildet*. It contains much curious matter, and satisfactorily establishes the fact of death never having been represented as a skeleton by the ancients: whenever a skeleton is represented, it means a larva, not death. Death was held to be the brother of sleep; and, like sleep, was depicted with wings, the feet crossed. He held a torch reversed, and a chaplet of flowers. He was always a young man. It is a mistake to suppose that all young figures with wings meant Cupids. There is a great deal of discussion, philological and critical, in this Essay; but Lessing had, above all men, the art of making such discussions amusing. Moreover, he has enlivened it with vivacious polemics. But as a specimen of how he handled an adversary, his *Vade Mecum für den Herrn Lange* should be consulted. Herr Lange, a poet of some celebrity in those days, had translated Horace. Lessing criticised this translation in a letter to a friend. The letter got into the Newspapers. Lange, furious, replied in a fiery pamphlet, accusing Lessing of ignorance, of misrepresentation, of envy, of malice. Lessing was not the man to let such an opportunity slip. He dearly loved 'a taste of fighting.' It was wine to him. He replied in this *Vade Mecum*—a remarkable specimen of acute criticism, minute scholarship, and galling banter. While thus with Horace, the reader will do well to give his attention to the *Rettungen des Horaz*. In this Essay, Lessing undertakes to clear Horace from the charges of cowardice and licentiousness. It is paradoxical, but ingenious; and exhibits his usual amazing



power of bringing remote passages to bear upon his argument. The same quality is visible in his *Life of Sophocles*; which still remains the best biography of that poet.

There is a peculiarity in these, which distinguishes them from all similar works. We allude to the supreme contempt of their learned author for learning. He, of whom it was said that he had read every thing worth reading, who knew every edition of the classics, and every modern work relating to them, was as completely independent of the trammels of authority, and of the prejudices of a book-devourer, as the most confident of unlettered thinkers. If he cites 'authorities,' it is merely to oppose them to the 'authorities' of some pedant whom he is chastising: willing as he is to meet an antagonist on any ground, and with any weapons, he escapes the reproach of inconsiderate levity, by showing that he is as familiar with texts and commentaries as any professor, without also being a slave to them.

The *Wolfenbüttel Fragments* made a great noise at the time; but the interest has now almost entirely passed away. Lessing's share in the controversy was valiantly and honorably borne. Those who wish to study the art of 'controversy,' as Gibbon studied it in Pascal, may do so in this portion of Lessing's writings;—no one else will find them palatable. The *Education of the Human Race* has had the very questionable honor of having been translated and adopted by the St. Simonians, and by *les Humanitaires*; but in a sense which Lessing himself would have strongly repelled. Indeed, it is worthy of remark, that with so logical a mind, and with such strong philosophical tendencies, Lessing never gave himself up to what the Germans call *Metaphysics*. Many a worthy German has deplored that he did not give the world his solution of the problem of *Sein und Denken*, and did not venture on the apodictic certainty of the absolute! To us this is but one of the many evidences of his clear and practical mind. He was fond of speculation; but speculation about subjects unintelligible or beyond the reach of human cognizance, was too frivolous for him. Until his countrymen learn to think with him on this subject, they will never be able to imitate the good example he set them.

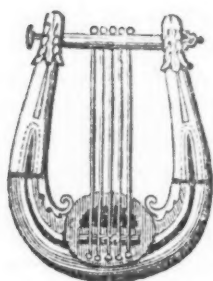
We shall here close this brief and rapid sketch of the characteristics of German Literature, and more particularly of the

very eminent German writer before us. For dissent we are at all times prepared, but we have here, we suspect, to fear that our opinions may occasionally give offence, by us far from intended; for we have no interest, near or remote, in the subject, but that of truth and free inquiry; and we readily give up these opinions to be canvassed with the same freedom we have used in detailing them.

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ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.—"The barque *Pagoda*, hired by government for a scientific expedition to the Antarctic regions, lately returned to Simon Bay; and the following particulars connected therewith may be relied upon as authentic. This vessel, under the command of Lieutenant Moore, penetrated, we understand, farther to the Southward (between the meridian of Greenwich and 120 degrees East) than any other vessel ever attained unto before her; and completed the whole series of magnetic observations left unfinished by H. M. ships *Terror* and *Erebus*. The *Pagoda* very nearly reached the magnetic pole; but the quantity of compact ice and icebergs which she fell in with precluded the possibility of her advancement. Many important discoveries were made; which will doubtless be laid before the public as soon as the official report shall have reached home.

"She was at times surrounded by icebergs considerably higher than the mastheads; notwithstanding which, existence of the Antarctic continent, viz. Victoria Land, has been confirmed beyond a doubt. The 'Aurora Borealis,' or Northern Luminary, was observed to be exceedingly brilliant; so much so, indeed, that at night small print was distinctly legible thereby,—a truly rare circumstance in a Southern hemisphere. [The Aurora, called also "Australis" or Southern, is well known to occur.] The stores of natural history have been much enriched by collection of birds and fishes previously unknown. On her homeward track, the *Pagoda* touched at King George's Sound; where the hospitable treatment of the settlers and natives is highly spoken of, and every thing was going on well at the settlement. She next made the Mauritius; and returned to Simon's Bay, after a circuit of nearly fourteen thousand miles, in one hundred and forty days, having in that period fully accomplished the intended objects: when the vessel was delivered up in excellent condition to Captain H. Byron junior, her original commander, without a single casualty, not a man having been sick all the voyage; which may be mainly ascribed to the great care and attention bestowed by Admiral Percy in fitting out this bark for her hazardous and solitary task; and there is no doubt that the scientific world will be benefited by its results."—*Cape Town Gazette*.



### MADELINE.

FROM KEATS'S EVE OF ST. AGNES.

See Plate.

A CASEMENT high and triple-arched there was,  
All garlanded with carved imageries  
Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot-grass,  
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;  
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,  
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,  
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of  
queens and kings,  
Full on this casement shone the wintry moon  
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,  
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;  
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,  
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
And on her hair a glory like a saint:  
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,  
Save wings, for heaven.

### THE VESSEL OF HOPE AND THE VESSEL OF LOVE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

WHEN the gay vessel puts to sea  
In all its colors drest,  
Hope of success, temerity,  
Inspire each ardent breast.  
The main is calm, the sky is fair,  
And then a fav'ring wind  
Wafes friends, with scarce a ling'ring care,  
From friends they leave behind—  
Who stand upon the glittering shore,  
Bidding "God speed them well!"  
A prayer, a blessing, nothing more,  
The bosom's anguish tell.  
Hardly the rippling waves they feel,  
So easily they're stemm'd,  
As glides along the slender keel,  
Which sparkles as if gemm'd.  
'Tis the first voyage of that crew,  
Their "ignorance is bliss;"  
They know not perils yet to rue,  
Nor fear the dire abyss.  
What can they dread, what can they dread,  
Bound for the isles of joy?  
No storm is lurking overhead  
Impending to destroy!

The rocks are hidden out of sight,  
Pregnant with wreck, distress,  
'Gainst which the vessel chance may strike  
In unexpectedness;  
Engulphing in the sullen tide  
The good, the glad, the brave,  
In the full buoyancy of pride  
To find a sudden grave!  
Their only dirge the sea-mew's cry  
That, sailing, wails above;  
Their only shroud the dismal sky,  
The young——so many love!  
Sweet bride! the bark of Hymen now  
Is trimm'd for thee the same,  
Hope's seated at the gaudy prow  
And fear is put to shame;  
The silken sails flap in the breeze  
With the low murmuring sound  
Which the excited senses please,  
And lull to peace profound!  
Friends, blessings, prayers attend thee, too,  
And waftures from the shore,  
As did they that ill-fated crew  
Who saw their homes no more!  
Thy foot's on the uncertain deck,  
Love guides thy step the while;  
How bright the smile his lips doth deck!  
How bright thy answering smile!  
How calm the sea! how clear the sky!  
How bland the fanning air!  
There is no danger lurking nigh,  
No brooding storm to scare!  
Lady! deceitful is that calm,  
Deceitful are those skies;  
Soon, soon, to terrify, alarm,  
The tempest will arise.  
Then be prepared to furl the sails,  
To breast the rising surge;  
Look, look to Heaven! that but avails  
Thy devious course to urge!  
Seat Resignation at the helm,  
Let God thy pilot be,  
And he will never overwhelm  
Thy vessel in the sea.  
This is no world for love and ease,  
But active trial and strife;  
And hourly sorrows fret and tease  
The woman when a WIFE.  
No more on others must she lean,  
But on her own strong mind,  
And in herself in every teen  
Support and comfort find.  
Nay, OTHERS will upon her rest,  
And look to her for aid,  
And she will feel upon her breast  
A weary burden laid.  
She is the dial where the rays  
Of home-joys concentrate;

She is the *wasat*\* prop that stays  
 Tott'ring domestic state.  
 Her husband on her doth rely  
 For all the bliss he bath;  
 Her children trust her watchful eye  
 To guide them in life's path  
 Her very prayers are not her own—  
 So many dear ones claim  
 Petitions to the mercy-throne  
 In fond affection's name.

Such is the sacred task, young spouse,  
 Thy nuptial vows entail:  
 Then all thy latent courage rouse,  
 Nor in thy duty fail;  
 But struggle nobly on to reach  
 The port of virtue sure,  
 And by thy bright example teach  
 Others to strive—ENDURE!

### LEAVES OF LIFE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

From the Metropolitan.

THE moon was up; a full and mellow light  
 Fell on thy palace tops, Jerusalem!  
 And from thy glittering halls the voice of mirth  
 And harmony, together mingled, broke  
 With most unholy rapture on the calm  
 Of the night's breathing solitude. Within,  
 Whate'er of pomp, of splendor, or delight,  
 To ravish sight or sense the earth could give,  
 Were congregated in one radiant throng;  
 Dark eyes were flashing, from whose liquid fire  
 Glances fell round like starlight, and from lips  
 Richer than poet-dreams, harmonious sounds  
 Breath'd forth the soul of melody. Robes that  
 hung  
 Bow'd by their jewell'd gorgeousness, were lost  
 On forms that dimm'd the lustrous gauds of pomp  
 With beauty yet more rare. From arched roofs,  
 Fretted with burnish'd gold, ten thousand lamps  
 Threw odoriferous rays, that back recoil'd,  
 Lost in the mingled blaze of life and light,  
 Flashing beneath, as though the night of time  
 Should never close it in. From these retired,  
 One solitary man had woo'd the breath  
 Of the pure starlit heaven; and now he stood  
 Upon a marbl'd terrace, to whose very height  
 The sounds of revelry came vaguely up,  
 Mellow'd and dream-like. Not as one enwreath'd  
 By thoughts luxurious was that listless man;  
 For the heart's weariness was written deep  
 Upon the aching brow that to the heavens  
 Bared its pale front, as though the silent dew  
 That played so coldly round each feverish pulse  
 Brought peace to their wild throbbings. He was  
 bent,  
 Not with the weight of years, but with the sense  
 Of years in folly spent, of talents bowed

\* "Wasat is the centre or strongest prop of an Arab tent. The Arabians often seize hold of it, when they take a solemn oath, to give it more weight—meaning, if they violate it, may the prop give way and fall and crush their wives and children."—*Arabian Readings*.

To vilest purposes by self-abasement,  
 By coward vices, to whose earthly thrall  
 He in his wisdom's strength had blindly knelt,  
 And vainly yearn'd to vanquish. Once he cast—  
 But once—a wild, appealing glance to heaven,  
 As though he wish'd to pass his soul away,  
 So weary was it; but the thought that lit  
 His eye with a brief glory fell and died.  
 Again the same dark, listless gloom enwrapp'd  
 His brow as with a shadow; earth once more  
 Enter'd his heart—earth with her sated train  
 Of hopes, and fears, and wild imaginings,  
 That long to him had been a broken dream.  
 And now, for one brief moment, as he lay  
 His languid head upon that moonlit stone,  
 The sickness of the soul, satiety,  
 The what he had been, was, and should have been,  
 Came o'er him all, one flood of bitter thought,  
 Bowing him to the dust; till, fast from eyes  
 Unused to such a mood, hot tears gush'd forth—  
 He wept!

### PICTURES AND THEIR REVERSES.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

MORNING, WITH ITS SUNSHINE.

It was a Claude-like landscape, full of light.  
 The rich, warm, glowing light of thine own skies,  
 O sun-born Italy. Far, far away  
 Stretch'd the blue sea to the horizon's verge,  
 And thereon, mirror'd in calm beauty, blent  
 The gorgeous tints of many a wandering cloud,  
 Full of time-haunted memories. The shore  
 Swept inland to the base of vine-clad hills,  
 And 'twixt these two a living Eden bloom'd  
 Of myrtle bowers and orange groves, where wild  
 The many-hued geranium mixed its flowers  
 With the light dropp'd laburnum; never gem  
 Shone with so pure a lustre in its wreath  
 Of slave-uprooted gold. Sweet were the buds,  
 And bright the sun-expanded flowers, and rare  
 The graceful, many-tinted leaves that wav'd  
 In clustering beauty round them; but far more  
 Of sweetness, brightness, gracefulness, was seen  
 In the young laughing face and tiny form,  
 Light as a fawn's, that ever and anon  
 Glanc'd like a sunbeam through the blossomy  
 boughs  
 And then was lost, to be reveal'd again  
 Amid outrivall'd flowers; whilst on the air  
 Long peals of silvery laughter rose and fell,  
 And merry shouts, and snatches of sweet song—  
 Sweet where all else was sweetness. A brief  
 pause  
 Made the ear ache with silence; then anon  
 Another burst of most melodious mirth  
 Shook all their fragrance from the parted trees;  
 And on a grassy mound with flowers bestrew'd  
 A rosy child lay struggling in the grasp  
 Of a young, fair-hair'd girl. Ah, blissful chase!  
 And happy creature! how ye made bright eyes  
 Shoot brighter glances, and enrich'd the glow  
 Mantling on lip and cheek; ay, even on hers,  
 That fair and fragile girl's; why should they not?  
 What joy like that, a mother's boundless joy!  
 I her first-born, sounding the unfathomed depths



Of a fresh, grief-untried and loving heart,  
Whose trust had ne'er been shaken! from the  
shower

Of lavish kisses rain'd on lip and brow,—  
What precious fruit should from such nurture  
spring!

The wayward boy flung back and had escap'd,  
Save that another's met his bounding step,  
And, borne in triumph to the welcoming arms,  
He nestled there till very weariness  
Gave to the laughing eye and merry heart  
Sweet sleep and sweeter dreams. Then kept  
glad watch

In the rich sun-set hours, love-lighted eyes;  
And happy hopes that dreaded not to launch  
On the dim ocean of futurity,  
Broke into murmured words, or deep'ning gush'd  
In rapturous tears—the heart's true eloquence!  
And ever with those life-long visions blent  
The smiling image of that gladsome child,  
A thing of light and beauty to the last!  
Thus dream'd the youthful mother and the sire  
Of that fair sleeper! and unmark'd by them,  
On viewless, soundless pinions, pass'd the hours.  
For round, within them, was a world of light,  
And joy, and hope, and an unbounded trust  
In the soul-felt duration of all these.  
Far, far away in thine own happy land,  
Old sea-girt England, lay their quiet home,  
The scene of blessedness again to be,  
Soon—oh, how soon!—for health's returning  
glow,

Prayed for and watch'd for long by anxious eyes,  
Gave to the bloom on that young matron's cheek  
A promise of long days. Ah! trusting ones,  
Few days hath life like these! \* \* \*

#### EVENING, WITH ITS SHADOWS.

Heaven's blessed light was there—where is it not!  
Mission'd by its free Giver to rejoice  
Alike the just and unjust. Yet it came  
With a pale glimmering as through prison bars  
From the dim casement of the pent-up room.  
Without, dark, stately buildings crowded round—  
Mammon's dire boundaries, beyond whose line  
The gold-enslaved soul might never pass,  
Even with a fleeting dream of far-off peace,  
Brooding o'er lonely hills and quiet fields,  
And wood-girt waters, where the ring-dove makes  
Sweet music for all hours. It needed not  
The busy, turbulent hum that swell'd and swell'd  
On the close, heavy atmosphere, to tell  
That round, within, without, the spirit spake  
Of England's mighty Babel. In that room  
Heap'd piles of dusty tomes and parchment  
scrolls,

Seen by the scorching and unwholesome glare  
Of artificial light—for God's light served not,  
Though yet mid-day—told of the wearying  
strife

The vain contentions wherewith sordid men  
Do gorge their sordidness. In such a scene  
Surrounded by such influences, stood  
Two old and grey-haired men; and of those twain  
It could not have been guess'd, at the first glance,  
Which was the elder, so alike they seem'd  
Bow'd down by years of evil. There they stood,  
As wide apart as in such narrow space  
They might be sunder'd; for contention fierce  
Was in that hour betwixt them; bitter hate,  
Jealous distrust, and many a life felt wrong.

Nurs'd through long years in either heart, was  
now

Pour'd forth with fearful eloquence: for rare  
Had been their meetings, rarer still had been  
Save that one held abundant store of that  
The other crav'd and lack'd—gold, sin-girt gold!  
In the dread conflict one uplifted high  
His palsied arm, and breath'd a fearful curse;  
And then was learned that those dark-passion'd  
men

Were son and sire, and that in one a race  
Of headlong dissipation had perform'd  
The work of time more fearfully. That one  
Presented in the reckless, ruffian tone  
And bearing bold, peculiarly his,  
A strong and painful contrast with the low,  
Though bitter speech, and shrinking nervousness  
Of him to whom he owed the breath of life.  
How ill repaid the debt! Are scenes like these  
The wreck of light and beauty long gone by,  
Of heart-entwined affections, that seem'd born  
To outlast the throbbing pulse whereon they  
woke,

Gushing into sweet music as a song  
Attun'd to heaven's own harmony? Alas!  
For human trust that it is even so!  
That for the first fair record of these two  
We must turn back to that Italian sky.  
With all the light it shone upon; to them,  
That glad young sire and that unspotted child,  
In the fresh glory of their opening race.  
Dread change and true, and little felt by them!  
There now they stood, that father and that son,  
Vow'd to fierce, life-long enmity; to wage  
Unnatural warfare even to the edge  
Of the tomb both were bound to! and for them  
In that dark hour was born no wandering thought  
Of the young wife and mother who had slept  
Full fifty years in her far foreign grave.  
Well she so slept! It was a solemn thing  
To look upon those two, and then look back—  
To think on what they had been, what they were,  
And know that the foul *present* was to them  
The centre of all thought and feeling. Earth  
Hath no direr change than this, albeit  
Full of heart-breaking changes.

#### THE LAST SIGHS OF THE FLOWERS.

THE autumn wind's sighing  
In the garden so fair,  
Where the roses are dying,  
That embalmed summer's air:  
Now where are they, where?  
How few here and there,  
Like beauty's pale wrecks, 'mid the sear leaves  
are lying!  
Hark! while they wither,  
The breezes waft hither  
Murmurs and moans from the desolate bowers—  
The sweet parting breath, the last sighs of the  
flowers!

'Tis not the dew steeping  
Their colourless cheeks;  
'Tis the natural weeping  
That their anguish bespeaks!

Each tearful rose seeks  
 Ere it lose the last streaks  
 Of life, in eternal oblivion sleeping,  
 From Zephyr to borrow  
 A voice for its sorrow :  
 Oh ! hence the faint moan from those desolate  
 bowers—  
 The sweet parting breath, the last sigh of the  
 flowers !

Yet sadder and sighing  
 Of the heart once so gay,  
 Where faded are lying  
 All the flowerets of May !  
 How changed now are they !  
 On the perishing spray  
 Young Hope, Love, and Joy are all drooping and  
 dying.  
 Alas ! while they wither,  
 What murmurs float hither—  
 What a tender lament from the heart's ruined  
 bowers !  
 'Tis the sweet parting breath, the last sigh of  
 life's flowers ! ELEANOR DARBY.

### THE LONELY MOTHER.

My home is not what it hath been,  
 When the leaves of other years were green,  
 Though its hearth is bright and its chambers fair,  
 And the summer beams fall brightly there ;  
 But they fall no more on the clear young eye,  
 And the lip of pleasant song,  
 And the gleamy night that wont to lie  
 On the curls so dark and long.

Oh ! pleasant is the voice of youth,  
 For it tells of the heart's confiding truth,  
 And keeps that free and fearless tone  
 That ne'er to our after years is known :  
 I hear it rise in each hamlet cot,  
 O'er evening prayer and page,  
 But woe for the hearth that heareth nought  
 But the dreary tones of age.

The glow is gone from our winter blaze,  
 And the light hath pass'd from our summer days ;  
 And our dwelling hath no household now,  
 But the sad of heart and the grey of brow :  
 For its young lies low 'neath the churchyard tree,  
 Where the grass grows green and wild ;  
 And thy mother's heart is sad for thee,  
 My lost, mine only child

But a wakening music seems to flow  
 On me from the years of long ago,  
 As thy babe's first words come sweet and clear,  
 Like a voice from thy childhood to mine ear ;  
 And her smile beams back on my soul again  
 Thy beauty's early morn,  
 Ere thine eyes grew dim with tears or pain,  
 Or thy lovely locks were shorn.

Alas ! for the widowed eyes that trace  
 Their early lost in that orphan face.  
 What after light will his memory mark,  
 Like the Dove that in spring-time sought her Ark ?

For long in that far and better land  
 Where her spirit's treasure's laid,  
 And she might not stay from its golden strand,  
 For the love of hearts that fade.

But woe for her on whose path may shine  
 The light of no mother's love but mine,  
 Oh ! well if that lonely path led on  
 To the land where her mother's steps have gone,—  
 The land where the aged find their youth,  
 And the young no whit'ning hair :  
 Oh ! safe, my child, from both time and death  
 Let us hope to meet thee there.

Written in memory of an early departed friend, and in  
 sincere sympathy with the bereaved living, by

FRANCES BROWN

Stranorlar.

### MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA.

BY MRS ABBY.

I stood by the sea in the silence of night,  
 And mark'd the fair moon as she beamingly  
 shone,  
 And sigh'd to perceive that her silvery light  
 Illumined one line of the waters alone.

It griev'd me to watch her thus wooingly play  
 On so narrow a track of the ocean's vast tide,  
 Refusing to cheer with one gladd'ning ray  
 The dark quiet billows that roll'd by its side.

Then I paus'd, for I felt that my strictures were  
 vain,  
 And blam'd my rash judgment and limited  
 sight,  
 Which thus had presumptuously dar'd to arraign  
 The course of so wondrous and distant a light.

The moon to our gaze as a niggard may seem,  
 Since few of her rays our perceptions may  
 strike,  
 Yet she casts on the ocean no favoring beam,  
 But mirrors her smiles on each billow alike

Thus often with envy those mortals we view  
 To whom dazzling distinctions and honors are  
 given,  
 Our eyes their bright track in amazement pursue,  
 And we deem them especially favor'd by  
 Heaven.

Yet happiness shines o'er life's varied expanse,  
 Though distance her light may appear to sub-  
 due,  
 And the many are hourly rejoic'd by the glance  
 Which we falsely imagine confin'd to a few.

Their fame may not spread, nor their riches in-  
 crease,  
 Yet owning pure pleasures, calm thoughts, loving  
 ties,  
 Their homes may repose in the moonlight of peace,  
 Though the rays be reflected not back to our  
 eyes.

God pours, with a hand unaccustom'd to spare,  
 The light of his bounty on cottage and hall,  
 And none should distrustfully question their share  
 Of the radiance so amply sufficient for all.



## SCIENCE AND ART.

**THE PLANET MARS.**—"Hitherto this planet has been distinguished by a fiery redness of color; which, to use the language of Sir John Herschell, 'indicates, no doubt, an ochrey tinge in the general soil, like what the red sandstone districts of the earth may possibly offer to the inhabitants of Mars.' Such is, however, no longer the case; that planet having lost all appearance of redness, and put on a brilliant white aspect, vying in apparent magnitude and brightness with the planet Jupiter itself. The only changes which have heretofore been noticed in Mars are those the knowledge of which was derived from observations with the large reflecting telescopes of Herschell. These telescopes exhibit the appearance of brilliant white spots at the poles; which spots, from the circumstance of their always becoming visible in winter and disappearing as the poles advanced towards their summer position, have reasonably enough been attributed to the presence of snow. The novel appearance now described to us, however, by the Honorable Company's Astronomer, Mr. Taylor, is such as that the whole of the planet, with the exception of a moderately broad equatorial belt, assumes a decidedly white aspect, strongly contrasting with what he has ever before noticed."—*Madras Athenæum*.

**POTATO DISEASE.**—"We give it as our decided opinion that 'potato-disease' and 'potato-murrain,' are merely idle terms, that bear no direct relation whatever to existent things. There is no 'disease,' no 'murrain,' properly so called; the potatoes are just *rotten*; and that is the long and the short of it. The discoloration, commencing in this spot and extending to that, the softness, the waxiness, the fetor, all these things and many more such like, we have seen a score times in potatoes that have spontaneously rotted in a damp dark cellar. We can confirm what the microscopists and chemists say about appearances and reactions, and tell them plenty of untold truths besides: but not potatoes only, any vegetable of

similar composition, will give like results when in a state of decay. These acids, alkalies, atomic defects, sporules, granules, ruptured cells, dust, dirt, &c., are a *consequence* of the potato mischief, and not a *cause* of it. There is nothing new in the circumstance; we have been familiar with it from childhood, and so have many simple observers who are older in the art of taking notice than ourselves are. It is no novelty in this country, any more than elsewhere; it attracts attention because of the almost universality of its prevalence. And has not the cause been universal? Cold water is the *fountain-head*! Take our word for it, there is no mystery in the affair; cloudy skies and drenching rains have done it all?"—*Medical Times*.

**WATER WALKING.**—From Hanover we hear of a practical discovery of a kind so curious as to require some further explanation before we can quite understand it; and we are rather suspicious, inasmuch as we have, or fancy we have, some recollection of a somewhat similar story making the round of the Continental papers several years ago. It is given, however, in this instance, with an imposing detail and the guarantee of names—if there be no borrowing of these for the occasion. The report is, that two young men, one a Swede and the other a Norwegian—taking the hint from that sort of foot-gear of fir-planks called *skies*, by means of which, in those Northern countries, the inhabitants pass through vallies and ravines filled with snow without sinking—have been exhibiting in that capital the exploit of walking on the water by means of *skies*—made, however, for the latter purpose, with iron plates hollow within. Backwards and forwards, much at their ease, according to the report, did the exhibitors walk and run, going through the military exercise with knapsacks at their backs, and finally drawing a boat containing eight persons, all without wetting their shoes. The Minister of War has, it is said, put a portion of the garrison of Hanover under the training of these gentlemen, for the purpose



of learning what might prove so useful a military manœuvre; and as M. M. Kjellberg and Balcken propose carrying their invention into other countries, our readers will probably suspend their opinion till they have a nearer view of this novel meeting of sky and water.—*Mechanic's Mag.*

**RAILWAYS.**—During the first three days of this week the Atmospheric Railway between the Dartmouth Arms station and Croydon has been tested very fully; many trains full of visitors having passed along the line. The result of the experimental trips appears to have been highly successful, both as regards the great speed attained and the facility with which trains were stopped at an intermediate station by the application of the breaks.

We are glad to find that the Directors of the London and Brighton Railway have adopted the plan of setting apart a carriage in every train for ladies only.—*Brighton Gazette.*

An improved locomotive engine has been constructed for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company, by their superintendent engineer, Mr. Durance.

"The improvements," says the *Irish Railway Gazette*, "consist in having a double fire-box, the combustible gases being consumed in the second, which would otherwise escape in an unconsumed state. By this means, a considerable increase of heating-power is obtained, and consequently an increased speed. The most important feature of the new engine, however, is, that in addition to increased power and speed, the fuel used is coal instead of coke, and a considerable saving in expense is thereby obtained. This is perhaps the greatest improvement, as regards the economy of railways in Ireland, that could have been suggested. Coke, the fuel used in England, must ever be a costly fuel in Ireland, particularly in the interior, inasmuch as the description of coal from which it is produced is not imported into this country; whereas ordinary coal of good quality is to be had on reasonable terms in all our seaports. The Conder, now plying on the Manchester line, draws a greater number of waggons, at a higher velocity and at less expense, than any other engine."—*Spectator.*

**FARADAY ON THE RELATION OF LIGHT, ELECTRICITY, AND MAGNETISM.**—He shows that powerful electro-magnets so act upon transparent bodies, solid and liquid, but especially the silico-borate of lead, that a beam of polarized light passing through it is affected, and that the rotation is from left to right. This effect, however, is only produced when the magnetic lines of force are parallel to the ray of light. Numerous diamagnetics were tried, and, with few exceptions, all exhibited this phenomenon more or less; the rotative powers of those substances naturally possessing this property being increased or diminished according as their rotating agency was opposed to or in conformity with the direction of the electro-magnetic influence. Various gases also were submitted to experiment; but as yet no similar effect had been detected in them.—*Literary Gazette.*

**RELICS.**—The *Journal des Débats*, speaking of the purchase some time since made by Prince Albert, of the coat worn by Nelson, when he re-

ceived his death wound, at the Battle of Trafalgar—for presentation to Greenwich Hospital—takes occasion to bring together a number of examples in illustration of the large sums paid under the relic-and-rarity-mania; particularly by the rich enthusiasts of our own island—more especially, it seems, subject to that species of influenza. Some of the cases reported will require testimonials, not likely to be forthcoming, ere they will be inclined to admit these amongst the statistics of the passion. The ivory chair which Gustavus Vasa received from the town of Lubeck, was sold, the *Journal des Débats* says, in 1823, for the sum of 58,000 florins—not far short of £6,000! This is a startling anecdote to begin with; but such a one was absolutely necessary to prepare the mind for the reception of the following.—The coat worn by Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, at the Battle of Pultawa—preserved by Colonel Rosen, who followed the adventurous monarch to Bender—was sold, in 1825, at Edinburgh, for the sum of £22,000 sterling! This anecdote, the French paper itself thinks should have confirmation. It makes the rest, however, easy of acceptance—though there are some even of these which might be a little difficult of digestion, by a faculty less powerfully stimulated.—M. A. Lenoir, the founder of the French Museum, relates that, during the transport of the remains of Abelard and Heloise to the Petits Augustins, an Englishman offered him 100,000 francs (£4,000) for one of the teeth of Heloise!—At that quotation of the price of bone, Lord Shaftesbury had a great bargain of the tooth of Sir Isaac Newton, for which he paid only £730, in 1816!—For want of an Englishman at Stockholm, in 1820, the head of Descartes (teeth and all) was absolutely given away, as the phrase is, at the sale of Dr. Sourmon's cabinet for 99 francs.—The following cases fall within the more mild and familiar examples of this affection—though it will be seen that the English examples continue to be far more striking than the foreign pronunciations. Voltaire's cane was sold, in Paris, for 500 francs (£20); Rousseau's waistcoat for 949 francs, and his copper watch for 500;—Kant's wig, in spite of all the promise contained in the apothegm which suggests the seat of a doctor's wisdom, brought only 200 francs; whereas, the wig of Sterne fetched, in London, 200 guineas—5,250 francs! Luckily, the inference, against the philosophers, as to the relative value (according to collectors' measure) of the good things severally covered by the two latter articles, is escaped by virtue of the differences in the development of this passion established in the previous cases.—The hat worn by Napoleon at Eylau, was, in 1835, carried off, by M. Lacroix, from thirty-two competitors, for the sum of 1,920 francs—about £77; while Sir Francis Burdett paid £500 for the two pens used in the signature of the treaty of Amiens.—*Athenum.*

**FIRE-DAMP OF COAL MINES.**—"A report on the composition of the fire-damp of the Newcastle coal-mines, and the means of preventing accidents from its explosion," by Prof. T. Graham. The gases experimented on were from the five-quarter seam in the Gateshead colliery, the Bonsham seam in the Hepburn, and from the Killingworth colliery in the neighborhood of Jarrow. They were collected with every precaution to insure

purity and prevent admixture with atmospheric air. The details of their examination were given, and the result proved that the only additional matters present, besides light carburetted hydrogen, were a small per centage of nitrogen and oxygen, or air; thus confirming the results of Davy and of the author's experiments made some years ago. The remarkable absence of all oxidable matters, at the temperature of the air, in the fire-damp is of geological interest, as it proves that almost indefinitely protracted oxidating action must be taken into account in the formation of coal. Professor Graham next proceeded to suggest two measures for preventing the explosion of the gas in coal-mines, and of mitigating the effects of such accidents. The first, based on the gas ceasing to be explosive when diluted beyond a certain point with air, and the fact, that, from its extreme lightness, it continues near the roof for a great length of time. It was recommended, that an early intermixture of the fire-damp and air be promoted by agitation with a light portable wheel, with vanes, so placed as to impel the air in the direction of the ventilation, and not to impede the draft. The second, that to remove the after-damp, or carbonic acid gas, which results from the explosion, and by which the large proportion of deaths is occasioned, a cast-iron pipe, from eight to twelve inches in diameter, be permanently fixed in every shaft, with blowing apparatus above, by which air could be thrown down, and the shaft itself immediately ventilated; by means of flexible or fixed tubes this auxiliary circulation might be carried into the workings.—*Literary Gazette*.

**JOURNALISM IN AUSTRIA.**—The number of journals at present published in the Austrian States is 159, which, compared with the population, amounting to 31,500,000, gives one journal for every 198,110 inhabitants. Of these journals, 40 are political, 12 commercial, and 107 literary and scientific. In Austria, properly so called, there are 20; in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, 43; in Hungary, 21; in Bohemia, 17; and in the rest of the Austrian States, 49. Of these journals, 76 are written in German, 53 in Italian, 15 in Slavonian, 1 in French, and 14 in various other dialects.—*Galvani's Messenger*.

**BRONZE CASTING.**—The chest of the colossal statue of Bavaria was lately cast at the Royal Foundry at Munich, amidst public rejoicings at the execution of so great a work; and the Bavarian journals boast of it as the largest fusion of metal ever achieved in modern times—being 40,000 lbs. of brass, which required forty hours to liquefy. Now the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, for the gate at Hyde Park Corner, contains much more than double the quantity, and each of the two principal runs has been equal to the Munich performance; and the metal was in the furnace for a week before it was in a state to flow into the mould. Thus do we magnify foreign arts, and neglect those at home.—*Literary Gazette*.

**MAHOMETAN SCHISM.**—A new sect has lately set itself up in Persia, at the head of which is a merchant who had returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca, and proclaimed himself a successor of the Prophet. The way they treat such matters at Shiraz appears in the following account (June

23): Four persons being heard repeating their profession of faith according to the form prescribed by the impostor, were apprehended, tried, and found guilty of unpardonable blasphemy. They were sentenced to lose their beards by fire being set to them. The sentence was put into execution with all the zeal and fanaticism becoming a true believer in Mahomet. Not deeming the loss of beards a sufficient punishment, they were further sentenced on the next day to have their faces blacked and exposed throughout the city. Each of them was led by a mirgazah (executioner), who had made a hole in his nose and passed through it a string, which he sometimes pulled with such violence that the unfortunate fellows cried out alternately for mercy from the executioner and for vengeance from heaven. It is the custom in Persia on such occasions for the executioners to collect money from the spectators, and particularly from the shopkeepers in the bazaar. In the evening, when the pockets of the executioners were well filled with money, they led the unfortunate fellows to the city-gate, and there turned them adrift. After which the mollahs at Shiraz sent men to Bushire with power to seize the impostor, and take him to Shiraz, where, on being tried, he very wisely denied the charge of apostasy laid against him, and thus escaped from punishment.—*Literary Gazette*.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

### Great Britain.

*The Scottish Church Question, by the Rev. Adolphus Sydon.*

A book from which more information may be derived than from all that has been written in this country, since the *questio vexata* was first breathed. Mr. Sydon is a minister of the Prussian Evangelical Church, and chaplain to the garrison of Potsdam; he is not, therefore, identified with either of the great parties that now divide the Scottish church. Though his feelings and even his principles are decidedly in favor of the Secessionists, and though he is sure that the Free Church system will eventually be that of Protestant Europe, he suffers no bias to mislead him in his estimate of facts, or in the deductions from them.—*Athenaeum*.

*Cases and Observations Illustrative of the Beneficial Results which may be obtained by close attention and perseverance in some of the most unpromising instances of Spinal Deformity. By Samuel Hare, Surgeon. London, Churchill.*

The prevalence of spinal affections in this country, and the painful consequences involved in this malady, must induce parents and those who have the training of the young to highly prize an intelligent and scientific treatise upon a subject of such vast importance. We do not pretend to account for the cases of spinal deformity being more numerous in this country than on the continent; but we venture to think that the great attention to the *physical training* of the continental youth prevents that extensive spinal distortion so pre-

valent in our own country. It may be deserving the attention of British parents and guardians to inquire whether more attention ought not to be devoted to the healthy development of bone and muscle, which shall contribute to the vigor and beauty of the material form. A reply to this inquiry in the affirmative would be found to secure to the exercises of the mind facilities of no ordinary character. The *spirit* of man will delight in its own workings when the machinery of its operations is in good order, and the *material* is the active and obedient servant of the *spiritual*.

Undivided attention, all other things being equal, can never fail to secure for the student eminence in theoretical and practical science. Of this our author is a most satisfactory illustration. His extensive practice and his extraordinary success, entitle him to the confidence of all who may be affected in the spine. The most of the cases which are introduced in the pamphlet, are of persons now living, and to whom reference can be made. The work deserves the attention of parents and guardians, and all who are concerned for the health and beauty of the rising population.

*Memoir of the Life and Writings of Thomas Cartwright, B.D. the distinguished Puritan Reformer; including the principal ecclesiastical movements in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. By the Rev. B. Brook, author of "The Lives of the Puritans."* Octavo, pp. 489. London: Snow.

The distinguished nonconformist, the events of whose life are here recorded, was born in the county of Hertford, in the first half of the sixteenth century; or, as is conjectured, about 1535. He was sent to Cambridge at an early age; but after the death of Edward VI., and the accession of Mary, his principles compelled him to quit the university; and, during that sanguinary reign, the young student remained in seclusion, in the office of a counsellor-at-law. When the accession of Elizabeth brought back somewhat better times, he returned to St. John's College, and figured as a disputant before the virgin queen, when she visited the university; but, it is alleged, with questionable success, so far as finding grace in royal eyes may augur success. He took his degree,—was chosen Margaret professor; and from the spirit of his popular lectures, and the bold doctrines which he promulgated in his works, was soon involved in controversy on those questions which still divide churchmen and nonconformists. In questions relating to church government and discipline, the nonconformists, down to the present time, have had no abler champion. Cartwright soon drew upon himself the displeasure of the bishops, and also that of the Queen, though, personally, he suffered not so much as many of his party who had given less cause of offence to these potent personages. He, however, found it expedient to retire quietly into exile; and for some time he resided at Middleburg, and afterwards at Antwerp, where he became pastor of the English congregation. He was now held in high esteem for his learning, and considered as a head or leader of the puritan party, and was, by James VI., offered a professorship in St. Andrews. Ill health compelled him to return to England, where his condition did not disarm the enmity of Bishop Aylmer, who falsely pleaded the Queen's command for casting Cartwright

into prison, and thus drew upon himself the royal displeasure. Mr. Cartwright was released from prison and found many friends and protectors among the powerful and noble, who often, for political purposes, courted the puritans. The Earl of Leicester appointed him first master of an hospital, for twelve indigent men, which he had established at Warwick; and here, for some years, he found a haven of rest. But he again got into trouble; and was, at one time, even committed to the Fleet, where he suffered a long imprisonment, from which he and his brethren in affliction were at length relieved by the intervention of Lord Burghley. His troubles were not yet at an end; but towards the close of his days, he eschewed all controversy,—lived in quiet and retirement; and, strange to tell, is reported to have died rich. His life, and his writing, (which are more important than his life,) are, in fact, the history of puritanism during its brave early struggles against intolerance and arbitrary power, for the maintenance of freedom of conscience, of discussion and opinion. We need hardly say that Mr. Brook deeply reverences the subject of his memoir; and is thoroughly imbued—yea even to a touch of prejudice—with the spirit of his party.—*Tait's Mag.*

*Rapport Annual sur les Progrès de la Chimie. Par J. Berzelius, traduit de Suedois par Ph. Plantamour.*

This is the current volume of Berzelius' well known Chemical Annual. To scientific readers we need say no more than that it contains as able a summary of the discoveries and speculations in chemistry which have been published during the preceding year, as former volumes did of earlier years. To unscientific readers we need only say, that its author is the celebrated Swedish chemist, Jacob Berzelius, who, for the instruction of his brethren, yearly draws up a digest of the progress of their science during the preceding year. It is so much valued, that translations from the original Swedish are always made into French and German. As no translation is made into English, we have made the French one, as the more generally accessible, the object of our remarks. In execution, the work is beyond praise. It supplies the shortest, simplest, but most effectual means of keeping pace with the rate at which chemistry is advancing. *British Quarterly Review.*

ΚΟΣΜΟΣ. *A general Survey of the Physical Phenomena of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt.* Post 8vo., vol. i. pp. 482. London, 1845.

The work quoted above is probably Humboldt's last legacy to the world of science. In the preface, he says, 'In the evening of a long and active life, I present the public with a work, the indefinite outlines of which have floated in my mind for almost half a century.' Of the character of the work we cannot give a better idea than by citing another passage from the preface.

'The first volume of my work comprises introductory considerations on the various sources of our enjoyment of nature, and the establishment of the laws of the universe; the circumscription and scientific treatment of physical cosmography; and a general picture of nature as a survey of the



phenomena of cosmos. The general survey of nature, beginning with the furthest nebulae, and the revolving double stars of heaven, and coming down to the terrestrial phenomena of the geography of organic beings—plants, animals, and the races of mankind—contains the most important and essential portion of my whole undertaking: the intimate connexion of the General with the Particular; the spirit pervading the treatment of the subjects discussed; the form and style of the composition. The two succeeding volumes will comprise the discussion of the means that incite to the study of nature, (through animated accounts of natural scenery, landscape painting, the cultivation and grouping of exotic plants in the hot-house;) the history of the contemplation of the universe, in other words, the gradual comprehension of the idea of the natural forces co-operating as a whole; and the specialities of the several departments, whose reciprocal connexions were indicated in the General Picture presented in the first volume.—pp. 12, 13.

For the task he has undertaken, is hardly possible to conceive any one better fitted than Humboldt. At the close of a long life, devoted, not to one part of science, or of natural history, but to the whole of those connected subjects of knowledge which explain the operations of nature, he comes forward with the sum of the reflections derived from the experience gained in many journeys, and multiplied researches in her wide domain.

The work is not couched in the symbols of science, but made open to the general reader by language as plain as the subjects will admit. The English translation has appeared in successive parts for the last few months, and these are now complete as far as the first volume. From the passage quoted above it appears that two other volumes will make up the whole work. We may, perhaps, have occasion to return to the book when it is completed.—*British Quarterly Review*.

*Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent*, By William Roscoe. With a Memoir of the Author.

This volume forms the first publication of a new undertaking called "Bogue's European Library"; which if it be carried on with the judgment and spirit in which it is begun, will challenge comparison with any issue of the day, numerous and excellent as they are. Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de Medici* has hitherto been inaccessible to the public, from its bulk and cost. It is here presented to the reader in a single volume at a cheap price, but wearing nothing cheap in its look—neither double columns, nor peculiar form, nor flimsy prettiness of cover. In some points of view it is "better than new" for the general reader. The notes are all translated; the more interesting or valuable illustrations of the text are selected from Mr. Roscoe's elaborate appendix, and from his subsequent publication, "Illustrations from the *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*"; and the Index has been revised. Mr. Hazlitt, who edits this edition, has also added a *Life of Roscoe*. Many things may prevent us from recurring to the *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*; but they need not prevent our readers from procuring it. A work which has lived its half-century does not need recommendation.—*Spectator*.

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Transactions of the Entomological Society of London. Vol. IV. Part II.

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Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches. By T. Carlyle.

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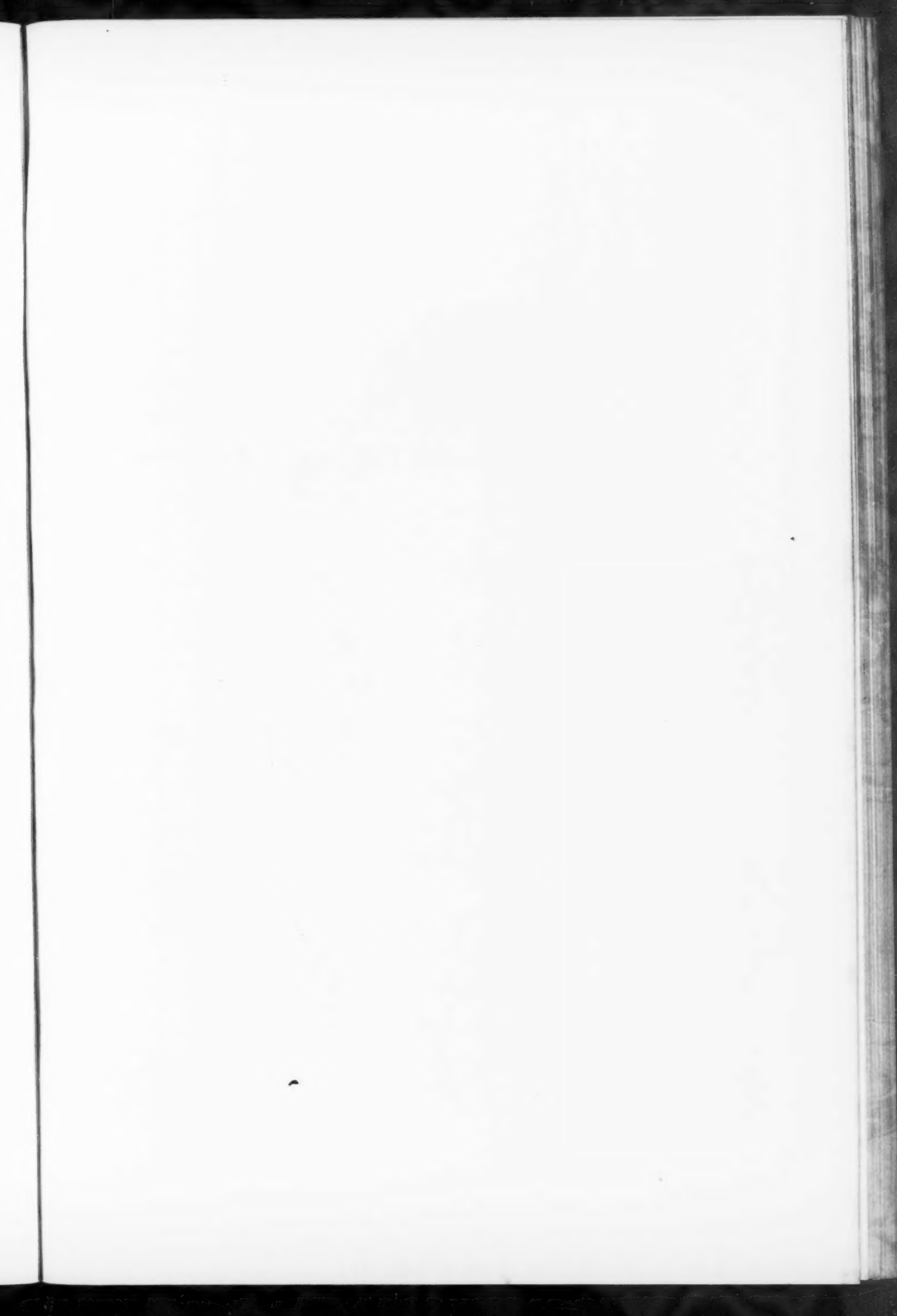




Fig. 1. Temple of Isis at Philae.

PLATE I.



